

Nadia Savchenko

A STRONG NAME HOPE

Kyiv • 2015

I don't spare myself the strength to go back... I never wanted to be a writer or write a book, no matter how much I was pushed to do so. Experienced life cannot be described anyway, and who needs it, except for yourself... I read in one book that a person begins to write when he has reached the limit in life and wants to shoot himself, but the spirit is not enough... I have not yet reached the pen arrived! And if I got there, I would rather shoot myself... But when I thought about how many questions I would have to answer for a long time and boringly, if I survived and broke free... I decided: it is better to write once, while there is time, than to repeat it a hundred times... We must start working! I have already been "absenteeized" for three months in the Verkhovna Rada! And the Ukrainians, who gave me their trust with their vote, proved that they expect action from me!

So, I decided that I will "spoil" the paper in prison! There is plenty of time here... They say that after a year of "incarceration" everyone starts writing, some poems, some prose... But I never thought that I would fall into such a banality!:) And for another year, thank God, I don't sit down! And I hope I won't!!! There is nothing to get by here! Time to break out! A lot of work! ...

Well, for now - to write. Paper can withstand anything...

Nadia Savchenko

prison, Moscow, 2015

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This book is one big and living letter to Ukrainians. A letter from a Russian prison, which has been holding the one that has become a symbol of the unconquered Ukrainian nation for more than a year. Ukrainian HOPE.

So who is she, Nadia Savchenko? what is she What of what we know about her is true, and what is already becoming a legend? She will tell you about herself on the pages of this book. In her characteristic emotional manner, recalling even small but important actions from her life, from which her character, character, and indomitability were woven.

The text preserves the features of the author's writing.

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The book uses photographs provided by Vira Savchenko from her personal archive and from open sources of information.

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And one warrior in the

field... Dear readers, this book is different... Sometimes impressive, sometimes shocking. Reading it, you want to both cry and laugh. However, pay attention to her signs - she is HONEST to the point of pain in the temples! Like Nadiya herself, she is just as open, courageous and indomitable. And you will have the opportunity to see through the eyes of the author of the book — soldier, pilot, MP and Hero of Ukraine Nadiya Savchenko — and frankness about the "system" and sincerity about the mess in the military economy, you will also see sharp words that are a manifestation of the emotions of a sincere person, and dispelling myths about our peacekeeping missions.

But no person who holds this book will be able to accuse the author of dishonesty or an attempt to embellish the reality in any way.

All of Nadia's words are like a bare nerve, like a test of courage and readiness to face the truth for our entire society. And let it be frankly shocking and even painful in places. Read while swallowing tears (as I did!) and realizing the truth... After all, this is exactly how, through the realization of the truth by society, catharsis, purification takes place... Someone will say: "What about brutality?" But this is war, gentlemen! And they don't go there in white gloves. True warriors are not distinguished by their mannerisms or the use of poetic vocabulary... However, we have hope for a better future only thanks to such warriors of light and defenders of the achievements of the Revolution of Dignity as Hope.

I had the good fortune to read this book as one of the first, after Vera - Nadine's sister and several other people who typed it from the manuscript. It is published in the original language and in almost any colloquial style, without any philological and stylistic "decorations". We, the editors, did not make any changes to the text, preserving the author's manner of expressing thoughts, because with our interventions we had the risk of depriving these lines written in a Russian prison of the main thing - a sense of the reality of the experience. And H

she insisted on this - can anyone resist her? And now you will read it too.

Read it, brave men, those who defend with weapons in their hands Motherland You will find even more courage and bravery there...

Read it, fragile girls, smart people, mother's daughters, who do something for their country every day with volunteer good deeds - you will find support and understanding there...

Read it, moms and dads, because it is also written by your daughter, the daughter of our people... She is there now - just as on the front line, in front of the eyes of the entire world community, "ALONE in the field of warriors", standing as best as she can for all of us, she defends and protects as much as she can... So fragile, so defenseless, but how indomitable and courageous! You will find in her the best example of filial love, respect for the family and a great longing for the Motherland...

Read it, it is patriotic and even not so patriotic for the youth! The first - in order to find support and an example for one's own feeling of love for the Motherland, and the others - well, perhaps, to understand how and for what it can and should be loved. Read it, enemies. After all, in the civilized world, even an enemy, but a worthy opponent, can be shown honor and respect for courage, sincerity, honesty and devotion to one's principles.

Read it, read and re-read it, pass it on to each other! Read it, corrupt officials, bad managers, without talented command... There is something to learn there! But stay tuned, because Hope will return. She promised to make things right, and for some reason I believe her! The preface to this book has no place for "stamps" and ostentatious words. So

sorry I can't resist one of them. Because our society has chronically lacked its own Joan of Arc for many years, since the time of dissidence —

a person who can become an example of self-sacrifice for the sake of love devotion to the Motherland and its own people, will finally awaken this proud, indomitable people to the achievements and positive changes initiated by the Revolution. However, I am not afraid of accusations of the banality of the comparison, because my example has a point

for the existence only in terms of the similarity of the characters of women who managed to become the leaders of the nation, and not the sacrifice of their figures, because in our Hope there is another life credo - the words of the Panfilov heroes: "Today they die for the Motherland too early, today it is necessary to live for the Motherland!" And I definitely want to express the most

sincere words of thanks from the future readers to Nadiya's sister - Vera. It is thanks to her tireless energy, sincere sisterly love and the same, as in Nada, patriotism that this book is published. Moreover, it is exactly as you see it. Vera - as Nadia herself calls her - is a "co-author", the author of drawings, the publication's design artist and the main censor of our publishing work. I would also like to sincerely thank Nadia's Russian lawyers - they are professionals and courageous people. Thank you, Ilya Novikov, Mark Feigin and Mykola Polozov! Thank you from all of Ukraine!

In Russia today, the book by the Russian author Oleksandr Nikonov "Upravlenie vyborom. The Art of Cutting the People's Masses", where there are also the following words: "Small people love to play the role of executioners and trample other people's faces with their boots..." Actually, an excellent description of the highest leadership of modern Russia and an explanation of what is happening in the Russian courts in the case of Nadiya Savchenko, isn't it? And now I would also like to thank Dido Svyrid - a popular blogger on

Facebook, whose blog is subscribed to by hundreds of thousands of Ukrainians, who introduced us to Vera. By the way, Svyrid Opanasovych promised to start his daily reviews in the "Repka" club with the topic of Nadiya and to continue doing so until her liberation. And, of course, to the staff of our publishing house "Yustinian": Iryna Omelchenko, Olena Osmolovska, Andriy Semyanovych, Artur Akopyan and Natalya Grigoryan, thanks to whose painstaking work without days off this book got into your hands, dear readers.

This book should see the world not only in Ukraine. The realities of our lives, which caused the Revolution of Dignity, and the honest coverage of events through the eyes of the delegate of the Parliamentary Assembly of the Council of Europe from Ukraine, Nadia Savchenko, will be useful for both Europeans and

to all the people who help Ukrainians with volunteer work and support all over the world!

But in general, the book saw the light in the quality that you see, and in the shortest time after it was written by Nadia, thanks to people whom we also want to name. These are shareholders of Bank "Finance and Credit" JSC; Iryna Drozdova, Chairman of the Board of PJSC "Kremenchukmyaso" and Mykhailo Kachur, Director of PJSC "Uzhhorodskyi Turbogaz". This book will be duly presented

at the XXII International Book Publishers' Forum in Lviv with the assistance and support of the Ukrainian legal community represented by Serhii Svyryba and Oksana Ilchenko and their colleagues. We sincerely thank our patriot friends! The law firm Asters helped to widely present the book to readers and present it in a dignified manner. Thank you, gentlemen, for your sincerity and support! Finally, I hope Nadiya won't mind if I read an excerpt of

her letter to me, just one paragraph in which she is all: "I am not afraid of black prejudices and the yellow press. People are already tired of lies and "embellishment" of the truth. They know how to distinguish sincerity from hypocrisy. That's why I wrote the truth about myself. And I'm much more afraid if I'm accused of lying than the fact that there will be gossip... But I have my principles in life, which sometimes shock people, and they do not divide them. But I am what I am! And if I were different, I wouldn't have been able to do what I did!"

Hope, after your book, we are waiting for you in the Motherland - free!

Sincerely
yours, editor Svitlana Maksimova



"Ilya, books are written when you want to die," one of the writers said. And I'm still not so good at it." I heard this from her for the first time in August 2014 in the Voronezh pre-trial detention center. We did not develop a working relationship right away. Before our first meeting on July 16, I knew almost nothing about her, I had not even watched the video of her conversation with journalists in captivity, which made her famous. This was a month after she was captured and a week after she was charged. Nadia later recalled: "Three lawyers come in, they are serious, they can see that it is expensive. I have never hired a lawyer in my life. What should I talk to you about?" And we are with ours

the parties saw her upset, not fully understanding why she was brought to Russia, why they wanted her, and what kind of machine she was going to face. She asked how long all this could last. We had nothing in particular to promise her. If we had told her then that the trial would only be in an hour, she would probably have thrown us out the door right away. Fortunately, at that time we ourselves did not know this. It was to Boeing, to Ilovaisk, to Debal'tseve, to the first and second Minsk. Kyiv has already officially sided with Savchenko, the Strasbourg court accepted a preliminary complaint against the Ukrainian consul's admission to the pre-trial detention center, there were many options for the development of events. In July 2014, it still did not seem improbable that the Investigative Committee would at some point change its mind and admit a mistake. Their story with Nadezhda crossing the border and supposedly accidental detention in Voronezh was initially unviable, until January 2015 they were not even charged with this.

While Nadezhda was kept in Voronezh, I went to see her almost every week. We have developed a peculiar order, even a ritual for such meetings. At the end of July, August, and September, on Tuesdays or Wednesdays, I left Moscow at night to stay in the morning

a line of lawyers and investigators in the pretrial detention center of SIZO-3, will talk with her for two or three hours and have time to leave the program before the reception window closes. We spoke in a strange mixture of languages, not even in normal Kyiv Surzhik - I spoke in Surzhik, and she, seeing that after a night behind the wheel I was not thinking well, adapted to this format. It started as a complication of the work of operatives who could listen to us, then it became a tradition. In Moscow, in the Serbian Institute and in the 20th hospital, where the guards, without shying away, ate in the subway across from us during the entire date, our surzhik could communicate with us without paying attention to them. We used it to talk about life and plans, in Russian - only when we were discussing some procedural document, which she wrote
lard under my dictation.

At first, the investigation did not spoil us with new information, and our weekly conversations were less about the case itself, and more about the world around us. Nadezhda was most interested in what was actually happening in Ukraine. The TV in her cell showed only the main Russian channels, and she did not immediately learn to make a "correction for the race of the fifth boy". I had to tell her for a long time that in fact Mariupol has not been taken, Kharkov is not being evacuated, the battalions have not deployed to Kyiv, the Third World War is not yet tomorrow. In the latter, however, I did not have full confidence then. I started talking about the book already at the third or fourth meeting. Nadezhda had already managed to tell me several stories from her experience in Iraq and her difficult relationship with the army authorities, she carefully noted the details of her prison life, wrote long letters to her sister. In my opinion, she had all the necessary qualities. As time passed, it gradually became clear that she was turning from a victim into a symbol of the struggle of Ukrainians and even into an active participant. We, her lawyers, contributed to this ourselves by breaking the ring of prison censorship and giving her - a precious privilege for a prisoner - the opportunity to directly

talks to people Savchenko gave several interviews through us Vyu, answering questions sent by journalists, but it was not as lively and interesting as her own stories.

From the first time, she flatly refused this idea: "Which of me is a writer?" But this was already after the conversation "Which of me is a politician?" and "Which deputy am I?", and I already knew what to do with it. People like Nadezhda may at first not believe that they will succeed in a new field for them, but if they are given the opportunity to "ripen up", they take up the task and do not back down to the end. It is necessary to bring them back to the right topic from time to time. In December 2014, already in Moskovskiy SIZO-6, Nadezhda announced a hunger strike. Her ear, which caught a cold during the shipment in September, became inflamed again, and no one was engaged in normal treatment. "Here's a pill for you, be patient, it will pass." The doctor was soon changed, but it was already a day late and a dollar short — Savchenko became a PACE delegate, and the Investigative Committee made it clear that her immunity would not be taken into account. She decided to continue her hunger strike. By February, she had lost 20 kilograms, she was transferred to the famous "Matrosskaya Tishina" hospital and kept in solitary confinement under a drip. We tried to visit her every day, rain or shine. And at some point, Nadya told me tiredly: "Okay, you'll have your book. I already want to die, so I will write better." And the book began to appear. On each date, I took 10-20 pages from her, written in the small, too hard handwriting of a person who had not eaten for two months, who was clenching the pen with his fingers because of the force. Then there were editorials, corrections, additional chapters. Not "War and Peace", of course, but why not? After all, there is both war and peace. When the book was already ready, Nadezhda asked me to write a preface to her: "Since you started all this, now participate." I myself have never read the forewords to my favorite books in my life - but who or what? Who needs prefaces anyway? They don't save bad books, but they flip through everything in good ones. I've been committed to the last, the editors of the publishing house have already sent polite reminders three times. Finally, when further

There was nowhere to wait, I sat down and wrote down these pages. We will consider them a report before history. If Nada's book has a place along with the famous prison memoirs,

Let literary scholars know that she owes her appearance to the persistent requests of a Moscow lawyer. I am writing this in Kyiv on July 29, 2015. Tomorrow, the trial in the case of Nadezhda Savchenko will begin in the city court of Donetsk, Rostov region. None of us knows what all this is yet

will end

Good luck to us.

lawyer Nadiya Savchenko

Ilya Novikov

29.07.2015



Nadia Savchenko is our all-Ukrainian naughty girl, our concern and our common pride. For more than a year now, all of Ukraine and millions of caring people abroad have been following her fate in Moscow's captivity every day. For more than a year, our entire country has been worried about Nadia and sympathized with her mother, Maria Ivanovna. Children in schools draw their pictures for Nadia, and soldiers at the front are inspired by her courage.

For more than a year, the civilized world has been amazed at the degree of confusion in which the leadership of Russia is. And thanks to Nadia Savchenko, this great-power Russian schizophrenia of the age of "Putinism cretinism" is manifested in a particularly vivid way. If Putin had known from the beginning what the capture of Nadia would lead to, he would have immediately sent her secretly home, away from sin. But Putin is a man of small mind, and in one and a half dozen years of reign, he has gone crazy. Foolishly he got involved in Ukrainian affairs, ensuring the inglorious end of his reign. To cope with this important historical mission, Putin is greatly helped by our fighting Ukrainian beauty. And when they say that Putin captured Nadia, grandfather would advise you not to rush to conclusions. It is not yet known who captured whom. In fact, it is Nadia, sitting in a Russian prison,

firmly holding the collar of the Moscow tsar. From time to time, he hangs his bald head so that the fool's eyes darken. Nadia Savchenko's 83-day hunger strike shook the Kremlin walls. That was also visible from the way the human rights shushera around the Kremlin was bustling. Certificates about Savchenko's health and her moral and psychological state were put on Putin's table every day. Which always remained consistently high. As befits a warrior in battle.

Now, Nadia delivered another powerful blow to the enemy. Having written the book in prison that you hold in your hands. I won't repeat the content of the book, read it yourself - it's worth it. This is an honest book written by a real Man.



What is hunger? What is captivity? What is a prison? What is hunger in prison? How to behave in captivity? How to behave under investigation in court? How to behave in prison? Because all these are different things... Probably, I could tell about this so that no one would lie... No matter what the situation is, there is only one way out - to remain yourself. Works everywhere.

Regardless of what kind of person you are - strong and truthful or mean and cowardly, show your true nature and you will be negotiated in your language. Everyone gets their own. I was convinced more than once. War. Captivity. Kidnapping Prison. Hunger protest struggle. "Emergency situation -

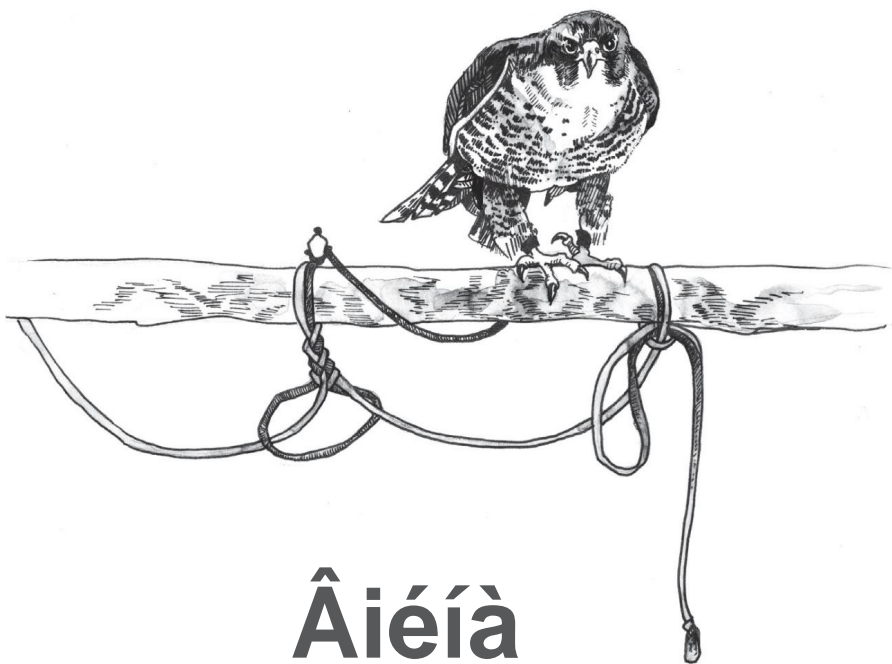
Extraordinary incident." This is not the name of a modern Russian program, but of a Soviet film (I don't remember the year) (Vira's note — 1958), which I really like for its strength and ideology. It tells about how the Chinese captured the Soviet tanker "Poltava" during the Cold War. They kept the entire team, offering to "betray the Motherland" and go to work in China. The Chinese psychologist sought his own approach to each team member, relying on his weaknesses. It is expensive to see how a team holds up and how a person turns his weakness into a strong point... This tape is about everything at once: about war, about captivity, about prison, about torture, about hunger, about trial and investigation and about indomitable human willpower. It's worth a look! And for those who want to understand how to go through fire, water, copper pipes and yards of crap in life and not break down, I advise you to watch the very difficult, but very strong movie "The Shawshank Redemption". The two films I have given already provide a large part of the answers to the questions I posed above. At least I am

I based my decisions and actions in many ways and was inspired by memories of these films.

Now from my own experience: everything I will write in this book is "my truth", a view of things and events through my eyes. Someone may see differently... Everyone is entitled to their own opinion.

Nadia Savchenko

Moscow



Âiéià

War. Do you need to know what war is? Do you have to remember? Our parents, uncles and aunts, grandmothers (grandfathers died in the war), who at one time survived the Revolution of 1917, the artificial Holodomor of 1932–1933, World War II and the Great Patriotic War, the famine of 1946–1947 (we are late children), From early childhood, we were told about the horrors of war. To remember, not to forget! To never know what war is! We remember! We did not forget! But this did not stop the war. And that we also felt it first hand.

War on Earth is a constant phenomenon in time and periodically out of place. Every minute there is a war going on somewhere in the world, and the war is repeated cyclically on the same territory. It's already human nature.

When there is no war for a long time, people forget the value of life. Perena is fed up with the extra benefits of civilization, airsoft and computer shooters are already "not good", and "stupid blood" must be released. Men especially have such a regular need. In the female gender, "stupid blood" flows naturally :) One stupid bullet fired leads to two in response... And wars always start with the stupid, burning eyes of those who haven't shot, haven't fought yet... And when everything turns into pure horror, comes the understanding of the price of life, and the feeling of grief... Is it necessary to remember and pass on to future generations the knowledge of all the horrors of war?

Currently, a powerful propaganda campaign is being conducted in Russia to inculcate the principles of tsarism, idealization of the White Guard officers and the Soviet-Russian soldier into people's consciousness. The uplift comes with a one-sided reminder of all the horrors of the war... On their part, Ukrainian politicians carry their own shame... Yes, patriotism and love for the Motherland, for one's people and respect for one's nation are always good. You just have to remember that everyone has their own right to war, and it's always dirty on both sides. Therefore, there is no need to speculate on history and accuse only the German fascists and Bandera people of inhumanity, because many people know and remember the same examples of violence, rape, sadism, brutality and inhumanity on the part of the Soviet army... It all depends

exclusively from the consciousness and humanity of the individual. In my opinion, it is necessary to know and remember that war does not bring anything good. But it is not worth absorbing and reabsorbing all the horrors of war for the sake of politicians. Everyone has their own truth. Everyone was guided by their own values and ideals, and it is not for us to judge anyone. The Judgment of God will be on this!.. The same war must be perceived as a fact. To be grateful to whom you consider necessary, not to incite and not to harbor malice in the soul. Maybe if people talk less about the war - and fight less... Although unlikely. Wars were, are and will be. And, unfortunately, the interests of money will always dominate people's lives.

Regarding the "truth of war". You can only know for sure what you see with your own eyes and feel on yourself. Even in the same battle, you cannot know with certainty what is happening a hundred meters away from you... Therefore, I will write only what I know. And what she saw with her own eyes and experienced personally.

So far, I have been in two wars — in Iraq (2004–2005) and in Ukraine (2014–2015–?). If we describe everything, then L. Tolstoy's novel "War and Peace" will be published, only in two hundred volumes... But is it necessary to know everything? There is such a thing as a state and military secret. And in my officer's attestation card it is written that I know how to keep it. Therefore, I will write only about that battle on June 17, 2014 near Luhansk. I will write as I saw, as I thought and as I felt... 06:10 am 06/17/2014. I'm sleeping A call from a combatant: "Our people at the golf club are being fired upon, get up and scout!" I get up, call to find out where: "Huh? What? Shit! Good!.." It's clear, he hasn't woken up yet. To my sister Vera, who came to see me the day before in our car. I was thinking of returning to Kyiv with her, as I was on duty and my leave was coming to an end. I said to my sister: "Vira, wave your hands, the battle has begun!" The sister blew herself up in an instant and acted quickly and precisely, without unnecessary questions or panic, like a real soldier, even though she had never been a soldier and did not like weapons. She is an architect. Builds, not destroys. I'm running, I'm doing reconnaissance. The boys wake up sluggishly... The phrase of one old grief-stricken soldier really struck me:

"And I haven't drunk my coffee yet..." Ah, my mother! Damn, he hasn't had his coffee yet! So! Clear! Well, how about intelligence, fuck with your intelligence yourself!.. We left. I grab the unloading machine. I didn't wear a bulletproof vest or a helmet - it only hinders me, and if I die, it still won't save me. let's go We are approaching the bridge in Shchastya, Luhansk region.

There used to be a checkpoint controlled by "separatists". Then the Armed Forces fought back and took up the defense there. I see the first effects of the battle: wounded everywhere, commotion, medics are there, the guys are giving each other first aid, so there's nothing for me to do here. - Where is the battle? — Further down the road, a golf club, near Luhansk. In my time, I visited all regional centers and large cities of Ukraine, and Luhansk, as luck would have it, is the only city I have never been to and do not know the way to. Of course, my sister has road maps and atlases in the car, but it takes a long time to flip through them. I see some printouts and pastings of maps from A4 sheets lying on the floor of the building where there was once a traffic police post, but now a medical center. I grab In the car. I'm studying all the time. I understand that those cards belonged to the separatists. They dropped them when they ran away. The locations of their checkpoints and locations in the city of Shchastya, as well as in the direction of Luhansk, are marked on the maps. The information on the maps is outdated. The situation has changed. But the main thing is that there is a road to Luhansk, and the villages are marked. Later, the investigation will prove that these maps are mine, as a gunner, the notes and records were made by my hand, and the graphic examination leads to the fact that this is not the case. I didn't write anything on the maps, I just looked at the road. We went further. We are approaching the line of defense. I quickly look at the location of the forces (so as to immediately forget... if it's a prisoner, then there's no need to remember a lot...). Analyzing the situation... Well, it is clear why the fight is spontaneous and senseless. It is also clear what they were doing that the separatists were able to get so close. But now it's not about that. A shootout can still be heard ahead. - Do you still have ours at the golf club? - No, everyone was taken away. - And who is shooting?

- He sent people ahead. -

Shit!... Nahera?!... The fight

is spontaneous, confrontational. The operation is not planned. There is no centralized command center. Self-government and time. Sometimes it is necessary, because the command takes a long time. But now the soul feels that it is not worth it. Luhansk is a big city. A battle in the city is not a battle in the field... I don't say anything to anyone. I make a decision - I go to pick up people. I order Vera to stand at the border. Do not move further. I walk, catch up with 10-15 people. "Guys! Where do you get into the water, not knowing the ford! How come there are 30 of them?! Both in ambush and in defense?! According to the ratio of one to three - defense-offense, the forces are already very unequal!" (actually, as I later found out, there were 70 separatists in the ambush!) "Come back! You need to scout first!" — from leading people back to the line of defense. Later, the committee of the Russian Federation stated that I led fighters to Luhansk. Probably, as a senior lieutenant, it should have been "easy" for me to listen to such nonsense, but besides me, there were six colonels, lieutenant colonels, majors and captains there. They consult I'm standing, thinking, listening out of the corner of my ear... Equipment is being sent. 2 APCs or 2 BMPs - I don't remember (the difference is small), at a slow speed. Well, it's good at least slowly! But why is the order to shoot "Zelenka" not given? The major approaches me: - Well, are you giving people for armor, or am I just sending the tank?! - Tank?!? For armor?!? What do you need, an armored personnel carrier or an armored personnel carrier, to ride on armor?! The tank's turret spins on the entire platform! You don't really run into the armor of a tank, and you don't win! He will demolish the tower and the gun to hell! And people?! And I have them, those people?!... But it doesn't matter! In the war, whoever first made a decision and took responsibility was the commander! I understand all the paradox and idiocy of the situation. I give the stupidest command in my life: "Poltava! 5 men - for armor!" Why Poltava? I already knew these guys for a while. They were older and at least once served in the army. The rest —

generally young, green and unfired. Of the Poltava residents, there are only two moose alive, it seems... I will never forgive myself for this!.. Giving this stupid command, I thought that I could go to the golf club for reconnaissance, it's already kind of quiet there. Shots are ricocheting from somewhere... And the golf club doesn't need to go any further until at least some intelligence works... Here a unit that proudly called itself "intelligence" drove up. You can see that the coffee has already been drunk! Overeat a "coffee lover" with an example of a machine. "Intelligence" took offense, turned the car around and drove away from the battlefield, which simply shocked me. Further, no words, only emotions... But never! I jump on the armor of a tank with the guys from Poltava, we go to the golf club. On the way, we overtake 2 BMPs, which left quietly a minute earlier. We turn left to the golf club. The BMP drove straight along the road to Luhansk. Checked everything at the golf club, fired a few shots to see if there would be any return fire. There is none. Everything is quiet. We left the golf club for the road. The tank stopped. She told everyone to get off. I saw one separatist aiming at us. One of the boys from Poltava managed to shoot first... I dialed the combatant's number to say that the golf club is clean, the road is restless, there are 200 separatists. While I was talking on the phone, the tank with the guys moved on, in the direction of Luhansk. Who gave such a command?! - I do not know. Probably, there was someone else who made a decision and did not think about responsibility... She screamed for them to stop, but who will shout over the tank?... She remained at the crossroads of the golf club. I see three civilian cars on the road. Two cars, one bead. Fired. Luhansk numbers, that is, separate. I'm coming I look around. It can be seen that a good fight was fought... Fired in the sieve. Cars are stuffed with cartridges, packaging and ammunition. The production is new, no longer Soviet, but Russian. Good "brothers" help Ukrainians to fight Ukrainians.

May the devil take you! And this bus is yellow, a shuttle taxi! That's what they drive in minibuses, and then scream that "moderate residents" are being shot! There is nothing to carry "non-peaceful" ammunition in peaceful public transport! They begin to tighten up from the line of

ours: commanders, soldiers, equipment. And Vera on our car! Eh! I listened to the order - to stand at the border and not stick my nose out, but how! It's not for nothing that we are sisters! I rarely obey either :) The officers say that they knocked down two of our BMPs there. Clear! So, an ambush! I hear RPG people - so the tank was knocked out... There is no communication with the tank commander... He disappeared... They hit it exactly. Our artillery begins to work. Howitzers, not mortars. There were no mortars on the side of the Armed Forces in that battle. The landing company is reinforced by an artillery battery, howitzers or mortars. If there is one, there is no other. Artillery works blindly. We didn't have any gunner! I stand, thinking what to do... It is clear that there are wounded. There is no intelligence. We don't know the situation... So there's nothing to worry about! Especially equipment, since the separatists have RPGs and ATGMs! Even if the equipment will go slowly from the clearing of the "greenery" (that is, the plantations of the forest strip along the road).

I decide to go alone. I say that I will go and see where the wounded are and find out the situation. So that no one else goes! In pursuit, I hear a phrase from the major: "Yes! Yes! Go! Find my box!" (a tank, that is) - she mumbled to herself... I left... I'm going. I sawed for a long time, about 2.5 km. I look at the map that I grabbed. I check I'm walking along the side of the road. Sawing fell on the "green", although it is safer and more correct. I move carefully, the machine is ready. The road is winding. There is no direct line of sight. Only smoke above the trees is visible, gray and black. I understand, black means the tank is on fire, fuel oil... Oh! The bullets are starting to fly by!... And I had already forgotten how they were whistling over my head like a hornet!... I bend down, smile... The morning didn't turn out to be boring! I do not open fire. There is no need to unmask yourself. Visually, I do not see the enemy, and the bullets flying past me have a residual phenomenon of speed. I'm going further. Here, behind me, there was a man three hundred like crazy! I sat down... I look around... Everything is true! A shell from a howitzer! I flew straight down the road, closer to the curb on the right. Sooo... I need to contact the boys... But how to contact them?! Two radios (radio stations) are being unloaded, both are toys — they can no longer pull for 500 m! Here is the equipment of the army! All that is, and that is from volunteers! I'll survive, I'll be shot, damn it, the General Staff and the generals nah!.. The phones remain. There are also two of them. Ukrainian SIM cards

operators They are of no use if almost all mobile towers are not working, destroyed. I call my comrade, then my sister. I know whose phone numbers are not busy, that's why I'm calling. I'll call you every once in a while. I think I called Vera, shouting: "Send it there so that they don't shoot on the road, if there is an ambush, it's in the green! And Ukraine will still need them!" Loss of communication... To whom she could pass it on there, I didn't think... It's thundering all around! Artillery works! From there, they are firing mortars!... And I - go ahead! I move on... I reach a crossroads. I'm looking at the map — Stukalov balka. In the forest belt, in the bushes, I notice the military: "du bok" camouflage, a green, murderous helmet - that means it's ours. I wave, I approach. I look - they are wounded, but they have already been bandaged... One foot has a broken leg, it is bleeding profusely. - What, there is no harness? - There is none.

- Of course, damn it! — I take out my first-aid kit from the unloading area, take it out I apply a tourniquet below the knee. -

Guys, what happened? — An

ambush! Our BMP was hit! They shot from both sides of the road! - Oh!.. Shit!

They have a good foundation there! how many of you (visually I see four). - Five. One in the bushes. - It is clear. Wounded? - Two, three. One is heavy. I examine the 300th, heavy. A fragment flew into the back of the head, sticking out near the carotid artery. There is no reason to pull out... No bandage, no tourniquet

you won't impose...

- Fighter, how are

you? He is still

standing! - It's normal. They

surrounded - Well, it's good that at least there was

something to go around! Analgesic, butorphanol, in syringe-tubes in first-aid kits the front was seen! They could not even give it!... One says: - Maybe we will go back quietly somehow?... I am looking... How to leave? Wounded, mostly all in the legs, on

the armor was sitting... They will not report each other...

- Wait, guys, lie down, I'll try the car now, you -

call...

There is no connection. I go out to the crossroads from the green area - there is still fishing there!... For 10 or 15 minutes I try to call for help... I hesitate, I look ahead. The road is undulating, but it is already clear that in 600 meters our equipment has been broken. I call the commander, shout into the phone: "At the turn to Stukalova balka - five 300s! 600-800 m ahead of Stukalova balka — an ambush from both sides!" I don't know if I heard it or not, the connection was lost... I'm calling my sister. Through the cliffs, I call for the hundredth time, I say: "There are wounded here, unload the trunk, we need to take 5 people (and we have a small car, Chinese, Lifan 320), drive slowly so as not to pass us at the turn, stay closer to the forest lane, on the left, so that the separatists do not see." The sister says that two BMPs have already left for the wounded. But they barely crawl, which infuriates her! "What's crawling, that's right! This is not a rush to help you with flashing lights at all traffic lights in peacetime! But you don't need an armored personnel carrier! They will be demolished too! Let's go by car! Stop the machine!" I don't know what she heard from all this... But our car sped off at crazy speed, of course, it passed us by. I just had time to see that it was not Vera who was driving. There are two guys in the car, I know them. I heard how the car ran into an ambush, because it reached the place where the equipment was hit... Well, mess! Something stung here... It stung my hand, and I felt it all the way to my thigh... I sat down, fired a couple of shots in response in the direction from which the bullet came, single shots. She went into the bushes. The one to whom she applied the tourniquet says: "Snipers? And where do they come from, those snipers?!" I roll up my sleeve, examine my hand: "No, it's not a sniper. Hole from caliber 5.45. She flew madly... The sniper wouldn't have missed...". Yes, the bullet flew through, the bone was not touched, the hand is functioning, I can hold the automatic mat (wounded in the right forearm), the thigh was only scratched. Bullshit! I can fight! You don't even need a harness! I take out an IPP (individual bandage package), tightly bandage it, lower the sleeve, stand up. I notice that among the soldiers on one of them are officer's hounds - also a starley. I approach, tell them to try to move back a little on their own. The BMP should go there - they will pick it up. Because the help that was called, our bodi

Of these five, all survived and returned, thank God! Push on! And I understand that I'm doing something stupid! And it's so clear where the ambush is! But let's see how many there are? And how many of our wounded? And our car is over there!... She left the road to the left. I walk along the edge of the green, along the field road. I see... an ambush. Guys in camouflage. Digital oak, cell, rap-stop, good fabric, high-quality, made in Ukraine and Belarus. This was once considered and was supposed to go on a uniform for the Armed Forces of Ukraine, but the General Staff said: "Too much!" Ah, so where is all this fabric! And the separatists are not expensive?! St. George's ribbon is pinned on each. They carry "Mukha" (reactive anti-tank grenade launchers, RPGs) and charges for them from three trees standing alone in the field towards the Mukha green. I see six, but how many are there in the green?... Binoculars, as always - fig! Well, I'll come a little closer - maybe I'll take a look... And where are you going to hell before your father?!? But I'm climbing! I sneak up 200 meters to the ambush, and then a boy in his twenties comes out to meet me ten meters away, in body armor, without a helmet, holding a machine gun in his left hand, probably also left-handed. Then, however, he translated it into law. Automatic safety lock?!? Lord, child! Are you crazy!.. And with the phrase to me: "Come here, you're caught!" The first thought: is my capture worth his life? I have a machine gun with the fuse removed... I will kill him for sure... Then there will be a shootout - maybe I will be killed, or maybe I will hide behind the trees... My friend's opinion: 400 meters behind, it's too early... We didn't have time to leave... So that the separatists have not yet rushed after me, and we have not caught up with the wounded... I look around. The boy seemed to be sitting alone in secret (two or three in the front in front of the main ambush - they call it "secret"). Well, if there are still one or two in the bushes, then they will continue to sit, they will not go forward... Eh, it was-wasn't-was! Where ours did not disappear! A prisoner is a prisoner! Not for the first time! Maybe we can talk to them too... After all, they are also Ukrainian people... Even though they got confused... She looked at the sun, and it was already around ten o'clock. Well, she described: five hours of battle — five sheets of A4 format. And what would happen if I started to describe all the battles... But I won't remember them all... Two wars!... And the most terrible was during the battles on the Maidan. Mode

shown in the cinema: when everything breaks and the earth burns. Yes, it tears from time to time, but if you're lucky, it won't hurt you. At least in that battle there was no such, directly high density of fire. And even with a machine gun in your hands, it's not so scary... :) People have gotten used to melee combat. And there the ground is really burning! And it was exactly like that on the Maidan!.. And there was no machine gun in his hands...

That's how I saw and felt. Maybe someone saw more, or perceived it differently. In fear, the eyes are big, and everyone has their own fear!.. And I don't want to say that I am so brave, brave and brave! It's just that I have a low threshold of fear and the instinct of self-preservation embedded in me by nature (this is what all the professional selection tests showed). That's why I look at everything more simply and perceive everything with humor. I don't think whether to do it or not to do it... I feel intuitively, I act, and then I have a thought: what the hell did I do?! But I never regret what I didn't do! They don't wave their fists after the fight! The reaction to being captured was as it usually is, you go, break your heel, say: "Here, grandpa! Well, by the cross!" - broke off the second one, waved her hand, said: "Well, that's okay!" — and went on! Otherwise, I can't describe my feelings! But war is

not always like that battle on June 17, 2014, especially since I still don't know what and how it ended... War happens in such a way that even I cannot accept it easily. All the truth and all the dirt of war depend exclusively on the human factor. I never shoot unarmed people. I'm a warrior, not a killer! I never open fire until it is fired in my direction. I didn't kill Russian journalists and I didn't suggest anything to them. I didn't even see them. I did not reach the checkpoint where they died for another 2.5–3 km. There was no direct visibility on the road more than 500 m ahead. When they died, I had already been a prisoner for an hour. Stupid questions have been asked a thousand times: "Did you kill people? And how many did you kill?" — for the hundredth time I answer: "There are almost no answers to such questions! And smart people don't ask them!"

Every person, if he is sane, after the battle does not want to think that it was his bullet that hit the target... And from the battlefield you carry 200s, and everyone understands that they could not have missed...

Probably, I will have something to talk about with God... And I will answer for my sins!... But this will be God's Court, not man's, and certainly not Russia's court. They do not judge every soldier who returned from Chechnya, Afghanistan, Abkhazia or the Great Patriotic War... I have been a soldier and an officer for ten years. I'm not the girl who yesterday picked up a tomato and ran to the front line to take a selfie. To protect the Ukrainian people and the territorial integrity of Ukraine - I took an oath! This is my work, for which my people paid me a salary for ten years. And I can't say, "Oh! Sorry, I don't want to fight! My religion does not allow me to kill!" So it turns out that the army is 70,000 strong, and the people count on 70,000 bayonets! And as for the matter, out of 70,000, 30,000 are generals and women who do not fight! And the rampant, senseless mobilization begins! I have a lot of questions for the General Staff about this war!!! And when it is necessary to defend one's country, why do "salaried workers" (because I cannot call them officers and soldiers) continue to go to Africa to earn money. And the generals have "black money" in their pockets to launder, like they are performing a "peacekeeping" mission! What the hell is the mission?! They themselves have no peace!... And when I hear from the commanders: "So far, men and women in the ATO are doing well!" - what are they coping with?! To die?... And when there is a war, and an officer is sent on vacation!... I consider this a crime and a criminal order! That's why I went to where my people are! Protect our Motherland!

And in general, to talk about the war... I was reading a book here: "A soldier and a thief (thief) argued about who was better... It turned out that the difference was small! - The actions are the same, just the motivation is different..." So judge for yourself... But, as far as I'm concerned, it's better not to know and you don't want to... Remember, but don't remember... I was thinking here somehow: can I forgive? .. Has not the soul accumulated evil? Hasn't it become difficult?... No, I can't!.. So, I'm on the fence... And a heavy soul doesn't fly!.. And since I don't have forgiveness in my soul, then I don't deserve forgiveness myself... Therefore, I go into battle without protection bulletproof vest and walk. There is no point in protecting your life if you are going to take someone else's!.. Although my philosophy is stupid! In war, no one needs the kinship of Nahrins!.. Either you, or you!.. Your people and your land are behind you. So protect yourself!



ИИИ

Captivity. A day or two before that fight, on June 17, 2014, they were sitting with the boys, smoking in the evening. And one of them asked me: "And if we get into a trap? How to behave?" He said that he had seen a film where Muslims captured two Americans. One resisted and was killed and his head cut off. And the second was told to eat shit from the toilet, and he ate and survived... I told him that each of you takes your own. That boy, thank God, was not captured... I have already been captured in Iraq, by the Arabs and by the Americans. Then it was wrong. It took only nine hours. And the situation itself amused me a lot... I don't know if that boy knew

about this when he asked me about the capture.

When I was already in captivity, a guy from Kharkiv wrote me a letter asking if our Ukrainian army teaches how to behave in captivity? Apparently, he did not serve in the army. And he wrote me a manual of behavior in captivity for the military of the Israeli army. They have such a souvenir for every military man. It read: if you were taken prisoner, do not resist, do not behave aggressively, remember: the main thing is to save your life. Well, the rest is in this spirit... Sooo... And instruction... With such an ideology, the army will definitely be invincible. No! This is not for me! I am closer in spirit to the behavior of the crew of the Soviet tanker "Poltava", captured by the Chinese, from the film "Ch.P. "Extreme incident"...

And - no! Neither soldiers nor officers are taught anything like that in our Ukrainian army. We do not have such courses on behavior in captivity. Everyone survives as they can. As conscience allows... Everyone has his own reason to live and hold on to life. Or there is nothing to lose and it is not a pity to die. I will say about myself that it would be easier for me to die in Ukraine than to live in Russia!... I could understand the anger and claims of the "militias". They had the right to nominate them to me. They are also the Ukrainian people, and I also gave them an oath. And it so happened that we ended up on different sides of the barricades. And it turns out that I went against my people... But I also swore to protect the territorial integrity of Ukraine! I cannot want to be a subject of another state, to live according to its laws, but at the same time

continue to live in his three-room apartment in Kyiv and say that this is the territory of another state. It doesn't happen like that! I did not understand the "militias" in the fact that they sold me or exchanged me for weapons and support of the enemies!...Guys! Do you have any complaints against me? So let's figure it out. Go to the Maidan. You will be heard. We were heard! But get out now, while they are still listening!.. Because they will soon become deaf again... But don't start a war on your own, as you say, land. Your land is also mine, and it hurts me too... I do not want to understand that the Ukrainian people, who do not want to consider themselves Ukrainians, but call themselves "Russians", and humiliatingly, inferiorly, condescendingly "rule" their land as Little Russia... This is not my people... So...

- Come here! Here you are! — made a decision, let's go. - Who are you? I ask him a question. While he is answering something there, I understand from his words that he thinks I am a guy. Well, that's normal. Often confused. I'm watching Analyzing. Counting... Yes. There are about forty of them. About the same on the other side of the road. Weapons are mostly small arms and grenade launchers... Oh! They flew in! They start twitching! They rip off everything that can be ripped off, loot... The machine gun was taken away: "Grenades! Does he have grenades?!" Aha! If there were grenades, you would have taken me! It was precisely at this moment that one would have jerked off! I look quickly, until my eyes are closed, because they will be closed! I know!.. I see two Bekhas (BMPs), badly damaged... There are prisoners sitting under them, their hands are tied behind their backs, their eyes too... From the number of prisoners, from the crews of the tank and two BMPs, I understand that the 200s and 300s there are those among them, and, unfortunately, there are quite a few... They tear off the discharge and bandana (medical field scarf) from the head.

- Oh, yes, she is a woman! First sniper! Bitch!.. Hands, hands look! Fingers! They look And what do they want to see there? Jerks! I have never been a sniper! The accuracy of the eye was lacking!

- No, the fingers are clean! All the same, we are, bitch, all around empty! Let's have fun!... I look at their faces... I laugh.

- What, funny? — they knock me off my feet, I land on my knees. - Isn't it funny to shoot at our guys? - Guys! Yes, this bitch is an officer! Here are her documents! I look... I see our car on the road between the BMP and the tank. They are already tearing, tearing, stretching everything they can from her: "Oh, I'll take it! What a backpack! Amerikosovsky!" — bought a "coyote" for a business trip. Truly Made in the USA. 40 u.o. gave Then they drag everything out of the trunk like vultures. I'm watching, I'm freaking out! I understand: my sister didn't listen to me, didn't hear me... I told her to unload the trunk! We had to put all the things that we packed home to Kyiv! And where would we put the wounded?! If they were taken away... And now there is also a classic of idiocy - the officer is a prisoner and all the documents are "with him!"... You still won't lie, you won't be fooled. I'm sorry for this situation! "Shoo!!! An officer?!" - they are searching. One phone was taken, the other was left lying in his pocket. I also have "dogs". "Oh, what a bastard, I've always been such a hot body!" - a shrill voice sounds. (I also have good, American, "sandy" boots. They were issued back in Iraq. I've been wearing them for 10 years, and they don't matter). I'm looking at a silly girl with two pigtails! With a machine gun in your hands, in a bulletproof vest, a selfie came to the forefront, do you! There is not enough extreme in life! Stupid, fucking! - Did you want to?! You will get it now! — I feel, one is already pulling on the leg from behind, cannot untie the shoelaces, cuts. Moron! The laces of these boots were the most valuable! Armored! Eternal! You will never find such again! As for looting, that's a good thing. And it's bullshit that the girl's foot size is 37, and my boots are 41 (when they were issued, there were no smaller ones. I'm 39, but I'm used to always wearing military shoes two sizes larger. 39 and 40 rarely happen). She won't even be able to walk in them! But the main thing is to peel off! Tear it off!!! How bad the jackals are! He tore, tore at the breeches, he never pulled them off... They are looking for more...

- What is this? — take out pills. - Ah, this is medicine. A yellow bandana with a blue inscription "Self-defense of the Maidan" (remained from the days of the Maidan) is torn from his hand.

- Maidan! Banderovka, then! -
Blindfold him!

- What?

- Yes, that's how you tie it!

They put a headband "Self-defense of the Maidan" on the head. It is light, yellow in color, more or less translucent. It's good that they tied her up... I hear: "If you're going to search, search completely!" - Yes?! And if I get excited?! — roar of the crowd. - Come on, come on! - I feel, putting my hands under my vest. She beat back her hands. - Yes, calm down! - gropes the top of the vest. She struck again! — And she doesn't wear a bra! — and, it turns out, this is what they were looking for!

And I did not

understand! :) — Handcuffs on her! - worn behind the back. - Come on! Come on, take her out of here! Until they beat her back! I hear the voice, probably of an "officer", well, a senior one, at least: - Quickly, quickly, we'll figure it out there! They take him by the arms, take him to the road, put him in the back of the car in the open trunk. An off-road vehicle. They take 10-15 minutes along the road towards Luhansk. On the way, the one to the right of the driver hits me in the head with the butt of a machine gun. It gets into the area of the left maxillary sinus, the facial nerve is pinched (it remains numb to this day). Something is asking me. I don't answer. He pushes the butt in the shoulder again: "What's your name?" AND? - Nadia. — Nadia?! — and there is something even further in the text, I don't listen to it anymore. I think about the car. There is nothing to think about the development of events - we will figure it out in the course of the case. The car was "wrung out" (as it is now fashionable to say in Ukraine). Well, write it already "missing"! Will not return for sure! And I have never engaged in looting, and I have never "extorted" anything from anyone. Somehow I considered all this unacceptable for myself... But no, I lied! Once, she took a couple of bottles of wine to Yanukovych's "house" in Mezhyhirya to celebrate the victory over the bloodthirsty carrion. Well, then God himself commanded! By the way, although the wine is insanely expensive, acidity is acidity! It's a shame... We spent 10 years on it

collected!!! Faith for "Fantika" (that was the name of the machine, shortened from the brand name Lifan) will tear my head off! Well, if I still have her after all these events. They say that if a "girl" in her 20s has a Porsche Cayenne, she either pumped it or her dad gave it to her! And if a girl is 30, and she has a "Chinese" - it means that she has honestly earned it herself. Well, nothing! We will earn more! As long as we stay alive...

Delivered Unloaded. They brought him into the room. Someone took him by the shoulders and said: "Don't be afraid." The voice is calm, balanced and somehow not Russian. But it does not cause irritation. The shoulders are pushed somewhere, the hands are released. I swing quickly on the axis. I understand that I am in a cube made of pipes, without walls. The handcuffs are unfastened and hooked onto the pipe with double fixation of the hands and one leg. The guys have a serious approach! Ours will definitely not think of such a thing! They pushed a chair under the eye. Planted The blindfold is removed. I see a "Russian Chechen" in front of me, a shabby gymnasium. I am chained to a sports simulator. A few more "militias" are in the room, running in and out. Something is making noise. I look at the clock on the wall - it's exactly 12:00. I ask: - What time does the clock show? In Kyiv or in

Moscow? - Our time! Ours... Well, of course, Russian. And in Ukraine it is now 11.00. So the conclusion: everything is fast! Half an hour of frantically chaotic events — and you're a prisoner! What a mess!... - Who is Homs?!

- one of the militiamen flies in, holding one of my phones in his hands (the one that was taken away. The second one was still with me). So, so Vera is calling to ask what's up?

- Who is Homs?!

- Sister!

Picked up the phone, went to hang something for my sister! The "chief" enters, introduces himself as the commander of the "Zarya" battalion (some of them have chevrons on their "Zarya" sleeves) and the Minister of Defense of the LPR. I held back a smile: it turns out that they don't have an army yet, and they don't have a state, but they already have a Ministry of Defense!

Well, straight up, damn it, "Fairytale Rus"! In the future, he will be Ihor

Plotnytskyi. Here my phone vibrates in my pocket (apparently Vera, after hearing the storie

"militia", she decided to call me on another phone), I can't poke him - my hands are tied. Kombat "Zari":

— That's what?!

— Telephone.

The "militias" take it out of my pocket and give it to the combatant. He drops the call. - Did they search mine like that?! - shakes his head. I smile...

The phone was taken away, and the shoelaces were cut and left as they were... - Why is that? - shows Kombat "Zari" at my triple fixation. - No need! Take it off! Leave one - the "Russian Chechen", who then introduced himself as the head of the guard, removes the handcuffs from his leg and one hand (when the combatant leaves, he handcuffs the other hand again). At this time, I see how the captive boys are led into the next room. Six, then two more. Two of them were wounded, one in the leg, the other was cut on the face and hands by shrapnel, but, apparently, lightly. The leg is bandaged, but the blood is oozing nicely. Of the prisoners, I know only two - those who chased our car. They are whole. Kombat "Zari" to me: "Wounded?"

- So.

- Where?

- In the hand.

Right Approaches, looks. My bandage is already bloody too. -

Do you need a doctor? - Yes, - I answer, thinking about what that boy already has

it's time to immediately change the bandage, maybe apply a tourniquet! - OK, I'll come! The doctor, dyed blonde, came late in the evening. Fir Kala said: "We also have enough wounded people", flaunted that the bandages in them were "yours, Lviv, self-tightening". I told her that I was very happy about that. I don't need them, but the guy is sitting in the next room - he will need them very much. But she also bandaged me... Later, a doctor came to us - a middle-aged man, very pleasant, one of those who live by the Hippocratic Oath. He even brought me some pills for half a face

after being hit with a butt, he became numb. However, they did not help much... Kombat "Zari" spoke to me normally. In general, when

an officer is taken prisoner, during the first hour and the first day, the strategic situation he knew and the position of his troops must be radically changed. So that everything he said during the interrogation, if broken, would not be true. Therefore, it is not a problem to survive the first day in captivity. But it is unlikely that anyone started to do this... The relief of the area can be manually changed... :) And the "militias" did not ask me anything in particular. More guys asked about me. Of those who were captured in the counter-fight, and before the one who was taken at the golf club, four or five knew me. One was seriously injured. He was not questioned. And the two "talked". One is still nothing, the truth... And the other spoke... It is better not to be captured with traitors and fools. Two more, most likely, said that they did not know me. When we crossed, no sight was given. And they did it right! And the rest really didn't know me. There is nothing worse for an officer than to get into trouble with his personnel. You are responsible for everyone's life. Kombat Zari had few questions for me. He had in his hands a

file with my officer's card, combatant's card, driver's license, two bank cards, passport, a copy of the identification code, one of my telefons and copies of five reports that I wrote to the commander of my flying regiment that I am asking for the front, and where my comrade, the colonel, was "making excuses", transparently covering up his phrase: "As long as the men are in the ATO and without women, they can do it" (in the future, this file went somewhere. It seems that it did not reach Russia, because only one was transferred with me phone, and in the case the investigators only have photocopies of my documents. I still don't know where all the originals are - whether in Luhansk, or in the Russian Federation, just in some other service). After nine months of my sentence, the file surfaced in the Investigative Committee of the Russian Federation. Ihor Plotnytsky handed it over to them. Why didn't you give it to me before? It is unclear. Did you forget? Or didn't want to? Or maybe that file got lost somewhere, and it took a long time to find it?... Maybe later

it will become clear

...Everything was clear to him... We talked a little about politics. He said that he did not believe the authorities that came and that they would use us too. I answered him that I understand all this myself, but it was impossible not to do anything, and there is still a change for the better! And we will continue to fight!.. He said that they will continue to protect their land from this! And he added: "You will see! We will come and fight on the Romanian border!" I really didn't like this phrase! I smiled crookedly and said: "And that's hardly...". To which he replied: "Well, let's see who was right! Maybe you... Maybe I... But you'll see, that's how it will be!" The "Zari" combatant also said that he is a retired major. In addition to us, prisoners in the gym (eight guys + me), there are four seriously injured, they are in the hospital, they are being helped. We talked about losses on our side and theirs. He said: "All of you will live! I promise!" I told him that I don't care how long I live. He asked: — Why is this indifference to your life? - I knew what I was going for!

"Yes... We also knew what we were going for," he said. Then he asked me if I had any requests or questions. I answered: "Let's call my sister, calm her down, she's waiting for me to go home."

- You will call...

- And more. Yours took away our car, which went to pick up the wounded. My sister gave me this car. Can it be returned?

- What car?

I named the brand, color, number.

— I will see what can be done (later he came and said that the car had gone to Donetsk and would not return it). He also asked something about berets. I told him that one of your girls liked them very much, she wanted to take them off: - Oh, we have them?! - IS!

- Well, I'll stop it! — a displeased expression on his face. — In general, I am a straightforward and fair person. "If I say something, I do it and I'm not afraid," he said at last. And I found no reason not to believe him. He was telling the truth...

After some time, Kombat "Zari" entered again. If any other militiamen spoke to me and shouted their dissatisfaction, I answered them calmly. The combatant asked: "Can you say on camera what we were talking about?" - So!

Everyone present was kicked out, Russian journalists came in and started setting up cameras. They asked me something, I honestly told them my position, but I avoided answering questions that have the nature of revealing a state and military secret, which the journal later commented on the letters as: "Savchenko answered the questions condescendingly." They are so funny, what did you want?! That I should sign treason to Ukraine "purely cheap"?! Can't wait!!! These journalists told me at the end of the interview: "And you know that two of our journalists were killed there today?"

- I do not know. I'm sorry...

After that, journalists after journalists began to run, all of them Russian! Only the scenery had time to change: "Oh, put her here, this background was already there! Can't you hang it with something?" etc. etc. That's how PR begins... :) They also ran to the boys' room, filmed and asked something. Toward the end, two old mir shavy grunts came! Journalists are bad (then I saw them on Russia-TV)! Always collect the most rotten! These were without cameras, they said they were newspapermen. Again the same questions: "A chto da pochemu? Blah blah blah... Why are you killing your people? And what if you return, will you go to war against the people?" They betrayed me, and I said: "I will not go against my people! But if the Russians, Americans or Martians come to my land, I will leave!", to which the captive boys in the next room applauded and showed their thumbs up - "class"! Towards the end the old perverts said that I was a pretty young girl and that they would like to see me in a silk dress. To which I smiled sweetly and said: "Of course! Someday, when the war is over!" — and mentally sent them to hell!

The day seemed full... I wanted to sleep. Fell asleep, sitting on a chair, handcuffed to the pipes, resting her head on the pipe. She slept sensitively. A guard was left to guard me: three with automatic weapons.

In the middle of the night, two "militias" broke into the gym - you are at the bottom, on emotions, after the battle... One came up to me, hit me on the head with his fist: "Well, hello!". I said to him: "Well, hello!". Another, tall one, tells him: - This is a woman, an officer. - Ah! Woman!... Well, I'll leave her for a snack! He goes to the room where the boys are sitting. Of course, he went to drive away evil after the battle. From the next room, you can hear muffled blows, groans... It didn't last long, the steam came out quickly! The second, tall, sat next to me on a chair all this time. The watchman, who was watching all this, got round eyes... He comes out and goes to me: - Well, what?! - I don't know, you tell me what? - Why did you start all this?!!

- We didn't start it.

- And who? Are we? I killed five today! How can I live with this?! (speaks loudly). — I'm sorry... But everyone chooses for himself... (I speak absolutely calmly). — Yes, you are right!.. He chooses himself!.. Come on! — (gives his hand) — I'll give you my hand, I'll stand up. "You have more courage than all of them combined." It comes out. A tall one comes out after him. I sit on a chair. I rest my head. I close my eyes. Kimaryu until the morning. Do not think...

In the morning they brought some kind of cough. Refused. Rations were given to my boys. For some reason, in the morning we began to consider the captured boys as our relatives. She asked for water and a cigarette. They brought water, and treated us to a cigarette. Still! They wouldn't treat us! Yesterday, four blocks of "Pryluk Red" were washed away from my car!... Guys, you also asked for chickens. They were not given. It's clear... There is still an advantage in the fact that I'm a woman :) Then I study the room. Windows, entrances, exits, apartments. There is a clam shell, army, iron, spring. Instead of a mattress, PPE (general military protective kit) is thrown on

a couple more broken simulators, a horizontal bar and speakers (musical). You teach me the character and manners of a guard... They, in their turn, study me... Guys: Vasya, Senya, Ivan and one more. The army, although Makhnov's, is young, and apparently no one has served in the army - typical Donbas gopniks. But there are elements of some kind of organization and cleverness in them - you can see, they were taught. The form of clothing is camouflage camouflage (digital, Ukrainian) mixed with "citizen". Vasya props a large mirror against the wall opposite me, takes a chair and sits down in the room where my boys are kept. He stares at me in the mirror. The chief of security, the same "Russian Chechen", enters. Outwardly, he looks like Santa Claus, with the same family, only black and gray: - What kind of mirror is he doing here?! — And I'm watching her like that! - Ah... - wow, you are so damn inventive. The head of the guard sits down opposite and also looks at me. Let's play the melon review... He is dressed in a "slide", and a good one. Their entire Chechen squad, as I later saw, 8–12 men, was dressed in a "slide". On his head is a Muslim skullcap. The expression of the eyes inspires respect... Every separatist shushval begins to run, the minor - to "stare at the captives." You have to sneak something of your own! Show strength ! Puppies, damn it!... The security chief kicked everyone out. I asked to go to the toilet. They called the girl Zhenya. A female fighter, in uniform, with a PM in a holster and with sad, phlegmatic eyes... Later, Zhenya and I talked: - And my boyfriend was killed today. She couldn't find what to say, she kept silent... The head of the security guard unhooks the pipes, puts on the handcuffs from the front: "So you can go down?" - I can, I haven't walked like that yet... They take me out, take me to the toilet. An extension next to the gym. They set up an entourage of machine gunners, because a crowd of people willing to "break!!!" has already gathered in the smoking room... Shit on the crowd!... I quickly assess the situation: to the left - a yard, warehouses, boxes from under

ammunition, mainly mortars, grenade launchers, artillery, the markings on the boxes are Russian. Dochrinishcha boxes! Straight - a concrete fence. The building has five floors, it looks like some kind of institution. In front of the house is a smoking room, further on is another house. To the right is a toilet, a concrete fence. Behind the fence: behind you is a five-story building, similar to a dormitory, laundry is washed on the balconies, to the left is a forest strip and, you can hear, a road. On the right is a pink church with a red dome, as if it were Orthodox, but for some reason it looks like a mosque. No, there is no minaret, which means that it is Orthodox, some kind of religious. On the right ahead is a building, five stories, it looks like a hospital. All this goes through and is analyzed in my head while I walk ten meters from the gym to the toilet. I can draw a plan even now with my eyes closed. And on the Google map, you can accurately show where they were captured, how they were transported and where they arrived, even though she was

blindfolded! I go to the toilet. The first thing I see are plastic water bottles. I blur into a smile!... And tell me, guys, that you don't have Russians and Chechens fighting here!... And I don't remember Iraq and the Muslim habit of going to the toilet. She went to the toilet under the watchful eye of the girl, Zhenya, who even pulled the shutter of the gun. That's how they were taught. And they taught correctly!.. They returned. After me, they took turns to take my boys to the toilet. After I asked to

go to the toilet for the third time, someone said: "She drinks water specifically to run to the toilet! He wants to look at it!" Oh, you are my guesser! A misunderstanding I saw everything I needed the first time. And I slurp water because I want to drink. They didn't take me to the toilet anymore. They put a bucket. Me and the boys, one for everyone. Just how to shit, please. I somehow asked... Zhenya the fighter was nowhere to be found. The chief of security was guarding me! Toilets without cubicles, with partitions up to the waist (a classic of Soviet railway stations). - What, I don't see you, you don't see me. - Nothing,

of course! I never went to the toilet, it's too much. Well, fasting in a bottle in an armored personnel carrier, where nine other guys are going besides you, that's still normal, I can do that. But to shit... Well, sorry! We need inspiration here!

On the second day, the "militia" came, a skeleton of officers, five or six men. Maybe not all of them served in the army, but it is clear that they know something... Buvali. Some of us even had epaulettes made of asterisks. In full ammunition - you can see, somewhere from a trip or a battle, in a high mood. They sat me down. One spoke: - Well! How are you?! - Well done, you guys! They acted really competently, I can't help but admit. It's good when you respect your opponent, not despise them. Something was called out of them

kalo respect... -

Well, let's talk. - Well, let's chat. They turned on the camera.

We started talking. They talked for a long time, argued, found a common language... - Well! Do you see?! Where are the Russians?! We are not Russians, I live here! That's my house! My family! We protect our land!

- Yes! You are not, but I can already see how many of you are "Russian". It's definitely not a hochly and not a pile of polony! Well, we are not fascists, not Americans. We also live on this land, in Ukraine, and have come to protect it from those who help you divide Ukraine.

— Yes, I am also not against living in Ukraine! I am Ukrainian! But not with this power!

- And we didn't want to live with her! That's why they went to the Maidan! But the war was not resolved! Come out and you! - Right now! We were already there!

- Yeah! On Antimaidan?! — Yes, I went to Antimaidan! We were not heard! - Now it's not too late... - Well, then let's go! You deploy your equipment, we —

yours! And we are going to Kyiv, to the Verkhovna

Rada! - I agree, guys! Let's! So we had a fun talk. Almost understood. Like here

comes alone... From the face you can immediately see - a person...

- So! What are you doing here?! I said that without me k no one approached her!

The guys got together, went out... It's a pity, there was more company nicer than this one... -

Well, how are you?

- It's normal. He

squinted his mean little eyes, twirled a bit, and left. Somewhere after a couple of days he came again. Squat down Smiling. It is no longer a good sign when such a person smiles. "Everything will be fine. They wanted you in one service... Not really... I agreed on another. I was there myself, agreed to work. And that's it. Maybe you will be a negotiator. It is only necessary to "lie down" under them. Everything will be fine!" - kissed and left. And I understood: everything is going to be bad!... On the

evening of the second day, the commander of the Chechen detachment came to me, told me his name, that he could be found "in contact". He does not hide from anyone. The father is a Chechen, the mother is from Luhansk, lived both there and here. He fought in Chechnya, his facial features are Chechen. The beard is red, the eyes are light. He understood my Ukrainian perfectly... But I also saw other fighters in his pursuit... Those, it was obvious from everything, that they came from Chechnya... The Ukrainian language is very far from them and so is Ukraine. He showed me a piece of paper on which was written a man's surname, also a senior lieutenant, and it also began with the letter "C". The Chechen commander said that this person is a gunner, they are looking for him. Do I not know him? I said I don't know. And that I am a gunner... During interrogation in captivity and during interrogation by an investigator, the manner of behavior will be different, and you have to think about what to say. If they're looking for a gunner, they haven't found him yet. So, he can fulfill his task, but they have already taken me, and I have nothing to lose. Therefore, I can take on this role. And maybe they will stop looking for him. This will enable him... That's why I said that I was a guide. I hope that they never found him... When the Russian investigators of the IC of the Russian Federation asked me about such nonsense, I honestly told them on the polygraph (lie detector), which, by the way, showed that I was telling the truth, that I was nothing did not point at anyone. I am not a gunner, I do not possess such knowledge and skills, and I have no special training.

We also talked about the war... He said that it was his group that shot down the AN-26 over the Luhansk airport, and that another group claimed that they did it. "Let them say, we are not chasing glory," he said... And I remembered the crew commander of the downed AN-26, Lieutenant Colonel Mohylk, a pilot from God, a cheerful, joyful, humorous person whom I knew personally during flight practice in military unit in Boryspil... And who died at the hands of my interlocutor... And the heart is bleeding... And the hands are tied... Then the commander of the Chechen group asked if there were any of ours in the Metalist settlement diagonally from their (controlled by the

separatists) checkpoint "Metalist" , in one dacha, squeezed out of some businessman. I said it wasn't. Ours really couldn't be there. "Well, I thought so, these are our "Makhnovtsy" (that's how the "Zarya" battalion called bandits who were not under the control of this battalion). The checkpoint was "fired with mortars!" That is, it turns out that the Russian journalists died under fire from their own. What the SC of the Russian Federation does not want to admit, although they know perfectly well. And they sculpt volumes of delusions, they accuse me of the death of Russian journalists of the Armed Forces of Ukraine, and me of instigation and complicity! Freaks! Shit!..

During the week of my captivity, the Chechen commander came to Luhansk a couple more times. Sometimes he brought candy, sometimes an orange, sometimes he treated me with cigarettes, but left the pack (I honestly shared everything with my boys!). They talked heart to heart. Adam is extraordinary man...

She lay down on the floor to sleep, pulling up the rubber strap that was lying there under her back, and was handcuffed. In the morning, Kombat "Zari", seeing this, ordered me to select that army iron clamshell and for the boys to come up with something for the floor. They even found a sheet and a blue military blanket on my bed. And they transferred me from the simulator to the bed. My boys were also given rugs, some rubber and wooden flooring. The boys were kept in the gymnasium shower. They took me there to wash and brush my teeth. I brushed my teeth with my finger with the ash from the cigar rock. Later, the chief of security even gave me a toothbrush and toothpaste

I brought the pasta! But only for me... And I was taken to the shower twice in a week, on the orders of the combatant and under the close supervision of the soldier Zhenya with a gun! :) They didn't take the boys... I remembered again that sometimes it's good to be a woman... My boys were handcuffed to heavy irons in pairs in the shower. Mostly to gyrs.

Then the days in captivity passed more or less calmly... We - I, and then my boys - took turns talking to our guards, of whom there were five or six, and they changed after a day or two. They were not so empty and bad. They are just still very children... Vasya said that he had never seen such a "talkative captive" like me... However, he himself was no less talkative! Looking for something to talk about... :) The guards liked to turn on the music. Not so tasteless either... It was nice listening to you. In Russia, it's worse in prisons!... One of them really liked to listen to some rap with the words: "Unyielding Donbass will not kneel! Help the Russian Russians!" That song ate my brain!... By the way, that guy was the least talkative. But he is the only one of the "militias" who, when I was taken to be sent to Russia, wrote my contacts and phone background on the bus pass... They took me in the prison during the search!... Well, nothing! I think he and I will meet again, if fate... I was reading something there, drawing so that I wouldn't be bored without anything to do... You tried to draw sketches of the guards, until the head of the guard scolded them for posing for me :) Then I drew his portrait, from memory. It turned out, however, not very similar. He looked and said: "Well, if such a portrait will hang in "The police are looking for him", then I agree!" — and I realized from this compliment that I am a fig-shaped portrait artist! Once we were talking about something with the chief of security, and he promised me a pineapple. Then, to remind him of this, I drew him as Santa Claus with a sack of presents, handing a pineapple to a little girl. It turned out better, more similar! He looked, said: "I understand." And he really brought a fresh pineapple! The guards cut him into cubes. I shared with my boyfriend. Once she asked me to read something. The head of security brought some two weak detectives, I had to read from

nothing to do And she told her boyfriends not to worry too much, but to let their brains rest on cheap literature. And the third book was: TTX Grenade Launcher RPG-7! Soviet manual. Where else would I read TTX RPG, if not in captivity among "peaceful residents"! That's irony, damn, fate! I was once number two in the calculation of the RPG, in Iraq, I think, or at a meeting for it... I don't remember anymore. But this is the only weapon with which I have never missed... However, it was not superfluous to read TTX again... :) There was another funny incident: I was chained

to the bed so that I could not lie down. During the day, I was recast from time to time when my hands were swollen (by the way, the injured hand completely healed in a week). And for the night, the guards planted the key somewhere. I, without thinking long, opened the handcuffs and refastened myself as it was convenient for me. I have done such things before, the guards were always surprised, but they did not hand me over to the command... (The kidnappers and jailers were also amazed by these "tricks" of mine!...) "How are you doing this?!" - the guards' eyes widened. One guy was checked, he had already seen, but did not pass. And the other, Kolya, stood in for the prisoners for the first time... Mu-Mu is like that. Loshara - you can read it on your forehead! He also looks like a chump! Eyes scared all day! Well, what if I saw the "Banderiv" people alive! They are worse than hell! And they also speak Ukrainian!!! This is horror! Here he, poor Kolya, does not let the machine out of his hands all day long! And eats with him, and shit goes with him! Other guys have long been throwing weapons in the vestibule and doing sports on the horizontal bars, but this one is still shaking!.. And I see that the person is "rotten", but it is very uncomfortable to sit and I want to sleep... Well, okay, "was was not there" - I show... One tried and learned... And Kolya with a machine gun did not approach me even a kilometer away... In the morning - shmon! The head of security is not in the spirit! My boys are being stripped naked, they are looking for something... I understand what the matter is - Kolya gave it up! It comes down to me... Did you finally take the shoelaces off the boots! AT! Thought of it! Not even a year has passed!... If I wanted to, I would have strangled the girl long ago!... I am undressing. Zhenya the fighter is present. I turn my back to the "militias", take off and give even my vest! The head of security is all mine personally

clothes are searched. "Look at the panties!" - he orders Zhenya. But in no way: "What's there to watch?!" Oh girl! It's you, thank God, you didn't work as a prison guard! You would know how many interesting things there are to see! Zhenya carefully looks at the rubber band. Clothes are given away. I'm getting dressed They are put back on the exercise machine, chained with double fixation. Well, at least not for four! The head of the guard again sits opposite. Dissatisfied - nothing found! We are playing a game of cards again... I smile, I say to him: "Sergei (Batkovych), would it be possible to drink some good wine with you in a beautiful place?!" — I am speaking in Russian on purpose, he barely understood Ukrainian... "Everything is in your hands," he answers me...

Oh! If everything was so easy!... I would drink with him... For many reasons... He sits further... Gloomy... I poke my finger at the floor under the bed: "Isn't that what you're looking for?" he approaches, looks. -

Yes. Paper clips And not only... - These are not paper clips. - What is this? - bends down, picks up the "crocodile" from ZZK

(general military protective kit).

- Yes! Old woman, - sits down on the chair again. Then he utters a phrase that I will never forget: "Take away her crib! She can assemble a machine gun from this crib. Small, but a machine gun!" Laughing to tears! He cheered me up!.. I see - he sulks, he is angry... And then he declares: "Further on like this: how much you eat, they (my boys) eat as much as everyone else!". To which I replied: "You don't know?" They are already taking me away today... - It doesn't matter! he persisted. He didn't know... And Ihor Plotnytskyi (combatant of "Zari"), businessman Karyakin (he transcribed my and the boys' data), and another guy with a VERTU phone (he said that he "earned his money honestly" were already running to me from the morning). Well, yes! Of course! On the blood and sweat of others!). The "person" visited with his tirade... And I already understood everything...

Another time during the week, Volodymyr Gromov came to see me. He was something like a negotiator for the exchange of prisoners of war. Unfortunately, he was killed... He helped my sister twice

escape from the captivity of the "militias", when she got there, looking for me, already after I was kidnapped in Russia. It's a pity, I didn't have time to thank him... He came to me in the evening. He and the chief of security. I immediately noticed that this is a special person, dangerous. Direct, sharp, uncompromising, snoring, has a sharp, sharp and cunning mind. That would make a good investigator-interrogator! And not the one that works in the SC of the Russian Federation!... With such a person, it was important to think over every word, because you could get pierced... Gromov sat down opposite. He asked me if I would mind if he recorded our conversation on the phone? "I don't mind," I answered. I turned on the phone. I asked a couple of banal questions, and here is a question that should confuse and derail, especially a girl: - How is your personal life? Is there a favorite? — I have a masculine approach to this issue: I take whom I want, when I want and how much I want! I look straight in the eyes.

He laughed, gave me a high-five on the forehead and the back of my head, turned to the chief of security and said: "Amazing! There is almost no stress!" - turned off the phone and put it aside. He told me that the boys would soon be exchanged, and I would most likely be sent to Moscow. This did not bother me at all! He also asked if he could do something for me. - Yes, call my sister. She is looking for me. - No, call me. I called Vera, told where I was and how many of us were here. She said that ours are conducting exchange

negotiations, we also have theirs! I didn't tell her that I might not be returned... There was still hope... I told her to call this number if needed. In the future, Vera kept in touch with Gromov... Then a couple more times they told me to call my sister from my phone. One time he brought a combatant, the second time he brought the commander of a Chechen group. I told Vera to go back to Kyiv, to calm her mother down so that she wouldn't stick out in the anti-terrorist zone, and that I owed her a new car... :) She chattered, muttered, got angry and said that I owed her to return home alive! And that she will not leave me! I have the best sister in the world! If such servants lived in the Ukrainian army, our army would be invincible!!! Faith and

still did not stop fighting for my liberation. She does everything possible and impossible! Turns the world upside down to tear me out of the "prison of nations" called Russia!

Once, in the first letter from prison, I wrote to her to calm down, not to be very nervous, you just need to calmly and thoughtfully perceive what happened... And she wrote back to me: "Yes?! What if this happened to me!? And I was sitting there!? Would you react calmly!?" And I realized that she and I are of the same blood! Hot blood! And thank God that I have such a sister! And she is the best driver I have ever seen in my life. Another Schumacher! :) All fines are for speeding! But how did it help on the Maidan... On that day, two men with assault rifles came after me... - Shall the handcuffs be fastened in front or behind? - In front. - Take something to blindfold.

- Take this! - I said, holding out the Bandana "Self Defense of the Maidan", which I had kept with me all this time, as it was removed from my eyes at the time... Knowing that you can see quite well through it, and will still need it... - Well, keep it with you . Take out

There are two cars. The first is an SUV, spray-painted green camouflage. The other is the blue "four", "Zhiguli". Cars without license plates, as it is now fashionable in Ukraine, especially in the Donbass, to drive! The cars are surrounded by police officers, so that I, for good, do not run away! And so that the crowd does not burst into tears! Two people in camouflage and with car mats sit in the SUV, including the driver. St. George's ribbons are attached to all of them. They put me in the blue "four". The driver is in civilian clothes, but an "akae uha" (AK-74 U machine gun - shortened) is lying between the seat and the door! One convoy officer sits behind me, the other sits next to the driver. We are leaving... I see the territory: a building with a platform for unloading, the "Board of Honor" stand! Deficiency, damn, scoop! So, some kind of factory shop or military commissariat (it later turned out to be a military commissariat). Goal. They open AT! Already

painted over Ukrainian tridents with "red stars" and "St. George's ribbons"! Artists, damn it! Picassoists are crazy! ("Picacists" from the surname of Picasso P., a Spanish artist - Vera's note). Yeah, tridents. So, for sure the Military Commissariat... We left for the road. Let's go. From the direction in which they were moving, I understood that they were not going to Ukraine!... So the schedules are the worst... But my boys are going to Ukraine! I knew this and was calm. And so it happened. They were all soon exchanged...

That's all the catch for you! And there is nothing terrible here. Moreover, it's not my first time! But no more is needed! There would have been a grenade - and this one wouldn't have hit! But there was no grenade... And the "militias" were not beasts either. They are also people, Ukrainians too! To tell the truth, I would be more willing to go into battle with half of them than with half of ours! The human factor... And they are not our enemies, but adversaries, and this is a big difference... Maybe someone has encountered rare bastards among the "militias" and has a greater grudge against them, or perceived the situation that way due to their own beliefs. I will not argue. Everyone has their own truth. So I just got lucky. Later, one of the negotiators for the exchange of prisoners of war from our side will say about me: "You behaved brazenly, you don't conduct yourself in captivity like that." But no, not brazenly, she was simply herself, remained human, and did not lower herself to the level of a trembling animal, did not crawl. And it was not scary. He who has nothing to lose is not afraid. Let's summarize: Why did you get caught? Because the fool is careless. And because she decided: my captivity is not worth human life. And also because you should always carry the last grenade for yourself so as not to get caught! And, unfortunately, I threw everything away a few days ago in the fight before it! Why didn't you run away? Although later, after selling me to Russia, Ihor Plotnytskyi claimed that I had escaped from captivity. Comrade combatant! Well, why lie like that?! However, if she had known that she would be sold to the enemy, she might have decided differently. She could run away! But only herself. And this, again,

at least minus three lives. And then my boys will definitely not live in captivity... So how to escape?!

And finally. How to open handcuffs. The easiest way is if the wrist is thin and flexible, then you can pull out at least one. I have thin and flexible. Most of all, I did that. The most difficult thing, if it is pulled tight, is to dislocate your thumb and pull it. I never did that. Although the wolf, in order to escape from the trap, bites off its own paw. You won't go for something like that... Next: I saw how in the cinema the lock of handcuffs was opened with a pin, a paper clip, a pin, a match. It takes a long time to play, and the locks on the towels are different. Not all of them can be opened like that. The lower plate (sometimes it is single, sometimes double) with two or three teeth of the reverse direction must be pressed into the handcuff, which holds the toothed rotary rail in place. That's why the handcuff always twists in one direction, slips, and catches in the other, fixing it on the hand. To press the lower plate with the teeth, you need from the reverse side of the handcuff (the reverse side is where the serrated, semicircular rail enters the other half, and does not come out of it, and the serrated tail sticks out if tightened tightly) between the serrated rail and push something with the bottom plate. It doesn't matter what, the main thing is that it fits and is more or less solid. It can be a match, a pair of matches, a piece of plastic (from a bottle, for example, a ring that holds the lid when it is sealed), some tin, a pin, a thin nail file, a paper clip. A pin will not fit - a recess. Metal, plastic, wood! In my case, it was a "crocodile" from ZZK, which was lying on the bed instead of a mattress. Those who know what it is will understand :) It will be difficult for the uninitiated to explain, you have to see it! Google to help you :) Even if this item breaks there, no problem. I have one "crocodile" broken. It is good that there are two of them in ZZK and two more spares. The item broken there can be repaired in the same way! The main thing is that the lower plate bends, the semicircular toothed rack rises, and they do not cling with their teeth. The next step: it is necessary to extend the toothed rail in the direction of the opening of the handcuffs. It r

Voila! The handcuffs are open! Practice, you will succeed! It is easier to open loose handcuffs, with tight ones you have to push! But everyone opens up! Checked! Where did I learn this? But there, in captivity, in Luhansk, I learned. Before that, they didn't put towels on me. In Iraq, there was a plastic cord, there the system is different... I just carefully looked at the design of the handcuffs and added it. The brain always boils faster in extreme conditions. Good luck in your studies! May you never have to fight in practice! Don't get caught!



ÂÈÊÐÀÄÅÍß

Kidnapping It's bad because no one knows where you are. They have been hiding you for a long time. And it is almost impossible to find a person. It is also bad that you are constantly moving in time and space under very heavy security, and escape is simply impossible... So, good luck. I understand that they are not taking me to Ukraine, and that my captivity is gradually turning into kidnapping! While my eyes are not blindfolded, I look: the speed on the speedometer is 80 km/h, the time is 18.00 for Moscow, 17.00 for Kyiv, signs on the road: Donetsk, Krasnyi Luch, some village of Kharabarivka (or something on the "X". Remember It is hard to find, but the name is specific, if I see it on the map , I will definitely recognize it). Then we drive through some remote villages for forty minutes. By the way, the "militias" complain more about the war and the government. I listen with one ear. The driver says that: "Chetverochka" is a hard worker, how much she helped the guys!" That is, to the separatists. In Donbass, almost all the systs work for the separatists. It's a real trouble! — "Look, I'm driving a machine gun with me!" - Well, come on, come on, maybe it will help... The fat, pig-like man next to the driver introduced himself as a zampolit of the "Zarya" battalion, and he was a zampolit in the army, a major. It is visible. It is written on the muzzle. Everyone is angry at one mean bastard. zampolit People! Well, if you are already forming some kind of self-government and armed structures there, then get rid of these worn-out remnants and remnants, the standard misery of the army of all times and peoples - sloppy, meaningless stamps, such as "commissars", "zampolits", " for humanitarian work"! What the hell are those zampolit?! There is no point in them, and mountains of trouble! We leave on a dead road. The forest strip has thinned out on the sides, and the fields are empty. The road goes uphill. Probably in some places. Two cars start, communicate by radio: - Well, let's transplant? - Yes. I will not go further. So, there are definitely some mines. Donbas! - Blindfolded?

- Yes, come on.

They put on the "Self-defense of the Maidan" bandana, transfer to the first car - an SUV. Zampolit will also climb there with us! And the one sitting next to me. We are going for another twenty minutes. Mostly up. The asphalted road ends, tericon fields begin - mountains-pits. We stop. - I will not go further, there are trenches. - Well, we wait here - they will come. "Guys, are the trenches ours or yours?" :) — And ours are there, and yours... I wonder where they brought them. The fact that this is a clearing in the middle of the forest, I see. I guess... But quietly. If there is a mine, it is a non-working one, close and...

We are sitting in the car. We wait 7-10 minutes. I count the time by feel, approximately. Let's be silent. - Oh! They! Let's go out! They take me out in handcuffs with a bag on my head, take me aside. Put sideways to the car. I hear: "Hello, men!" And here are Muscovites! The accent is clearly from Russia. "Wow!" - the Luhansk man slurs his tongue.

Shaking hands. The day is sunny. The light and shadow play well in the sun, so I can see everything quite well. I can even distinguish spots on the camouflage. Caps, balaclavas, weapons. The Russians also have assault rifles and all sorts of things hanging on their belts. Then they quietly agree on something, I don't hear. There are two Russians. "Give her the things!" - says one of the two machine gunners holding me. The one who negotiates with the Russians takes it out of the car and gives it to one of them. I look - my phone, white. I don't see the folder with the documents and the blue phone. I wonder, where is the folder? "Common! Come on!" - say goodbye with a handshake. The Russians come and take me by the hand. The one on the left is hard, the one on the right is gentle. They lead to the forest... It's drizzling. We are scrambling with some spells, I stumble, the case supports me. We cross some ditch (some kind of ditch), cross ditches, go along a forest road, and go out to another clearing. Put in a military UAZ. The one on the left sits next to the driver, the one on the right sits between the driver and passenger seat, where the gearbox is (there is enough space in a military UAZ) :) facing me. All in military uniform. They are silent. I'm in the back seat. Let's go...

The same beaten road, but we go down the mountain. On the sides, terrykons are worn. Well, it's definitely a mine! On potholes, he gives me horseshoes and throws me on the car. The one facing me has put his right hand on my left shoulder and is holding me down, holding the machine gun with his leg, holding onto the seat with his other hand. They drove for seven minutes. We left for the gravel bridgehead. Then the asphalt road begins. It can be seen well. Dark band on light fine, sandy gravel. I hear rustling under the wheels, familiar sounds :) Further ahead, the highway is noisy, cars drive quite often, but the highway is blocked by a forest strip. They take it out of the car, put it in another one... It looks like a black GAZelle truck, there are numbers, they glow white, but I can't see the numbers. Drive through the back door. Both sashes are open. They sit on a bench under the wall, on the left. The same bench is on the right under the wall. Along the center of the car is a meter-high metal membrane. The benches are hard. I put a pack of water bottles under them. I tripped a lass with my foot... They put me closer to the cabin. The cabin is separated from the body. The one who held me on the right sits next to me. The one on the left is on the opposite bench, near the door. All the windows, the upper ones, the small ones, are tinted, very dark. There are no windows in the back door at all. Well, some completely cargo version of Gazelle or convoy, which is more similar. I wonder how many people they kidnapped from Ukraine with this car? They closed the door. It became completely dark. But for some reason it seemed to my abductors that I was seeing the hell. I hear - chirping, flashing. The one who is nearby takes out the tape... So, shit! How thrifty! He takes tape, glues my eyes over the bandage, around my head. Well done! Think now! It was necessary before! And it's dark in the car, you can't see Nichrina! While he was spinning, they set off. She swayed, leaning on his knee with her hand. Sooo... What is this? - It is not clear. The fabric of the form is quite high-quality, even half-woolen to the touch, only we do not have forms made of such fabric... What kind of form do they have?..

OK. You can't see anything, so you have to start talking. We left the highway, turned right, and there were more turns. Looped from time to time. I ask:

- To drive for a long
time? - What?

Oh, they are already "tapping", not "shocking", like here. I wonder if they have already crossed the border or not? And the kidnapper's voice is gentle, soft, pleasant to the ear. A strange timbre. I ask: "Will we be driving for a long time? Shall I fall asleep, will I have time to sleep?" She thinks for a long time, apparently does not understand what she said. Well, they don't understand Belmes in our way! - Can you sleep?

- Oh, go to sleep!

Pretending to faint. It's a pity, the speechless guys gave up... They drove for a long time, three and a half hours. Once in the middle of the road, soups were lying on the side of the road. The door opened, the boys took turns going to the toilet, but I was not taken out. Actually, I didn't ask. It was drizzling outside. Somewhere around nine o'clock already. They got into the car, took out bottles of water and drank. - Can I have some water? Gives a bottle. Half liter I unscrew the cap at random. Come up, I have a bandage, so that there is access to the mouth. The kidnapper holds her with her hand so that she does not raise her eyes. AT! The cap is pink! If you buy water in Ukraine, it is "Two Oceans"! I wonder what kind of water with a pink cap is available in Russia? Got drunk... Gave it back... Let's go on... We arrived, stopped at someone's drive-in, or a gas station, or a "pocket" on the road. We waited for ten minutes.

- I need to go to the toilet.
- What?

- Go to the

toilet. Then, without saying a word, he takes one to the forest strip for correction. The fact that this is a gas station, I guess from the lighting. But some closed or undersaturated. Cars drive quite often on the highway . It's a quiet night outside. Oh, the curb is high! The grass is wet. Already evening dew? Was it raining here? He does not remove either the handcuffs or the bandage.

- So you're leaving?
- Well, if you turn away!

Turned away a little. Fuck you, I have a long coat. I sit down
He stands with a machine gun. It's fucking fun when you're being
shot at gunpoint! I hear another car braking. Negotiations are
underway. And you are shaking his mother!!!! Is it not over yet?!
But how much is possible?!!! Let's go back to GAZELKA. One leaf
of the door is open, but so that it cannot be seen from the road.
They put me behind her, they start to open the handcuffs, the key
doesn't fit... They talk quietly, poke around for three minutes. I
can't stand it. - What, take it off?! I quickly pull my left hand out of
the handcuffs. The boys howl with laughter.

- That's right! - they roar to themselves. Three moose carts them
near me. I try to download the right one. Does not work. It was already
very hard. "Is that so?" - one asks and pours oil on my hand, but so
generously that it flows all the way to the top without laces. The oil is
completely odorless and probably also colorless (as I later saw, it really
is colorless). I pull, torture my hand, but something doesn't come out...
"Well, what? Is everything there?" — comes the fourth. I spat at the jerk,
I said: "Remove the carabiner from the belt from the automatic machine,
insert it here" - I point to the handcuffs from behind. The kidnappers
burst out laughing again. They did not remove the carbine - one had a
folding knife. He obviously used some kind of thin screwdriver or knife. I
tugged on the rack. Freed. They took him by the hand without handcuffs.
They put the car in fifth place. The car is a passenger car. Rear seat.
There is one person next to me, some kind of radio is playing quietly, a
Russian chanson. The one next to him begins to peel off the tape from
the blindfold. He takes off his bandage... I see, the Zhigul car is like a
"nine". On the hood, in the light from the headlights of oncoming cars, I
can distinguish the color of the car — dark blue. On the electronic clock
in the car it is 00.11, so in Ukraine it is 23.11. In the car, there are two
men with a haggard appearance, wearing "Abyebas" tracksuits...

- Is it possible to talk to you? - Huh?

(driver) — Gigi. He says, can he talk
to us? (neighbor)

Oh, the intelligence of the boys is not up to par. But even if they understand the Ukrainian language, that's fine. - It is possible.

- Wipe your hands with something, in oil. Looking for something in the car. Does not find anything. - And that's what you wipe! Gives the "Self-defense Maidan" bandana - the one with which I was blindfolded. Yeah, what else?! I'd rather have my pants on. I wipe my hands. I tear off the tape from the bandana. I twist it on my hand like a charm - it's still blue.

- Where are you taking me? - Huh?
What? (driver) - He asks where we are going.
(neighbor) — Ah, a gift from the ataman. You are going home. (driver) What? What else, damn it, ataman? Did I get into the Cossack quilts?
Ah, yes, it seems. Gopniks same Bullish! Well, that was the only thing I was missing... -
What's her name? - Nadia. While they are carrying some kind of blizzard there among themselves, I understand what

"Both Seryozha". Well, a classic of the genre: what's not Roja, Seryozha!

Yes, shit, I'm in Russia! License plates on cars, road signs — everything is Russian. Also "birches" in the roadside forest strip instead of our poplars, oaks and maples. Well, damn, it's definitely a mess! And that you skis! The sign on the road is Boguchar - 56 km back. T-shaped intersection. Ahead is a large stele with reinforced concrete letters, with the name of a collective farm, as is customary in the Sovdepov style. I can't read it - it's completely dark. In the middle of the intersection, there is a security island, on which there are cops with a "DPS" car. Two. Cops are Russian. Oh, and what are we doing to them? Although, maybe that's a good thing? Although some representatives of the law... Although! What the hell is the law here?! We are in Russia! Did you stop at some h...? The driver threw up and went to "rub" with the garbage. He shakes hands. So, acquaintances... So, I can't expect anything good... The neighbor was sewing, standing by the car, smoking. I'm sitting in the car. One of the cops

cautiously, carefully approaches the car, opens the door: "Right Sector?" - What?! What kind of wild question from a cop?! And where is the usual "Sergeant Ivanov, show your documents?!" Immediately "Right Sector". They fear our Right Sector like hell. Has everyone in Russia been fooled here?

"A prisoner of war," I answer. — Are there documents? AT! Well, one twist on a question I've memorized for years finally worked!

- If there is, then they have it! The cop closes the door, "rubs" something else. Then the driver and one cop get into the police car, start calling someone. Another Seryozha and a cop are guarding me in the car... I open the door: - I will get out of the car. - Sit down! - Then give me a cigarette. They gave I smoke in the car, the door is half open. A little time passes... Under the "sovka" stele, a car stops, some kind of Gazelle, white or light in color, turns on the rear lights, stops. A man in civilian clothes approached the cops and the police from her. Then he approaches the car, opens the door: - Where are you from? - From Ukraine! - Military?

- An officer.
- Ahh...

Closes the door. He goes back to Gazelka, calls someone on the corner. He returns already in a balaclava, camouflage, fleece mask. This is the number! Thought of it! Couldn't before?! Late! I still recognize it! Here, another car flies up at full speed — a metallic-colored bus. Two people fly out, in black special uniforms, in black masks, with pistols, on their belts - sticks, handcuffs, gas canisters, no chevrons, no inscriptions! Well, just some special bandit squad! "Mask-show!" The car, the "nine", was surrounded, the door was opened:

— Right Sector?! — well, how crazy everyone in Russia is on the Right Sector! - No! Officer of the Armed Forces! The third one comes out, the look is generally funny: a business suit, a shirt, a tie and a balaclava mask! This is an official special style! The driver remains in the bus, also wearing a mask. Well, how many more will come?! And how come they haven't brought tanks here to catch the Right Sector yet?! Everyone gathered quickly consults. i smoke I am guarded by two men in black. We get into the car, silver bead. We are going in the direction of Voronezh, 200 km, two hours. We talk on the way. The topics are still the same - the Maidan, Ukraine, the war... My Ukrainian boys understand a little, what they don't - I translate. They are not aggressive. Only two, the ones in black, look warily — the form obliges :). They are transported without handcuffs. Before getting into the car, they asked: "Do you know martial arts?" - My hand is injured. Certainly not with your two falcons

i will manage

They smiled, put them in jail without handcuffs. They also talked about the problems of the Russians... The boys were not deprived of intelligence. Especially the older one, in the "special office" style. Therefore, it was not boring to drive for two hours. To the question: "Who are you?" they answered: "Border guards." I realized that it is not necessary to ask the "wrong questions" so as not to hear false answers. They said that they were sitting quietly, going to watch the World Cup, when they received a phone call and said: "Go, catch your right-wingers!"

— What does the Right Sector prevent you from doing? He is here in Ukraine, not in Russia. - And here it is prohibited by law... - You have strange laws... The Right Sector is a legal, officially registered public organization, and also a Ukrainian one, and you ban it in Russia! We reached Voronezh. They stopped. Called. They asked where to go next. We went to some institution. At the exit, we were met by a "hustler" in civilian clothes (as it turned out later, he was completely naked

lieutenant colonel! Head of the department of the Investigative Committee of the Russian Federation for the award above Medvedev). Well, it must be, what an honor! Such a pepper, and at two o'clock in the morning he went to work to meet me! He smiles wickedly. Invites We all go up, through the turnstiles and police protection, to the second floor of the institution, to office 309. - Sit down, let's talk. - What am I doing here?! - Well, you will have questions... - And in Ukraine it was not possible to ask them? Should I have been sent to Russia? — Well, you know that our Russian journalists died there?

- I know! So what? We have a war going on there! Many die! You don't need to just drive tanks to us! Smirking P.I.B., she said. - Is this yours? - points to the "Self-defense of the Maidan" bandana. - So.

— Can I leave it with me for the time being along with your phone?
Gets my white. Oh, already sent! This is necessary, come here already seam! I take off the bandana,
give it back. - Do you understand that this is kidnapping?! And that carrion is only thrashing about... They got somewhere, I was left with two "falcons" in black. Slidak offered and made me coffee, gave me cigarettes. I drink, I smoke. It's dawning. Take out —
Goodbye, Nadezhda Viktorovna... It's gone... We get in the car again and drive on through Voronezh. Not a bad city, big. Rivers Bridges We talk to the boys. The one in the suit knows Voronezh well. Conducts an excursion :). The guys were not lazy and weren't afraid to make a hook, they took me to show the old church, which was built under Peter I, and the ship - a copy of those built under Peter I (there, as I was told, they were shooting or were just going to shoot the next series about Jack the sparrow). We got out of the car, walked a little, stretched, stood by the water. It was the most pleasant moment in the kidnapping process. They brought me to the "Euro" motel! Well, the name

speaks for itself: in Russia! Motel! Even with the name "Euro"! Cheap overnight accommodation with a claim for European renovation. Above the track with the cheburechna next to it. Well, just a five-star plaza! It's five o'clock in the morning, four o'clock in Ukraine. Masked people with guns take me to a motel. No surprises at the reception at "Baryshen"! Of course, the cops crush the motel. On the second floor in the third room - a suite. Well, a suite is a two-room suite with a shower and toilet! That's the whole suite! And a TV in every room! The black "falcons" stayed with me. The one in the costume said goodbye and left. The kidnappers ordered food, roast, it seems. Brought to all three. The kitchen at the "Euro" motel matches the interior and exterior. I will definitely not advertise this establishment! The boys did not take off their masks, even when they were eating. Only the "mouth" was covered. — Guys, why don't you take off your masks? It is inconvenient to eat! - And our faces are ugly! Especially mine! says one. From the relief under the mask, quite correct and beautiful facial features can be guessed. Well, the freaks are so freaks, if not moral... They ate. And did you get to sleep in different rooms. Everyone had a blast that night. They also took turns sleeping. So: I was kidnapped and transported secretly, illegally, against my will, in shackles and with a bag on my head, across the border of Ukraine with Russia on the night of June 23-24, 2014 from point "A" to point "B" for eleven hours . On six cars under armed guard. Then there was a week of illegal detention by kidnappers in the "Euro" motel in the city of Voronezh. During this week, no one in Ukraine knew where I was. The Consulate of Ukraine in the Russian Federation also did not notify me about my presence on the territory of Russia. I just disappeared. From June 23 to July 4, 2014. In Luhansk, of course, they said that I escaped from captivity, and therefore they cannot exchange me according to the lists of prisoners of war. Cattle! Only on July 4, 2014, after I had already been convicted in Russia and imprisoned, my mother and the consul of Ukraine received a call. So, the week of the kidnapping went like this: in the morning, between nine and ten o'clock (everything else is Moscow time, because I'm already in Russia)

the kidnappers-guards have changed. And so the value changed every day. Two new, identical ones arrived. Form of the same sample. It was always black or khaki. Light blond moose hair, gray eyes in both. One is approximately 180 cm tall, 30 years old. The other is 165 cm tall, 23 years old. Both are wearing masks, the younger one later removed the mask. The same accessories on the belt - handcuffs, knives, gas canisters, no rubber batons in the future. Leg holsters, all have Yarygin pistols (if I'm not mistaken). Only one had the same color camouflage as mine. And once, in general, the "citizens" came. The masks on the faces are black, of a special cut. Belts, masks, berets and foot pain are "American". And there were also various elements of uniforms produced by the "enemy country". Apparently, these guys also buy their own uniforms... Two new ones arrived every day, never once in a week was the change repeated. All of them were from the same special unit, knew each other well. And some, apparently, were also work partners. They didn't say from which branch of the case, but it's clearly not the border guards. Some were not very talkative, others, on the contrary, talkative. Some masks were not removed, even when eating. The others, as they got used to me, took off. The third - those who used to, did not wear them at all. They also came with various gadgets. And although I was not allowed to go on the Internet, they could tell me information about Ukraine, about what my sister was looking for... And for that, thank you.

They guarded me like this: do not approach the windows, do not open the windows, preferably also the curtains. Chickens in the room as much as you want. They themselves smoked through one, and also "warmed up" with cigarettes. And thank you for that. When the motel staff brought food, I was locked in the room. When you go to the shower or toilet, do not lock the door. But they didn't go in, thank God. Slept with whom and how. With whom in different rooms. Another light was always on in the corridor, they watched me in the mirror on the wardrobe in the corridor. Whoever was more afraid slept in my room, on the floor. And once I straightened my back and stood on the "bridge" (gymnastic figure). Some guys were alerted by my "bridge", and they slept in turn, right on the bed with me, but w

"all sorts". Fortunately, the bed was double, so it was not crowded. They slept dressed. And one change — well, it was crazy! The one that came in the "citizen". One young, green, pedant swims briskly. I searched all the bedside tables, chests of drawers and the bed. He took the phone (it's an internal phone, you can't make a call on it! It's no use asking the hotel staff for help on it, they're all bought). Don't smoke, you can't ventilate the room because he's sick. He gave me cold drops because I also have a sniffle. Then, throughout the day, he asked me about the helicopter's controls. I explained how and what to do, and then asked: - Why do you need it? - Well, I'm going to retire, I want to learn, I'll work for a while! — he is prudent, he is barely 20, and he is already thinking about his pension. No, I would definitely shoot myself with such a man! The second, from the same shift, was older, his eyes were like those of a sadist! He turned off my light for the night and said: "You will play by my rules!" — idiotic bastard! I lay down on the floor under the bed, in a corner where the light does not shine, and he sat all night on a chair - watching over me. Well, who did it worse?! And in general, the boys were not jerks and not bastards. Many of them experienced... After the wars in Chechnya, Georgia and the Caucasus. And their work is specific... Therefore, for the most part, we understood each other. The Ukrainian language, although difficult, was understood. Sometimes they asked me to speak Russian if I could. When she could or wanted to, she spoke... Somehow she gave them an answer to that stupid question: how many did she kill? The boys were surprised - they are not sinless either. They shook their heads: "A lot...". And I sat down and thought. And how much is "a little?" Where do the boundaries between "many" and "few" blur when it comes to human life? One is a lot or a little?... Is two, three or seventeen a lot? As far as I'm concerned, I'd rather have one, so that there are many. Every day with a new change of kidnappers-guards began with questions: Ukraine, the Maidan, the war. I patiently explained the position of the Ukrainians, my personal position. One day I was so tired of answering them, and even after the night interrogation

investigation on the lie detector, which "refused" to communicate — fell on its side and farted all day. The week passed not only in communication with the guards. I didn't have time to go to bed at five o'clock, when at nine o'clock "it" came: my age, about 30, well-fed, with a belly, you can immediately see - a guy not from the special forces, in light clothes, with a shoulder strap, tall about 180 cm, dark blond hair, brown eyes. "Investigator of the Department of the Investigative Committee of Russia, Major of Justice Manshin Dmitry Sergeevich. He came from Moscow!" Oh, my God, what a bitch! Well, the second coming! And what, this should tell me something?! I don't know your committees! I have never been to Russia and never seen Moscow! - What do you need from me? — We are conducting an investigation against Avakov and Kolomai on the article "Waging war by illegal methods." You are in

pass us by as a witness.

- What witness? I did not see Avakov and Kolomoisky in the eyes, except on TV, and then rarely! What can I testify to you? - Well, you fought there, didn't you? — I fought because I am an officer of the Armed Forces. — Well, what do you know about Melnychuk? - And who is it? — Commander of the "Aidar" battalion. - Ahh. Well, then I already know that this is the commander of the "Aidar" battalion. — But do you know him?

- I saw it!

— And where did the money come from "Aidar" and other illegal founders did the "Right Sector" and "National Guard" types advance?

- Our illegal formations are separatists in Donbas. All other formations are legal and subordinate to the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Ukraine or the Armed Forces of Ukraine, and their salaries are paid from the budget of Ukraine!

- Who paid you?

— And taxpayers have been paying my salary for ten years, I have served in the army for ten years!

- Have you been to the Maidan?

- There was. I and another million

Ukrainians. - What were you doing there?

— She brought food together with her sister, chopped firewood, helped in any way she could! She tried to stop the protesters when they started throwing cobblestones at the guys from the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Because stones will not get to power anyway. And then she protected people from Berkut when it went on the offensive, because both of them are my people, the Ukrainian people, to whom I swore an oath! — And Molotov cocktails were thrown? - She was throwing, the water cannon was smoking. She threw on the ceiling, and on the terrain, so that the distribution line of fire would hold "Berkut", and it would not attack the people. Together with her sister, she held shields to protect people from fire. She didn't throw cocktails at people!

- What was the eighteenth hundred of you there on the Maidan? - We had many hundreds on the Maidan! — Were you on the Maidan on February 21?

- So.

- What did they do?

— She carried out the wounded, provided first aid!

And "Berkutov" too! -

Well, okay, Nadezhda Viktorovna, you rest... - But I'm not tired!

- Well, it doesn't matter, order yourself a meal, if you want, order yourself a brandy to relieve the stress... - What about you! Is that even possible?! - Well, not a bottle, of course! — he smiles mischievously... He's busy

Gali always smiled mischievously.

- You can put your clothes in the laundry, if you want, they wash them here.

And I will come to you tomorrow.

— And how long will you keep me hostage?!? - Well, what about you, Nadezhda Viktorovna, you are visiting us... - You have

Nikhuyova hospitality! You better come to us in Ukraine, we will show you how to do it! - again a hideous smile... - Maybe you will have some requests? Wishes?

- So! Do they know where I am in Ukraine? Call my sister! You have mine phone! — a hideous smile.

- Then at least bring some cigarettes, red ones! And the "Neuro Rubin" tablets were prescribed by a doctor back in Donbas! - Good. Went... One must give him credit - he brought everything. I put the dirty and dusty "lump" (camouflage - Vera's note) in the laundry. In the morning they brought clean and fresh. I ordered cognac. A bottle! The security guys were hilarious, even two shifts in a row, brought a bottle of whiskey, 2 bottles of tequila, we ordered shrimp and relieved the stress. One, with a strong build, 185 cm tall, dark blond hair, brown eyes, under 40 years old, nicknamed "Greek" (they tried not to mention names at all, but I overheard - Vadim), said that he likes to go to Ukraine to rest : "Everything there tastes much better and is much cheaper than in Russia! You can have a good rest! And Ukrainian women are beautiful girls!" She left him her sister's number, told him that if he wanted, he should come to visit. My sister is beautiful, a real Ukrainian, knows how to cook well. Unfortunately, he didn't call my sister, didn't tell me where I was, and I haven't visited yet. Another, 30 years old, 168 cm tall, light blond hair, gray eyes, nickname "Sima". Both were in black uniforms. Day two of the "Marleson Ballet". And again the investigators: - Why did you come to "Aidar?" - I had a vacation. - And where do you serve? — Mi-24 pilot-operator. — What did you do in "Aidar"?" — She shared her experience, taught unarmed soldiers! — What did you do in battle on June 17, 2014? - I went to see where the wounded were. - Did they give you weapons in the "Aidar" battalion? - No! In battle, I took someone's machine gun, the first one that came to hand! The weapon issued to me in the flight regiment is entered in my officer's license! You have it! - There is none.

AT! It's good! That at least they don't have this. But then where?... - What was your sister doing there? — She came to pick me up, we were going to return home, and then gave her car to pick up the wounded, which was later "wrung out".

— What was on the weaponry, and how was the Ukrainian equipment arranged?

- I didn't look! — yes, that's what I told you!.. And in this spirit - questions every day! With a camera and without, with an interpreter and without, on a polygraph (lie detector), which, by the way, showed that I do not lie, both day and night!..

And all I told him about the separatists was that it was the Chechens who shot down the An-26 over the airport in Luhansk. That it was their fighters who fired at the Metalist checkpoint, where Russian journalists were killed, that there are many Russians and Chechens fighting on the side of the militias, whom I personally saw, that supplies of ammunition and weapons to the Donbass are coming from Russia - he was not interested in this at all... And for what?! He already knows all this!... Damn investigator of the IC of the Russian Federation! The face is hideous and vile! "Dima,

what do you want?" What do you need from me?! How much longer will I "guest" you in Russia?! - Well, what about me?! I'm nothing! I also have superiors on top of me! — and so that you can quarrel with your superiors! Miss Vika, a type of "translator", came with the investigator Manshiny, as it turned out later - a senior lieutenant of the same IC of the Russian Federation, a former lioness... She got married in Russia. Now I have another such "pere kladachka" - a former woman from Kyiv... The blonde is dumb, she said: "Well, war is war, and no one has canceled love!" — came to Moscow to get married. Damn it! But God is your judge with your love! She still has a father of draft age in Kyiv. "Oh, I wish I could take my dad to Moscow so that he doesn't get mobbed!" Oh! But knock it down! The tablecloth is expensive! More traitors will flee to Russia — there will be fewer of them in Ukraine! Then an older man came, already a certified translator. He was also once a Ukrainian. And then there's the polygraph worker - stop it! How does he only work on that polygraph?! And then another

someone stood at the door and went to buy me clothes... Every time food was ordered for the whole brigade at the "state expense"... I mostly ordered red fish for myself - trout, salmon. What to be ashamed of? Am I "visiting"?! The owner pays! Although they even managed to get a red fish in that trap. Well, to hell with champignons and cheese on top of it?! But just fry it on the grill and put a lemon next to it, if you don't know what to do! It's salmon! :)

Somehow, towards the end of the week, Dimochka comes... - I didn't want to, but this person signed the sentence for you... - he shows a video in which one of the captured Aidar soldiers says: "There was another woman there, Pulya, Her name was Nadya, she led the construction, she was feared more than the combatant..." And all the other crap where they stole on the Maidan... How money was stolen, etc., etc. I already said that it is better not to be captured with cowards and traitors!!! To burn you! Moron!

- So what? He is wounded, he was beaten in captivity, so he said everything you need. — Well, either you cooperate with us, or "heaven is in cells."

ku"... - again a smile, crooked, hideous.

- Everything I had to say to you, Dima, I said - and heaven forbid they covered me with a cell...

On the same evening, 06/30/2014 at 9 p.m., he brought me clothes, a sports suit, a T-shirt, and sneakers without laces. As they foresaw it! Bitches knew where they were going! Following: "Get changed. You can't be taken like that..." She changed her clothes. Also, everything fit in size. She put her things on the bed. While we were gathering here and there, I put my "kamok", berets, vest into a bag, some Russian pennies fall out. I didn't understand where it came from, - picked it up, put it next to the TV. A convoy follows me, no longer hiding its face under masks, proudly wearing a musar uniform. They are taken out in handcuffs. Put in the cop busik. Follow us. They don't say anything, they don't explain anything. They bring us for a medical "examination"... We wait for a doctor for an hour. Comes in the presence of cops. Of course! Convoy! Will I suddenly escape through the window?! Examines, measures and des

my scars from bullet and shrapnel wounds, bruises. He gives a certificate to the investigator, they take him further. To the same institution where they were brought on the first night - the IC of the Russian Federation. And again at night... "Batman", damn, fuck! The investigator draws up a protocol: "Nadezhda Viktorovna, a white TV background, Fly, two SIM cards were confiscated from you," he seals in an envelope. "Understood! Please sign!" - two women are standing.

- Girls, where did they find you in the middle of the night?! — are you confused or what? Then it turns out that they are employees of the SC of the Russian Federation. Aah, well then, yes, the "prostitutes" are still venal! The investigator continues: "Your clothes, yes"... He takes out a "lump" from the bag, starts rummaging through his pockets, and one of them pulls out Russian money, paper money and pennies. - Oh! Money! And who is it, Nadezhda Viktorovna, who "warmed up" you with money?" — makes surprised eyes, counts. I start laughing hysterically.

- I do not know. I have never held Russian money in my hands, I don't even know what they look like! You definitely won't find my prints there!... - Five thousand... - with something, I don't remember anymore. - Is this a lot or a little? -

Well, it will be enough to get to Kharkov, and back!.. - Oh! So let's go here, and I'm gone!.. - the investigator smiled wryly ... - Probably, the guys put it down ... - Maybe! And you ask them!

— So who is going to admit it?..

— Or maybe you put it in order to later say that I paid for the hotel myself?! — gave the investigator an idea! In the future, they did so... Manshin was not a very smart detective and was very stupid during the investigation, allowed many stabbings... Later he was removed from my case. Chief Drymanov (general) took him along for promotion (they got another star for me) as a young and promising man! So, fools always make a career: they are stupid, and the boss drags his protégé up the mountain so as not to be fired and punished. And in his place another tracker was found - "a goat

otsotaila", who is now conducting my case and in every court session, he sits pissed off like a "gloomy scumbag"! I feel sorry for him! I think that the guys in masks gave me Russian money after all. The extreme change was that the guys were sincere, you can see, they wanted to help, just in case... Thanks to them, of course, but they only did harm...

Then they brought me to the "obizyannik" (Novousman district)! Silly night in the yard! A classic of the prison genre: the woman undressed naked, searched, changed her clothes, "rolled off" her fingers! Thank God, no video cameras!

They threw it into a cell: 2 meters wide, 5 meters long. The window is small with bars at the top, further on, under the wall, the following are lined up next to each other: a bed, a toilet (sorter-type toilet, a hole in the floor), a washbasin. On the other side - a bedside table, a chair (everything is nailed to the floor so that it does not move). Above the brakes (doors), the night light bulb catches your eye! And a video surveillance camera behind the bars, so as not to break! You go to the point - you wrap yourself in a blanket, squat with your back to the camera so as not to be seen. The walls are concrete, gray, the floor is cement. There is a thin, dirty mattress, a "stone" pillow, and a thin, torn blanket on the box-bed. No bed linen! "Zeki are vomiting - the beast is ebano!" the cop explains to me. "Go to bed, don't hide your hands under the blanket so I can see!" But, in principle, I never hide them under the blanket, on the contrary, I scatter them widely over my head. I have already learned to hide in prison. Okay, the puke scene sucks! I'm going to bed... I pulled the hood from the sports suit over my head so that you wouldn't catch any scabies and get lice from this bed... Fell asleep. Freeze at night, woke up. I look, the policeman is sitting on a chair and looks at me through the "front fly" in the "brakes" (the window for serving food in the door):

- What, is it cold?

- Yeah.

- Here, on! Take a blanket and wrap it on your back.

Pushes a blanket, thicker and warmer, through the feeder. -

Thank you. I was no longer cold. In the morning, I asked for

something to read, they gave me a book. "The Queen's Prison Song" is the title! Well, directly

some kind of mockery! A book about another difficult fate of a woman in prison. I read it in three days. The cops quickly realized that I didn't look like a "girl" and started to treat me normally. When they took me out to the yard for a walk, they didn't close it, but smoked and talked with me, but so that the cameras wouldn't see it. They asked how I got to Russia. I told them about the capture and kidnapping. They were silent, and then one of them said: "Well, now for you the king, and God and the father of the family - the investigator! Everything is now because of him..." I really didn't like this fra...

The next day, I was again taken to the institution of the SC of the Russian Federation. There, I was handed a "decree on charges" under Art. 105, Part 2 and Art. 33, part 5 of the Code of Criminal Procedure of the Russian Federation! I was accused under Russian law of murdering Russian journalists! Well, I survived! According to their Ukrainian laws, she did not sit, but according to the Russian ones!!! And that you may die, "brothers" relatives! There they introduced me to my "free state lawyer"! The surname is also Ukrainian - Shulzhenko! Damn! Are there Russians in Russia at all?! No matter where you spit, "ko" is everywhere! And where is "ov": Ivanov?! Petrov?!

Sidorov?! The lawyer was like a "man in a case" according to Chekhov. He is so slimy, thin, with frightened running eyes, as if he wants to say: "No matter what happens... No matter what happens..." Ugh! He explained some articles of Russian legislation to me, took me away
back

On July 2, 2014, I was taken to the Novousmansk court. The investigator lied about something, the lawyer did not say anything, the judge asked me the question: is it true? I said: "Lies! And about me, and about Ukraine!" The judge laughed, lowered his eyes (apparently, he still had a conscience! But he made the decision, which was said from above: "I will be imprisoned for three months!" - that's how it sounds here. On

July 3, 2014, I was taken to SIZO-3 in the city of Voronezh. A little lawyer came by: "Well, you see, I'm not too happy with them either... I'm writing something there..." - Ouch! What did you write there?! I filed one unfortunate appeal! When I should have filed three already!

- Call my sister! Tell me where I am! - Well, you will understand... I can't either yet... - What can I do here?! I've already been put down! Just call so that mom and sister don't worry!!! He never called... on July 4, 2014, investigator Manshin came. He put me against the wall, turned on the phone for video recording: "Come on, tell me who you are. introduce yourself tell me where you are This is for the Ukrainian embassy. And then they won't believe us..." - a crooked smile. Ah-hoo-here! They have things like terrorists!!! And explain to me - how is the Russian investigation different from ISIS terrorists?!!! Stolen! Held hostage! The same video camera! Also read the message! Unless they put on the orange tunic and cut off the head!!! This is how they judge and defend in Russia according to the laws!!!



Â'ßÇÍÈÖß

"Prison". But what to write about her! So many books have already been written about the prison!... The one who has been here knows everything himself... The one who does not get here - he does not need it!... And the one who gets here, he will learn everything himself quickly...

Nine months of stolen life!!! You did not rewrite this writing! During this time it was possible to give birth to a child! So I will try quickly...

Prison. They were taken to reception (the reception center will imprison them), they were stripped, searched, their fingers were "rolled off", their things were rummaged through (except for the ones I was wearing, I only had a toothbrush, toothpaste and underwear). The investigator drove up to the "brake" stage, took a picture in the front and profile, stuck the license plate, and started the "car point of the prisoner"! From the reception - to the interview with the superiors. The management has gathered, they look at me with the same round eyes as I look at them! Everyone understands that I am a "bird of the wrong flight", and no one understands what I am doing here - neither they nor I. They immediately explained that their prison is "krasnaya" (red), that is, everything is "decided" by the cops, not like in the "black" one, where everything is "decided" by the inmates. Everyone I sat in was "red"! I don't know what kind of prison you have! Although gray-brown-raspberry! As if I will "decide" something here because of you, but that is within your competence! The rights, orders and procedures were read:

"Rise	6:00 a.m
Toilet-filling of beds Breakfast	6.00–7.00
Morning examination	7.00–8.00
(inspection) Participation in	8.00–10.00
investigative actions and court hearings Walk	
Lunch Participation in investigative actions	9.00–13.00
and court hearings Walk Dinner	9.00–13.00
	13.00–14.00
	14.00–18.00
	14.00–18.00
	18.00–19.00

21.30–22.00

22.00–6.00

Walk once a day (for minors - 2 hours, for pregnant women and children - unlimited). During the day, they don't lie on the bed, they sit on a chair."

And so everything is the same in every prison! - Well, the routine is not very different from the military one! Why can't you lie on the bed? What else to do in this camera?

- Well, it is possible! Don't sleep under the blanket! -

And well! What are the problems? In the summer, I can sleep outside without it blankets

A few more questions: about the profession, about sports, about health, about suicides... - No, I'm a military pilot, suicide bombers don't fly in our country.

Healthy! Sportswoman! But I would rather die in battle in Ukraine than live in Russia! They listened to me, drew conclusions... Three "stripes" (stripes) were molded: red - propensity to attack, blue - propensity to escape, yellow - propensity to commit suicide. With such indicators - only in a special block, alone by special order of the SC of the Russian Federation. And so in all prisons. However, later they calmed down, the yellow stripe was removed, the other two were left.

They lead me to a cell behind twenty doors, a hundred locks! To not run away. Handcuffed from behind. Camera - atas!... Renovation in the "Zonovsky" style: the walls are freshly painted in green (the army also likes it, they say, it's calming. The only thing that annoys me lately is oskom), there are five buildings, two of them are two-story. Why "skunks"? Because the tongue does not return to call it a bed! You would see! Welded like bars from rails! The squares are such that in them the mattress falls apart in pieces, and the rails are muddled into the body! It is impossible to sleep! Then the inmates advised me to put all the convex parts of my body into squares:) The table, two benches, bedside tables, shelves - everything is welded and "fastened" to the walls and floor. Do not move or lift anything! The floor, thank God, is wooden, not concrete. On the windows, of course, there are "tails" (bars)!

Double!!! The toilet (private area) is fenced with translucent plastic. "We strive for European standards," they explained to me. Damn they have Euro standards! Video camera in the toilet! - She doesn't look there! This

is so that they don't hang themselves in the toilet... Ah-hoo-here, reinsurance! And where is she looking, if not there?! There is also a camera in the camera. Video. One more. And so there are two video cameras in each camera. But, fortunately, not everyone has it in the toilet. The mirror above the sink is built into the wall, like a tile, so as not to be torn out and broken. Also audio listening. Like an intercom: you press a button and the operator answers. Culture, damn it! You press another button - the light in the corridor lights up, the duty officer is called. Well, all the conditions! What is not paradise in prison? And to choke you! - Don't worry, the remotes and cameras are monitored by us to women...

What about you! And then why are men's voices responding to me from the loudspeaker?! I will not be surprised if you have these cameras pointed directly at the Kremlin! — Your sleeping place is here. The prison administration itself assigns you a place to sleep. You have no right to change your ego!

Well, yes, it's under the video camera itself. -

They don't hide their hands under the blanket at night so that we can see! But go already!.. Let's go. "Brakes" thundered. Going to bed... I once read the fantasy book "Conan the Barbarian". He had such a good habit: no matter what trouble or adventure he got into, in captivity or prison, he always threw a bale of rotten straw under his head, folded his arms across his chest and fell asleep! "Strength will be needed tomorrow!" - he said to himself and fell asleep, not thinking about anything... A very useful habit!

And as the eternal Scarlett O'Hara said: "I won't think about it these days! I'll think about it tomorrow! I'll think about it when I can think about it..." I cut myself off! Even the night light, which constantly hits the eyes in the prison, did not interfere... Morning. Ba-bah! They cut the daylight! Like

a punch in the eyes! From the mouthpiece, a nasty little voice: "Grazhdanka Savchenko!" Get up from your bed!

Shit! How this little phrase pissed me off! You can't imagine...

This is how a morning in prison begins! In the army, the team "Rise!" sounds much nicer! Got up. I'm bored And here is also "parasha" (critical days in the common folk women's lexicon). Well, as always! At the right time! I pressed my kidney, asked for some pads and painkillers, because I don't have a damn thing with me! They brought it after lunch! Well, where do people understand that such things are urgently needed?! By the time they brought it, it was necessary to wash up to the knees! I sat down on the stool, clutched my stomach in pain with my hands. I thought about my "bitter fate", remembered my sister, mother, Ukraine, will... And at least scream! And howled! Tearless! Just howled...

It was the first and last time I howled... Then I quickly realized that you can't think about what's expensive, what hurts, about the will... Because you can go crazy. Some in prison begin to think about sin and repentance, read church literature, prayers and find faith in God... Something did not find me... I am not a pious or religious person. I believe in God as a supernatural power, but I do not believe in priests and churches.

As soon as the anti-terrorist operation in Ukraine began, I often communicated with one of my classmates and at that time already a fellow soldier. Due to his life situations, he came to God through the Russian Church, the Moscow Patriarchate. He was one of two officers from our military unit who wrote reports and refused to go to war. Both of them are parishioners of the Moscow church. They were well brainwashed there! To kill a Russian is to kill one's Slavic brother is a sin. But extinguishing "pindos" by flying in Africa, and earning money with it - that's possible! It's easy! The Church does not command to kill only a Russian brother!.. But I thought that God gave the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" in relation to all living things!.. In a word, they were threatened with a tribunal for this, and many condemned them as traitors . My attitude towards them has not changed. Both of them are good people, not mean... And everyone makes their own choice in life - someone is a warrior, someone is a pastor... Just right away with the correct choice of profession

they didn't guess :) And what's unfair - their people fed them for it... But God is their judge! In my opinion, they did the right thing, what they said right away, and not in the battle at the most crucial moment they

betrayed... But the memories of those conversations about God, the search for myself and the truth of the war in the first days of imprisonment helped me not to go crazy, even before They did not bring God... It is

clear that this is not my way... For which I thank you, Andrew! From our conversations, I understood that it was time to go my own way... And

I left... Then they brought food. It was given three times a day. Well, I will write about the fact that in Russia they do not know how to peel potatoes and onions! They cook like pigs! Potatoes are grated on a large grater, in the husks, some kind of porridge is piled in there, onions in the husks are cut with the roots, the sand grinds on the teeth! How can you even eat it?! I have never seen such a mess! Sour, bitter cabbage under its "stew" was also mercilessly eaten! Food is distributed by prisoners under the supervision of jailers. Later, the jailers themselves began to bring. Then a walk: you put your hands in the feeder, they put on towels from behind, only then do they open the "brake"! Once I forgot those handcuffs... I opened them, put them under the pillow. Then they ran, searched. I gave They laughed at themselves for a long time... A walk,

an asphalt concrete yard! The bench is an urn. Beast hu - bars! Above the bars is a roof. Transparent, plastic, but the sky is not visible! But you can be seen in the cameras, there are two of them here! The yard is ten square meters! You walk in circles like a dog on a chain! Such walks quickly got boring! She took books with her
read.

Inspection in the morning and in the evening. An officer comes with a duty officer. Read the "report" to him! Which sounds like this: "The citizen is the boss. Number sixty-one is locked in cell. Nadezhda Viktorovna Savchenko, who is on duty at the camera." I was excited

for the report! "Well, first of all: you are a "citizen" of Russia, and I am a citizen of Ukraine! Secondly: you are not my boss! Thirdly: I am not a "prisoner", but a kidnapped person! And you keep me here illegally!" They agreed that I would just introduce myself. And then twice a day this "break-in" had to be done!

And it's hard to write statements! Such as you always write to members by name, here — to the head of the prison. Although what the hell is my boss?! For me they are criminals! Because they are committing a crime against me by force! The statement begins with the words "I'm asking you..." But I'm not asking you, your mother, for anything! I demand!!! Because it was you who blamed me! Abducting me and imprisoning me, without guilt, by filling the link! Even in the army, these reports with the words "Please..." were annoying me! And who teaches people such slave psychology?! In order to let the shit go, and then you have to write a report-request! It is necessary to somehow abandon these slavish and submissive standards! A person should not think in the manner of self-deprecation! They ask only when they want something that does not belong to you, or that you did not deserve, that you have no right to! And when you ask the commander for your well-deserved time off for 180 days (six months!) of active duty, and they still don't want to give it to you, then this brutality begins! And in prison - that's what he did! And then the "groundhog day" began!!! Every day the same thing! Although you will really get into a loop! And so for three months... I read books by the kilo! I don't remember either the number or the content. Those who brought, stupid and senseless! Dostoevsky and heavy, meaningful literature were contraindicated for me, and the psyche is not holding you back! :) I never liked to read! I never thought in my life that I could develop the technique of reading from 100 to 500 pages per day!!! That's why I didn't want to write my book - another waste paper! The summer was hot. It was terribly suffocating in the cell. Went to

underwear and T-shirt, shit on the cameras and on those who look in them!

Shower once a week. This is unbearable. A basin of water for an "eye", you become a cancer, take off your top, rinse yourself! You wrap yourself in a ball, in a basin with your feet, in a corner away from the camera, rinse yourself from below! And such maneuvers - a couple of times a day!

Bored! Washing, cleaning is already an event! Elementary charging is already a sport! There is no more fun life in "loneliness"! Neither embroider, nor weave, nor knit - you can't do any needlework at all! Everything is "forbidden items". draw

no drawing, no inspiration. Where did he get it from, as you stare at the four walls all these days? Among the friends, I fed a spider and a tit, sometimes they flew into the camera :) The windows, in addition to being high, are also painted with white paint! You can't even see the sun! The apartment was open, then she climbed onto the battery, looked at the world through the bars. Behind the prison there was a car park and a car repair shop, some kind of factory. There, military equipment was repainted from white to khaki. APCs, kungs, field kitchens... Weren't they driven to Ukraine later, at times? And the prison wall with barbed wire was visible! And a couple of trees... in the car park. According to the sound, there were an airport and a railway, well, and a track nearby.

And the air!... It cannot be conveyed! There were sewage treatment plants nearby, and every evening, as soon as the breeze blows, the "incense" of shit blows all over the prison! And so the suffocation is unbearable, and shit! And so in every one of them. Are they being built near water treatment plants on purpose?! So that the prisoners do not breathe?! But I got the impression that the whole of Russia smelled of the national anthem. You can never get used to this smell. He always stinks! From entertainment: You could talk to a psychologist. But it's still fun for me. Or with the opera (head of the operational department) - it was more fun! :). Tea, coffee and sweets were always waiting there. And discussions on the topic "Russia-Ukraine"! You could see the news on TV, because he was not in the camera. Later, the officials came to see me... and the TV appeared in the cell... :) They did not agree with the opera... He is a supporter of tsarist Russia, a "monarchist". I do not tolerate slavery: Maidan-War Ukraine, as always, were topical topics... Oper was cunning, according to his professional habit, he noticed and sniffed out everything... But I also endured a lot from this...

He said that it is not often that such outstanding people sit (I was already often shown on television and on the Internet) and it is not often that we will talk... "Maybe you will become a Hero of Ukraine..." - he said. How he looked into the water! When he called, and the convoy followed me for a long time

did not come, pressed the red alarm button "attack on an employee", and then the convoy came running! In full ammunition: a helmet, a bulletproof vest, a baton, handcuffs, a gas canister, without a flight pistol (firearms are prohibited in the inner perimeter)! And that's not enough! Special forces fighters like me can take it away! :) It was still fun! Don't go to the circus though! That's how he trained the convoy :) In general, I had a personal convoy. Not everyone was allowed to work with me, but only the most qualified ones! :) And necessarily with a video recorder! All movements are only under cameras!

And in general, I even "loved" my entire convoy in SIZO-3 in Voronezh. There were five men, officers, a bayonet ensign and two women - an ensign and a sergeant. They were polite to us, acted exclusively according to instructions, conducted searches and "personal inspections" correctly and restrainedly showed human emotions. I can't say anything bad about them. They were not cattle! It's just that their work is "scottish"! When saying goodbye, I thanked them for showing me what "prison" is. They hurried to sell the video of my phasing to the LifeNews TV channel. That's why LifeNews, which interviewed me in prison, told me about it separately. For this, they and the TV channel were "kicked in the hat". And they did it right. It's good that they didn't post a video from the toilet! One more time, representatives of the ONK (Public Supervisory Commission) came. There is one! They go around the prisons and see that the rights of the prisoners are not violated. They help a lot. True, in Moscow they visit prisons every day, and in the regions they do so, for the sake of visibility... But they gave me a lot of transfers - products, clothes. Although I didn't need so much! In general, a person needs less in life than he wants or has... And in prison, he's ready! But thanks to the ONK anyway! When moving from prison to prison, I left all the things, products and hygiene products that I didn't need - suddenly no one else will have them... And I don't need much...

There were so many spacers that I had enough until I climaxed. And everyone was surprised when I said that I don't need 14 underpants - two are enough! It's just that I'm not too lazy to wash. ONK

they don't like the jailers very much, because they constantly dig under them, discover violations... But they help the prisoners at least in some way. The UNC, of course, sometimes comes with its own good intentions: sometimes to write an article, sometimes to "guess", sometimes to tell the truth... But I saw much more good than harm from them! Once officials came... Human rights defenders in the

Russian Federation! Ella Pamfilova herself! In Russia, she is called "Ellochka lyodochka"! And I can't think of other words like "pious bitch"! All such a "long-suffering" woman came... She tells me about the poor children of Donbas... Tears in her eyes... I tell her that the fact of kidnapping a person is "obvious" to her, and she tells me: "In this situation, they will want to take advantage of you... Don't become a bargaining chip, a puppet ..." Ah! Thanks for the valuable advice! And what would I do without her in prison?!!! However, later she helped my sister a lot during her stay in Russia. And break

through to me on a date. For that, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Ella Oleksandrivna. But all this could not have happened if you had defended human rights in Russia, and not the interests of the authorities. After her arrival, they brought a TV! In addition to the fact that the radio point in the camera does not shut up from take-off to take-off and plays a loud hoot. Because you can't choose a wave, you will listen to what the jailers will deliver, and their tastes are far from sophisticated. Well, at least you could turn off the TV. And you listen all day: "You can't drown out this song, you can't kill it!" That's how "Rasha-TV" began to rattle with its lies!... The nerves could barely withstand the hysterical nonsense that the Russian mass media carried for days. Photographs show how ASOshka's plane shoots thermal "traps" so as not to shoot it down, they say "phosphorus bombs"! A fragment from a howitzer shell - they say: "they are firing mortars!" If only they had already learned to understand what they are doing! And they call themselves military correspondents! Morons!!!

Somehow lawyers came... Three... Mark Feigin, Mykola Polozov, Ilya Novikov. I look: dear... they are wearing suits! Interesting,

how much will these lawyers cost? They said that they would protect me for free! "Fresh legend, hard to believe!" I heard that lawyers cannot be trusted. That they all just take money and make promises. But since I don't pay them anyway, I have nothing to lose. All the same, it is better than the one that Russia issued (Shulzhenka was dismissed in the first court)! We immediately agreed on trust. Let's fight together and to the victorious end. We will not crack the protection. I will not betray them. They will not betray me.

And we still keep our word!

Lawyers were not lazy to work. They came to Voronezh two or three times a week. Although it is not far to ride from Moscow, 600 km! And not cheap! They come to Moscow every day! In Russia, human protection is a conditional and whimsical phenomenon! Here, where the court and the investigation are one face, and the law works only on paper, it is harder for you to protect the innocent than the guilty. Therefore, the most important thing for lawyers is communication with the world. In captivity, this is the most important thing. My "carrier pigeons" cope well with this task!

I can't even say if I liked them right away. But then I really liked them. I learned a lot from them... And every day I like them more and more! Once a convoy brought me letters. There were five of them (the first five...). They were apparently addressed to me... But I looked at the senders and said that I don't know these people, and the escort smiled mischievously and said: "Read!" And it didn't become just another entertainment... No! Letters in prison are the meaning of life! The day was lived for a reason if one letter arrived! And no matter how many of them come, you will never get tired of reading them and answering them!

The first five letters were from Ukraine and Russia. Then there were thousands of them from all over the world! And I answered each one, even if the address was not specified in full. Unfortunately, many letters did not reach me. Censorship did not miss. And my answers probably didn't all reach either... But, whatever it is, write letters in prison more often. And thanks for writing to me! Back in SIZO-3, in Voronezh, after my one-week hunger strike, the consul of Ukraine in the Russian Federation, Gennady Breskalenko, was finally allowed to see me

Semenovych... Because LifeNews journalists stole one date from the consul! You see, the investigation gave them an advantage in allowing them to see me. How, fucking, directly native! And my sister and mother were not allowed to go for six months! But I was afraid, especially that Vera would come! She was very "interesting" in the SC of the Russian Federation! It was not enough for her to sit next to me in the next cell!

The consul showed great concern and complicity. Not only to me. In general, he does a lot to search for, support, and release Ukrainians from Russian prisons. Many of those who were stolen from Ukraine at the last moment and tied to lying and falsified cases by the investigative bodies of Russia.

The consul immediately deposited 20,000 rubles into my personal prison account (because there is a saying in prison: "The sick and needy live badly in prison!" I checked it from my own experience - it's true!), visited and still visits me as often as only the investigators manage to get permission to knock it out. Thank you very much! I once read about a woman in the newspaper who sat for separatism in Ukraine. She writes that the consul of the Russian Federation in Ukraine did not even manage to visit her! How nice that we, Ukrainians, take more care of each other and do not leave them in trouble! On March 8, the consul brought me tulips! He was even missed with them! But they didn't let me bring it into the cell, they put it in the corridor. But still nice! Although I don't like all these feminine things, I was glad to see a live flower for the first time in 8 months! :) Thank you... Gennady

Semenovych Breskalenko. At the end of the third month of my sentence, Manshin came to the "troika" (SIZO-3) in Voronezh, then he was still managing the case... And with him came the best translator I have come across in Russia, Shokina Olga Vasilievna from Sumy. "The lady is as cold as ice!", I would say. Not only did she make the most accurate translation of my words, but she also behaved restrained, balanced, tolerant during the investigative actions, as if she was not there at all, when I benevolently scolded Dimochka for his vile filth. And she dressed like a real lady. Thanks to her for her work! Because in the court, in a hurry, I didn't have time to really thank you...

Manshin, as always, did not come with anything good! Another dishonorable trial. Extension of the prison term for another three or four months. Transfer to Moscow! And he also said: - Do you know? They gave you an order for courage! — and as always,

twisted his mouth...

- Do not worry! I do not rush for orders! As it will be necessary, I'll say it! And you think that I lack such a quality as courage?! - No, why? I always said that you have a lot of envy

nyh chert...

And I followed the stage!.. The stage is a separate philosophy in prison culture. If people want to hide or kill in order to close the case (because there is no evidence, and no one needs "vysyaks" (unsolved cases), then they let it go step by step, and it does not get out of the steps! I know one woman who, at the age of 62, visited 22 prisons throughout Russia in two years of investigation! This is simply brutal! And at such an age it is already prohibited by law. But we are in Russia. They spat on the law here.

The stage is permanent "Stolypins" (special trains are called that), cold in winter, suffocating in summer! Auto-jails ("auto-jail" is a car for transporting prisoners). Constant admissions and searches! Tuberculosis, HIV-infected and healthy people are transported in one car! Compartment cages are filled with people! There is often not enough space on the bunks, and boards are also placed on the third shelves! It's exhausting people! People get infected, get sick and die on the way! There is dirt and unsanitary conditions in temporary cells! Rats! No food! At this stage, you can't get a letter, transfer, or use your personal account to buy basic things from the prison stall! You don't belong anywhere, not behind a single prison! You will not be given medical help anywhere, even if you are still breathing! Relatives can't find you anywhere to come to your house for a date! Everywhere they answer: "We don't count!" You don't exist! You are at the stage!

That's why you should always carry the most necessary things with you: cigarettes, tea, sugar, warm clothes and something else to exchange. What is at the stage, no one will touch! This is holy! Even cops don't "sweep out" if not "garbage"! The prison support and understanding is very helpful... Because the cops at the stage will not always take you to the toilet and will not always give you water! Prison dry food is also not for everyone... That's the thing - a stage! My phase was short. Three days. From

SIZO-3 (Voronizh) through SIZO-2 (Yelets) to SIZO-6 (Moscow). In "Stolypinka", in a cage-compartment, I rode alone, there were no more women on the stage. I spoke with live people for the first time in three months! :))) There were a lot of prisoner boys in the neighboring compartments. I could see them, and they could only see me when they took me to the toilet at the end of the carriage (I was riding in the first compartment next to the conductors, or rather, the cops). The prisoners were from everywhere: from Russia, Belarus, Armenia, there was one gypsy... We talked, got to know each other, handed each other things (mainly cigarettes and matches) through

the convoy... Although all this is prohibited, as is smoking on the train, but the convoy itself "lodged" according to all the rules. And he gave to light a cigarette, and he wore gears... It's called "I'll send my legs soon...". I had a lemon, I gave it to the boys by the cages for tea... They thanked me: "What a soul, Nadia! For a lemon..." It sounds strange, but it's nice... Someone shared a blanket with me, he had two (because they don't give out any bedding, mattresses, or pillows in "Stolypinka". Bare bunks!) Worse than in a common car of a stuck train with presenter Verka Serdyuchka! :)

In the morning, I handed the blanket back and said: "Oh dear... for the blanket... thank you!" And he answered me that he had "colorful dreams because he warmed you." Where else can you feel such romance, if not in prison?!? :))) Another Armenian was driving alone, his name was Armen. He liked me. He said that when we are released, we will get married! And where else would they match me, if not in prison?! :)))

They all said that everything would be fine with me, so that I wouldn't be sad. They wrote down the sister's phone number and her address, and said they would pass it on

news that I was seen... I gave data without fear. In prison, you learn to trust those whom you would not trust in freedom. At night, they sang songs to each other: Armen - Armenian, Gypsy - Gypsy, and I - Ukrainian... Until the convoy asked us to shut up. The convoy was also okay! Well done guys, they haven't gotten cold feet yet... They kept coming to me "pogla zet" to ask about the Maidan-War-Ukraine. We arrived in Yelets for the crossing in the middle of the night. Thrown into a smelly waiting room. Immediately in the cell, I poked the matches and cigarettes that I had in the "niches" (I learned this wisdom in prison as soon as I found the niches, because no one searches the cell as thoroughly as a prisoner). It's time for this! In SIZO-3, she also made a "Dembel chord" - moved matches, cigarettes, "sinks" (a sink is a blade taken out of a disposable razor. A slipper! What a forbidden object! You can cut something instead of scissors, at the end. And but you won't ask for the zhits first, then you won't wait, and then even the stupid ones will bring them!) — the most necessary things in the cell. Then they took me to reception. How three short-minded middle-class ladies flew at me! Like bitches-hyenas!

- What? Your Ukraine?! War! Eat children! Bandera! F
six! Yes, our Putin is the best president in the world!!!

Oh, oh! In what rotten hole do they dig them up?!!! The chickens are undercooked, dammit! Disgusting to listen to! Ducks are stupid! -

Undress! Sit down! This is to see if anything will fall out of the ass or cunt! You have to sit down three times! It's as if they will hide so that you fall! :) — And I won't think about it! You have cameras here! - So what?! And now we will sue the man! Doctor! - Well, what will you do to me with that "man"?!! - Well! Well! Well! - Well! So yes! Close the camera! From there, in the corner under the camera

I will! I will undress there!

- Well, good...

"Dosmotr" ended with sorrow in half! And to meet with these "goose" again in the morning to send them off!.. They took him to the cell. For a prison, it's just a "luxury" room! It is small, cozy, the walls are painted peach, the window is large, although it is barred, but not painted over, the shower and toilet are in the cell, without video cameras. There are them in the cell itself, and again two (isn't that too much for such a small room?!) bed! Not a bed, but a small bed. Silicone mattress, pillow and blanket. Soft! Eternity would rot on that bed. The bedding is clean. Not sleep, but honey! And another "highlight" of this camera is a water tank! They are made of stainless steel in all the cells, and there was a plastic tank with a tap in the shape of an orange apple. It's just a miracle! It's a pity, I spent less than a day there... And again: the reception, "chickens", dogs, convoys, autos, the train, they wove further... They rushed on. Moscow!

And it began: "Let's go! Hands behind your back! Run! Don't look around! A step to the left, a step to the right is equal to escape! Fire to defeat! They took things! Go! Go! Go!" The locks click! Tails are wagging! Dogs are barking! I've only seen this before in the movies! Crazy!

The boys say goodbye. They shout: "Your freedom, Nadia!" This is the best wish in prison! I shout: "Thank you! And you have FREEDOM!!!"

I was the last to be taken out. The handcuffs were squeezed so hard that the bag with the bag fell off! Grabbed by the arms, pulled! They are in a hurry! "Do you want it to be faster?! Take the bag and carry it, don't drag it!" Automatic machines stand on every corner! Five car parks are already filled and closed! My sixth is standing with the door open... Inviting...:) And it's raining in Moscow... The sky is cloudy... The sun is breaking through here and there... Buildings in the style of "Stalin empire". And again I saw everything I needed...

They threw it into the car together with the bag, closed it in a "glass" (such a car camera, half a meter by half a meter, and 1.5 meters high). They take us away. Whom to go to... I'm in the "six". This is mainly a female prisoner, also for juveniles and BS prisoners ("BS is a former

servant", former cops, now gangsters). Even if he has not been a cop for a long time, if he has worn shoulder straps once, then he is a scumbag. They also say "Krasnopogonniki". Zeks do not like such people. They will kill That is why they are kept separately in the maternity ward and also in the special block. Away from sin.

I also have shoulder straps! Even now! But the military. That's another thing!..

Reception. Lord! Well Muscovites, they are not even Russians! This is something especially vulgar! Push! Boorishness!!!

War for cameras again: "We have such laws of the Russian Federation!" — But I wanted to sneeze on your laws of the Russian Federation! So let your Russians observe these laws! And I am Ukrainian and I will not undress in front of the cameras!!!

- Let me touch your tits right now! - Oh! Lord! What a wildness! I don't need to touch anything! Just do a search! "Personal inspection", as you call it! And get off me!!! It's a good thing that I don't have a lot of things, otherwise they would be scattered all over the floor! Again, a new photo for the questionnaire! New "fingers"! And the same stripes (that is, stripes)! As if something has changed in me during this time! By the way, during all stages, the data card is constantly read! In courts too! They are brought to the special block. A lovely, good-natured woman of the DPNSI (she is the type of senior on duty) asks:

- Well, how are things? - Like in prison! How can there be more business?! - Well, why are you so aggressive? You will like it here! We are good! Oh Gods! Well, it's as if these employees cannot understand that prison cannot be good a priori!!! Open the "brakes". - Well, just like in a children's pioneer camp!!! The beds, one on top of the other, are welded with ovals!

The woman laughs:

- Well, here you see! Like in a pioneer camp, and you spoke poorly!

- It doesn't get any better than this! - Come in, settle down! Your sleeping place will be... - Give it, give it! I'll guess it myself... - here! - That's right! He laughs again. - Well, as always! In the most prominent place! It's easy to give up! - Well, rest! - Thank you! It's already the fourth month you've been here under the lamps for thirst!!! And you don't have a window-apartment here!

- Ah, yes... No. We will put it tomorrow. Will you be able to spend the night today? — But I can... (she got a cold in her ear that same night, then she spent a long time with him suffered I didn't think it would siphon like that without a window).

Sila Well, how, after everything experienced, you can say that in prison, human dignity is not subject to humiliation?!

Yes, the camera is nothing special! Everything is covered up to the walls and floor again, there are two cameras, there is no toilet, and there is no shower either! Shit! A refrigerator and a TV without an antenna are new. For decoration! As in mockery! Going to bed. The light shines in the eyes! I hang a towel on the beam of the second tier! A knock on the "brake": "Nadezhda Viktorovna, don't hang up the bed! I have to see you!" Great again! I'm taking it off! But, thank God, it's Nadezhda Viktorovna, not "citizen Savchenko" - and that sounds nicer! Later, she moved to another corner, where the light was not so bright. They kept silent...

Morning. Morning inspection, camera search. A whole flock gathered at their door! They scold and lie like dogs! And they laugh at their lustful jokes! So! The difference in people's culture between Voronezh and Moscow is colossal! Open the "brakes". Let's go out. Another shift comes. Searches all the tails, skunks, searches the camera. So every morning in each. There is a crowd in the corridor! Representatives of all services. If you have questions or statements or health complaints, ask them in the morning. When her ear hurt, she asked the nurse for some drops. "I'll look," and that's the answer three times

days in a row, and they do not carry medicine! "Are you even a doctor or what?! Your task is to see if you have it?! To cure?!" — broke on the third day! Drops were brought by the department itself! Well, damn it, you won't kill - you won't go! In general, there are eternal problems with medicine in prisons. You can only hear the prisoners shouting from the windows at night: "Doctor! Urgent! Three zero eighty (308 - camera number) - doctor, urgently!" And so every night five times a night from different cameras.

— Are there questions? - So! TV without an antenna! - Well, do it like that... There is one hideous jackal. - Do it?! From what? From prohibited items?! So give me a coil of wire and I'll give you a nuclear reactor here, not that I'll "build" the antenna! Take him out! Damn, he's here for decoration? Carried out

It is clear - they are simply not afraid here! Although they did not see such "high-flying birds" as I did! Moscow after all! Fine! We are training!!! You make a statement, and the answer is: - So, yes! My good one! You will give... - So, yes! "My good one!!!" - I am not "your good girl!" — I'm not "good" to you either, but you allow yourself to address me like that!!! A week or two of such dooms — and everything is in its place! They can humanely! "Nadezhda Viktorovna" is cultured and polite! And what makes people animals?! Then I sat in SIZO-6 for a long and boring time. It was "groundhog day" again! But also to the sounds of eternal repair! In general, no matter where they put me, they immediately start repairing everywhere! "We improve your housing conditions!" And to you! Fuck your conditions?! You improve them for yourself, and you make my health worse! The whole day they knock, bang, the perforator knocks! The head is buzzing - tearing apart! You can't breathe dust from plastering! A hundred times

you do wet cleaning in the cell for a day! The entire floor is white! There is a lot of dust coming from the corridor. The paint stinks! And he can't see the end of this repair!

What else can I say, that in prison you get lost in days and time! There are no clocks hanging anywhere, the time is only on the TV, if it is in the camera. You can't have a calendar, so you start your own! How do you put notches in Robinson Crusoe! You celebrate trials, investigations and all the scary crap! Now briefly about what is remembered. One of my friends in Moscow was Mushka! It is true that in "alone

these" you talk to both spiders and flies!:) That's how it is!:) Then she fed the sparrows and titmice!.. The window was not painted, but in front of the window there was a corrugated damn tin, because it was the first floor (there was another one in Voronezh), a special block was fenced off from the inner yard, but the sky is visible!:) A yard for walking (the same reinforced concrete) is on the roof. Almost all prisons have courtyards on the roof. There was a horizontal bar in the yard, but it was so high that I couldn't jump. The yard is covered, but a large piece of the sky was visible. The clouds always flowed beautifully there. Even in these yards, the punishment cell was taken out. And it is forbidden to smoke in the cell! And it is forbidden to have your own products. That's why cigarettes and tsu kerks were left for the punishment cell.

Civilization has an online store and e-mail, it is called "FSYN Pysmo", but it is available only in Russia. They were taken to the terminal every Saturday. You order what you want, if you have money in your account, they bring the order on Wednesday. My account was never empty, the lawyers tried :))) — I don't pay them, but they also pay me extra for defending me! :))) Paradox!!! Among the services: you can hand in your things for washing (bedding is changed every week anyway), call a hairdresser (a little girl with a crooked arm came, also a bunny), go to the gym or to a massage chair. She did the laundry herself, she wasn't interested in everything else, she just cut her hair!

Now about the one who was remembered.

There were normal people among the jailers, there were bastards, and scumbags were rare! But most of them are still normal! Such a lovely night of DPNSY. Somehow she came not in birch camouflage (a Mentov model, our "Berkut" used to wear this), but in a "blue" one. And they have such a funny tie, similar in style to a frog. I laughed, and she says: "Yes! Here is such a one! I call my ego "Gavryusha"!":)) Since then, I also called her Havryusha about myself.

There was another "rosary" young lady! She took it to the investigator. In square tinted glasses, a short hairstyle and a cool character! The other one was - well, the "rat" is corrosive!!! Searching! Every piece of paper will break!!! Like you can find something I don't want you to find!!! There were two more girls, they were called "dogs". They usually conducted scheduled and unscheduled searches of cameras. They will come, search, leave. After 10 minutes they come again! "Nezhdanchik"!!!! :))) I don't know what kind of "dogs" they are there, but I have "washers" (blades, I take them from a disposable shaving machine) as they were lying in the nightstand, so I left them there and for the successors... They have never been found! :)))

They have been exchanging letters with me for the longest time... I have a lot of letters! And they, poor people, sit, tormenting both themselves and me every time, looking at every letter... (then I gave the letters to my sister at home so that they would not be gutted every time, there they would be more reliably preserved! :) One of the girls was small, cut short, for a boy — well, such a little girl! My type! :))) But these two were not malicious! Cunning, but not malicious!... In general, the "naive" question during searches was the most pleasing: "Are there prohibited items in the camera?" The following are considered prohibited items here: money, gold, diamonds, weapons, mobile phones, all glass, all metal, all kinds of "washers" and for points (such as burnt and sharpened cigarette butts), shoelaces, rubber bands, needles, etc.

- So! IS! Of course!—and you begin to count — Money in a Swiss bank, diamonds in the estate in a safe... — I'm serious! - I'm not kidding either!

Well, it's fucking stupid to ask if I'm always under your cameras?! I will not be able to carry anything in my ass on this damned special block! Although she carried everything she needed... :) Fortunately, a woman has a hole not only in her ass... :))) There was also a young lady - a librarian! Worked clearly and harmoniously, like a Swiss watch! She even found me books in Ukrainian! She always collected and distributed literature on time! Super! It's nice to deal with an intelligent, intellectual person! And where?! In prison! :))) Even in prison there is a funny custom! Personally, he suits me very much! This is a system of punishments: reprimands to announce! Just like in the army! Badge!

They "hanged" me: "Slept under the blanket after lifting" - damn it! Lord! Well, I overslept your rise! Who doesn't happen?! "Spew out porridge on an employee" - reprimand! — "I installed inter-camera communication in the playground" — reprimanded!

- They had fun! And what will you do to me?! I'm already in prison!!! How can you punish me?! Will you be put in solitary confinement?! Yes, "solitary" is already a solitary confinement cell! — Will you write explanations? - Uh, no, guys, I'm not a scribe! And you write, write! You have such a job, dog!

— Sign up for an introduction.

- Ah, well, please! Easy! One day, in the nearby promenade, BS niks from the nearby cell of the special unit were walking. We talked. One of them was a crest! And a nickname, and a Ukrainian, himself from Kamianets Podilskyi! I was once a policeman in Ukraine, and in Russia I worked for a construction company, and I was imprisoned for something... (innocent of course!) :) They say that the most innocent people are in prison! No matter who you ask, everyone is not guilty! I do not know. If I were guilty, I would say so: "I am guilty!" Well... We talked to them, they knew who I was, they saw me on TV... And when they came to pick us up from the walk, they shouted to me: "Glory to Ukraine! Glory to heroes!". After that, they took us for a walk strictly according to the schedule so as not to cross each other...

Back in SIZO-6, the medical unit was cool, well, when I learned a little more about them...:) At first, we didn't get along. There were girls chatting at the register, convicts were working (in prisons, in general, convicts work everywhere. They clean the snow! They load something! Wash, wash, whitewash - all the convicts! No wonder they built Siberia on their bones!..) Yes, they are so zealous! Especially one, Alina. Her memory is phenomenal! And why was she imprisoned? There must be some reason! They all have a medical education... You look at her and think: if people like her are imprisoned, and people like some especially mentally deprived jailers are guarded, then the world is going to hell!!!

And the doctors listened to the right music — ROCK! And not that bitch who played around the prison! I liked the drippers in the "six" because while I was being dripped, I listened to high-quality live music. Aesthetic naso loda! :) Also, when it's dripping, you have to cover yourself up because you're cold. And once, the warden of SIZO-6 gave me a pillow under my head from the sofa, from her cabinet, and covered my legs with her blanket. I laughed so much! She said that "I, even a senior lieutenant, did not cover my legs with a lieutenant colonel's bushlat!" :))) If you tell anyone, they won't believe you! :))) "Don't steal it from anyone!" - she

laughed! Well, where else is this possible?! Only in prison! Kolya Polozov once told me: "Russia is a great state! Here you can become a deputy of Ukraine while sitting in prison!" And let him shake! Isn't it true?! But it's better not to get up, if only not to sit!!!

The head of SIZO-6 is a special color! She is called a "big six in a skirt"! And there really is something in it! A red plaid, a red dress and a tight policeman's skirt under high-heeled boots... That's a bitch! But she and I somehow got along... Apparently, "she sees her brother-in-law from afar!" :) In women's prisons and chief's colonies, we usually put women, because only a grandmother will not believe grandmother's tears!!! Since the night prison, I have not had any conflicts. On the contrary, she put

herself in my position: when I had a New Year's crisis, when I ran out of cigarettes, and the online store was closed on holidays, she "warmed up" me with five packs of cigarettes. I didn't want to take it back when I gave it back. And I had nothing more to thank

so I just thanked. But she really didn't like my lawyers, especially in the "Pussy Riot case."

Few people like my lawyers at all! :)) I wish they would suit me! :)) Well, there were also operas in SIZO-6! Where without them? The head of the operations department also called me for a conversation, however, he did not treat me to tea and coffee, as in SIZO-3...)) Yes, we talked...briefly! He himself comes from Slovyansk, a Ukrainian with a good sounding surname Haydamak! He told that his parents are in Ukraine, and he can't even go to them now - they don't let him! The athlete himself has been engaged in wrestling all his life... Well, you can see it from his face! The male is noble! He walks like a peacock with his tail unfurled. Well, good. Fine. According to There is something to see! If only he wasn't so annoying! :))) When they sent me from SIZO-6 to the "hospital" in SIZO-1, the song was from the operas of the 6th SIZO, which surprised me! Apparently, they wanted to pass it directly from hand to hand, before being baptized :) Then he was not afraid to sit down with me directly in the cage. True, he moved me to the left so that the gun on the right remained! :) On the way there they talked, smoked... He said that he loves Ukrainian girls (and who doesn't love them!? :)), especially Kharkiv girls. Very good student points. And Ukrainian varenyki :) I invited him for varenyki... When asked which is better — in Ukraine or in Russia, he answered: "I'll tell you honestly — Ukraine is better!"

Back in SIZO-6, the best thing that can happen to a person in prison, in "solitary" happened to me! I was assigned a roommate! She stormed into my cell after the fight with all her hair! And broke into my life. And I will never be able to forget her. Karasova Zalina. Ingush, Circassian - whatever blood is not mixed in it. The main thing is that it is hot-blooded. Alive She is being tried for robbery. I was put in a special unit as a punishment. And it turned out - as a reward (I hope, for both of us!) :) She is a hot girl! They won't put her in any cell, she's older everywhere, and everywhere the cops have problems with the cell :) She sat in the cell twice, for 5 and 15 days - it didn't help. They decided to come to me... At first they thought that we were killing each other (Zalina - KMS in kickboxing), but then

we decided that on the contrary - let's get together... We didn't lose! :)) We didn't have classic prison showdowns, no one "lined up" anyone and didn't show where whose shin is or "who is older here"! We got along perfectly both in everyday life and characters! We drank tea, smoked, and "sharpened" sausage with mayonnaise and ketchup every night, ate our asses and licked our butts... We went for walks and shook out our "look-alike" blankets! Zalina, of course, could behave like an inveterate bunny! But when she cut down this "tumblr", she was a smart, intellectually developed person. She told me a lot of the secrets of prison life: how you can cook borscht from already cooked prison borscht, how the cells with 40 people live "quietly" and cheerfully, and many, many other interesting things... She has a little 4-year-old daughter, a mother, sister and niece who are waiting for her, and a loving husband who is on trial with her! I wish her FREEDOM with all my heart!!! And thank you, Zalina Karasova! For being in my prison

three beautiful days of life. I hope we will meet again!..

After three days, we were settled... Apparently, they decided that we would "get together" a lot! :)) In general, I was once told: "They drink more "coffee" over there in Ukraine, and here in Russia - tea!" And another phrase sounded like this: "The prison is used to tea!" And then I thought that the whole of Russia is a huge prison!!! And they also say: "Prison sleeps during the day, lives at night!" So it is! In the evening, the prison turns into a chicken coop! From the windows, they are fighting, establishing a connection! "Roads" stretch! Socks are chasing! "What it is?" - asks the one who does not know. And I don't really know myself, I'll answer you! All this is not available in a special block, alone! And I promised to write only the truth that I know! :))) But let prison secrets remain secrets at least a little! :))))

And most importantly! In SIZO-6, I saw my sister for the first time in seven months, thanks to Ella Pamfilova! It was a happy day! We were able to meet without glass and telephone handsets. Because if I saw Faith through the glass for the first time in such a long time, I would cut myself

blood all over my hands, but I would blow up the fucking telephone booth! And so we hugged tightly and just stood in silence for a minute... Vera was crying... I was laughing...

We were given an hour to talk in the presence of the consul of Ukraine. And that's good! Better than it could be! I looked at my sister, and it seemed to me that she was so old and tired that she turned black... And I thought: how old I became then! I also saw Vera four times after that meeting. She has already grown older and gotten younger! Once in court with my mother, once in prison-1. And there twice through the glass, where we were interrupted every three minutes because we spoke Ukrainian! And all the nerves were gone! Pamfilova, however, helped to solve the problem here too! Thank you! We are not obliged to learn Russian! I did not ask them to go to prison or to Russia! And in general, I have never been to Russia! She even went on an excursion! I am in Russia for the first time. And immediately in prison! And she did not break any laws!

Here they generally have a problem with languages, in this Russia! Apparently, the federation. To hell with other state languages! Killed by people of different nationalities, except Russians, much more than by Russians! And the language is only Russian! The Kremlin and the Russian mass media scream about the suppression of the rights of the Russian-speaking population of Donbas in Ukraine, even though Ukraine is not a federation. This is a sovereign state! And what about the suppression of the rights of the Ukrainian-speaking population in Russia?!

This happened in court on February 10, 2015, when my imprisonment was extended. The convoy that took me was a permanent convoy attached to me. The guys are not bad, young, cheerful, they do not differ in particular culture, but their work is like that, I understand! It was not the first time we traveled with them and it seemed to work together. But they did not want to understand the Ukrainian language! Especially one, the healthiest! I have already heard such phrases from them before: "Speak in a clear language!" Guys, which one is it on?! On Martians to whom?! I do not know any language in the world that is understood by everyone!!! It's not even

English! Moreover, not Russian! But before we used to play it as a joke with them, and nothing like that happened. You can put up with it... On February 10, the trial was harsh, as always - dishonorable. And very nervous! It was difficult for me to see my relatives, especially my mother, from the cage... Faith held on! And mother is mother, she cried quietly...

When they were leaving the courtroom, the convoy and bailiffs simply brutally, brazenly and cruelly threw them out of the courtroom! "You can't talk! Such are the rules!" — But I understand your damn rules! But mom! A 77-year-old man with broken ribs! Grabbing and squeezing so much that she clenches her teeth in pain?! I thought I'd break that cage to hell! Bullshit, fuck!!! But put your grips with your hands half a meter away from the bars! I myself am clear that she needs to get out! I asked my mother not to come to court anymore, because I don't want to

it is bearable to watch when she is tortured, and I am powerless to protect her...

In the basement of the court, I was booked into the pre-trial waiting room. They did not bring cigarettes with them. "She behaved badly in court!" Aha! Taming is "obstinate", so?! Garbage methods of education! "According to the laws of the Russian Federation, no chickens in public places!" And we have a smoking room in the corridor! They smoke every minute! Other prisoners are allowed to smoke. But that's all bullshit! Shit even that I'm on the 60th day of starvation and they didn't even ask if I needed to go to the bathroom! In 7 hours I was never offered or given water! "I should have asked!" What are you?! Maybe even get on your knees?! But that's all bullshit! I wouldn't have noticed. And then somehow, maybe, "is it okay!" But once again the phrase "ran into" the Ukrainian language:

- Speak in normal language! We don't understand your Churbansky!

Gee-gee-gee! Roar!

— Ah, Churbansky?! Officer, tell me your last name
the boss to whom I can write a complaint about the convoy! - Write to the
president! Ha-ha-ha! They slammed the door! Ah, the president?! Not a
question! I cooled down a little in the cell and thought: well, I will write a complaint
against his boss, and what will happen? Well, he will scold him, then on the head

will stroke and say: "That's right! With these "dills" that's how it is!" Then she thought a little more correctly and wrote a complaint to the defender of human rights and to the prosecutor's office. When she was taken out of the cell, she said: - I will speak in "Russian" so that you understand my words correctly: Senior lieutenant! (turning to the head of the convoy) You, as an officer, must set an example of this behavior to your personnel! And control your personnel!

- What about me?! It's not me!

And this muttering officer! - Are you an officer or someone?! - Yes, go, come on! - the person for whom the Ukrainian language is Churban language intervenes in the conversation. - Sergeant! I'm talking to the officer! — the convoy is still dreaming is hiding, but the eyes are getting rounder!

- That's it, starley! If you don't know how to manage your herd, then answer for yourself! I am also an officer! And also a senior lieutenant! I know what responsibility is for personnel! Now let's go!

The convoy was still smiling nervously, but it was already silent... In general, I told the court that I will not go with this convoy anymore, because I feel that armed people who are aggressively against Ukraine, Ukrainian-phobes, and those who treat Ukrainians with national hatred pose a threat to my live like Ukrainian women! The convoy stopped smiling... My lawyers rewrote the numbers of the convoys' tokens and filed a complaint with the prosecutor's office. The prosecutor came to me to testify and said that escorts face punishment up to criminal liability! This is how Russia has to defend the love of the native language! I'm sorry guys, but you need to be responsible for your actions and keep the punch! I wouldn't want to hurt one of them. Good guy, human! He always said to me when saying goodbye: "Well! Come on girlfriend! Hold on!" His words were very encouraging ! I apologized to him for what happened. I did not wish him harm...

I still want to thank him for staying
a person

But I am not sure that they will be severely punished... We are in Russia!
And this is a "garbage country"! But the convoy was replaced for me... :) They
behave politely, they have no complaints about the Ukrainian language.

Even from Russian prisons, I visited the Serbian Institute - "Serpy" in the
common people.

- What are you! We don't have a
prison! - Ah! Yes! You are crazy!

- What are you?! We are not
crazy! - Ah! Yes! You are crazy in prison! Is the prison in an insane
asylum?! The investigation sent me there for a psychiatric examination (as
if a mentally ill person could be allowed to fly!) in order to hide the arrest from
the open court! "They judged me without me" is called!

That's why I came to "Serbskyi" from SIZO-6, very angry! They had been
waiting for me there for a long time... The guards were posted in such a way
that I was scared myself! With my convoy, 20 people came out! The whole
madman rushed to see! It was as if they were being transported "wildly
confused" or brought a slow-acting atomic bomb. They sat on a chair. Chained
to the battery. Handcuffed. They stood around, staring. This is starting to piss
me off even more! The doctor comes out, begins to take an anamnesis: where
were you born? Where were you baptized? Did you hit your head as a child?
Did it develop normally? Did you go to kindergarten? Did you go to school on
time and did you study well? How many classes did you finish and what was
your illness? And all in this way! I explain the following to her: I do not recognize
a psychiatric examination in a hospital as legal! And I'm not going to pass it! I
will not answer questions or tests! And I forbid the use of all kinds of methods
of mental, psychological, moral and physical influence on me! All the information
that they and the investigation need - about my state of health or my biography,
they can officially request from Ukraine! They will be given an answer! And I
refuse to talk to them.

The doctors were unpleasantly surprised by my mood... But I don't do
anything, I don't go to contact! But how to go here?! When they

they come every day, a couple of times a day, the entire medical team, with the head doctor, the head of the department - and it begins!

— Why do you refuse? We are doctors... - But I see that you are doctors, not masons! - We just want to conduct an examination... - And I don't need it! I'm not crazy! — According to the article on which you are accused, we all have the same

conduct... -

Well, conduct "your" all like this! And I'm not yours! You stole me and put me in prison illegally!!! I do not negotiate or cooperate with terrorists!!! - Well, we have nothing to do with it... - Of course not! You don't have to!

Your government has! And you are just an instrument of violence against me in her hands!!! Did I sufficiently explain my position and the reasons for refusing the examination? - Yes. But still, we have to do our job... - Do it! Am I disturbing you! — But without your participation, the results will be incomplete... — And you won't get my participation! - Maybe some kind of compromise is possible? - So! Of course it is possible! Take me to an open court! Send lawyers to me! Then let's talk! They never took it to court! Lawyers were allowed. And every God's day! They sang their songs again! — Why don't you trust us? - But how can I trust you?! You are psychiatrists! I'm crazy! Here, anything you want can happen, and it will be written "at once!" My presenter is a doctor-professor, so in general "something"! Will come, become

crosses his hands on his chest and talks about trust! —

Why do you trust your lawyers? I don't understand why you can't trust us, for example?

- But because you are already standing in a closed position from me! You, as a psychiatrist, must understand that crossed arms are "not conducive" to a soulful conversation!

And so every day. They talked with them about politics, the situation, but not about me! And, of course, I was being watched! Video cameras! Nurses, orderlies and guards reported everything about my behavior to the doctors! The system worked by the "knock" method! That's how they "baked" me into a lunatic. The admission procedure in an insane asylum is a shock! You are weighed (at that time I weighed 70 kg), all your things are taken away for storage! If you need something, you write a statement, and they "raise" (issue) it to you. And that's not all, but only what the administration will allow! You are allowed to take with you: two pairs of underwear, two socks, 2 rolls of toilet paper (then they will pick up more if necessary), a toothbrush and toothpaste, laundry soap (not powder!), cream (if you use it), pads-tampons, cigarettes without matches (there they will give out a lighter to light a cigarette) — and that's it. Neither bras nor T-shirts are allowed! Everyone walks "prostosisi"! No water, no juices, no food, no clothes!

Next, you will climb into the bath for disinfection... They slap your hands with some kind of abomination to wash in your vagina and under your arms, to poison lice and all kinds of pests! Then they tell you to squat down... and just be careful - the nurse will shower you from above! Like in Stalinist concentration camps! I exploded! "Give me this hose!!! I am an adult, a normal person! I can wash myself! My mother didn't love me even as a child! But how long can you endure this humiliation!" The nurse handed over the hose and moved away from the sin... Washed. Then they dress. You put on socks, and they give you your own: a t-shirt (green, army, stretched, more than one psycho has died in it!), acid-blue pajamas, knitted (so that when you run away from the asylum, you can see it 12 kilometers away!), a towel and rubber slippers. They messed up... They lead me to the department in handcuffs... The guard takes me by the elbow, and despite the fact that I am already in handcuffs, his eyes are terribly frightened, and I can hear his hand shaking! Well, you should be so afraid! Is he naturally nervous?! Maybe he should get checked out

in the institution where he works? And what did they say about me that they are all so scared?! I don't know who and what told them about me, but they were very scared, and until the last day of my stay in "Serpa" they were not allowed to go for a walk - in handcuffs! To the doctors - in handcuffs! Hands are always tied behind the back and reinforced security is driving! Become stupid! The department on the third floor, the women's, is the only one in the whole madhouse, the rest are men's. Small. There are three beds in four wards. Dining room, toilet, shower - in the department. And there is also a procedural kitchen, where they do not cook, but only wash dishes. Start As always, I have a "VIP ward"! I'm alone in the ward! Well, in a madhouse, maybe it's for the best! :) There are no video cameras in the ward! Hallelujah! Only two in the corridor. There is a window in the door so that the guards can watch. There are no locks or handles on the door from the inside, only from the outside. Night lighting and ventilation above the door, as usual. Fire alarms are also present on the ceiling in the rooms (there are none in the prison cells). The bunk beds are small. The mattresses are thick, elastic, polyurethane. Pillows are large, feather. Huh! Well, at least I'll get some sleep! There are not just bars on the windows, but also armored glass! Bulletproof! Double! In an iron frame! And the apartment is small and iron! Between the glass there is dust, dirt, garbage, all kinds of papers, candy wrappers, even a rubber slipper - you can see that patients threw it through the room :) Unsanitary! Phew! And why do they call themselves Karneya! And there is no way to get it! The frames are iron and welded! — You'll like it here!.. :) — Damn me! Who in the madhouse could like it?! - Oh! People ask us themselves!.. - Well, psychos, maybe they ask! I am a normal person! — And we don't have a "healthy" diagnosis, only a "conditional" one

"healthy" person...

- How is that? A person is either healthy or sick! The third is not given! Do you work according to the principle "There are no healthy people! Are there unexamined ones?"

Thank God, I can go freely into the corridor, I eat in the dining room together with the rest of the "sick people" :). So, not really

"single..."

I spread things on the nightstands (two nightstands and all mine). I'm sitting I look, girls (in the same pyjamas) begin to scurry along the corridor, curiously look into my room... Your name is chickens. Smoking was allowed according to the schedule, once an hour. Light a cigarette in protection from the lighter (if the supervisor is normal, then you can smoke more often). Let everyone who smokes smoke together so that they don't run one by one! The smoking room is in the toilet, the hood is turned on. If it's too hot to shit, you wait until the smoke break is over... And there's also a window in the toilet

door, and the door doesn't close from the inside. That's why it's not easy to shit. You sit, and everyone who walks along the corridor will look. The wildness is still the same!!!

Of course, it's called smoking, so let's get to know each other! I go in, light a cigarette, get up. There is nowhere for an apple to fall in the toilet! Smoke - at least hang an ax. A crowd of smokers and just interested people gathered...

- And we have been waiting for you for a long time... They already said on TV that you should be brought to "Serpy"... Well, the whole world knows news about me, and I will be the last to learn about myself!

- Brought!.. We

quickly got to know each other and then had a good time. It is important in the smoking room-toilet and in the dining room - there was a TV and a puzzle. I was extremely happy with the puzzles! At least something for the development of intelligence. Collected quickly and numbered on the back for the lazy or mentally retarded. For me, they were searched for and brought from all over the place! I especially liked 1000-piece puzzles! The girls also helped me, as long as I had enough patience... When the puzzles ran out, they started making flowers from cigarette foil and wrappers from sweets - one girl-girl taught me, also from Ukraine, from Volyn, by the way... Then she made bouquets and frames from those flowers for photo Got to creativity! And they don't let you do anything! Everything is "forbidden items"! I went for a walk in the madhouse in any weather! Snow and rain - no way! Because of this, the guards didn't like me very much, because they had to stand there with me for an hour! Those who did not want to leave stayed in the wards, and the guards were less "hemorrhoidal"...

- The weather is bad today, why don't you go?... -

There is no bad weather in nature! Let's go! I loved

walking in the asylum because there was a yard with nature. The walls are the same concrete, only they are not covered with a "fur coat" and are painted yellow. Video cameras, as always, two. Barbed wire is strung along the perimeter of the walls above, but there are no bars on top and no roof either. The sky is visible! But right in the yard, in the middle of the asphalt paths, there were two oaks, one linden and a flower bed in the middle. It was a golden autumn, and the flowerbed was filled with leaves. However, barbed wire was also strung on the trees in a circle so that some monkey would not climb out and get eaten! But that's bullshit! The main thing is nature, living nature! There was also a table and benches fixed in the asphalt in the yard. And the promenade itself was inside the perimeter of the prison madhouse. Warm clothes were taken out of the wardrobe for a walk: kurze boots from size 40 to 46 (obviously not for a woman's foot), unty socks, prison-style jackets, dark green, and beanie hats (Vira's note is a very small hat) . The clothes were in general use, so it was better not to wear a cap and socks, and to put on kirzaks up to two pairs of your socks.

In the yard, I liked to take off my shoes and run around the flowerbed barefoot, throwing leaves with my feet! It's such a pleasure!... And there are so few of them in prison. I wasn't cold, even when it was freezing or snowing. The girls and I still played sports there — we ran in circles, pumped the press on the benches, did push-ups, and boxed. The yard was quite large, and every day they collected bread in the dining room to feed the pigeons. A whole flock of them flew in, they are so beautiful!

They were fed in the "fool" "for slaughter"! No one complained! I gained 2 kilos in 21 days! The menu is balanced and full of delicacies! But a canteen is a canteen, and no one canceled the "cottages"! Prison-style dachas are handouts. They only live on them in prison! Who has the opportunity... If I never asked for a "daughter" before, because nothing sticks in my throat when I'm alone, now I've lost my mind for all these months! The list of allowed products was limited, and no more than 5 kg per person per week. The lawyers gave me 20 kg twice

(True, the second transfer had time to come and caught up with me already in SIZO-6, and I ate all that for one and a half months! We had already finished singing with the chambermaid when she was moved to me). The program included: fruits, vegetables, sausages, cheese, lard, cookies, candies, chocolates, nuts, candied fruit, pads, cigarettes! The girls also had "cottages"... That's why we ate "from the belly"! But it's easier to beat the father in a group - they trampled everything and didn't give a damn! :)

The guards of the medical staff were different. There were good women, kind and responsive, and there were rats-rats! They are gagging us, we didn't have time to laugh! And they themselves neigh like fillies after weaning and gossip all day long! It's disgusting to listen to! Reception of food, and she will stand at the door as a supervisor and watch until a morsel gets down her throat! And we were treated like convicts, scum of society! Well, I could not remain silent here! And since I am an eternal fighter for justice, I defended my rights and constantly "harnessed" for the girls! In general, I was like a bone in their throat! Because of me - "a particularly dangerous criminal" - their outfit was strengthened and their shifts doubled. Inspections began every time some officials came to visit me, and I complained to them about the order. First, I covered the night light bulb with a sheet of A4 paper so that it wouldn't hit my eyes so much. It is forbidden to do this in prisons, but here it is allowed! Then, with scandals, she won back to sleep at night with the door to the ward closed, like all normal "psychos"! And then they took it as a fashion - they opened the door wide open for me at night, the caretaker sat down and looked at me all night! With such a "rest" you can definitely become a psycho! And further in the same direction!.. I made remarks to the staff for whining after the break, etc., etc. In a word, they no longer knew how to sigh and cross myself. Everyone asked: "When will you be taken away?" They took me after 21 days. This is the minimum term for passing the examination. And yes — 30 and can be extended if necessary. Apparently, the doctors understood that I was not "their patient" and discharged me with a diagnosis of "healthy". Oh! I'm sorry: "conditionally healthy" - they don't have healthy people! At the beginning and at the end of the examination there was a commission - a large cubicle with a table in the middle, a professor sitting - the chairman of the commission! On the contrary

you sit as if on the "execution" chair. Doctors are sitting around the perimeter of the office: psychiatrists, psychologists, neurologists, and everyone is "scanning" you. The feeling is terribly unpleasant. The professor asks the same questions over and over again, once again he doesn't answer them and lets me go with God! Back at the Serbsky Institute, my mother was allowed to see a Ukrainian lawyer for the first time in six months. The meeting was through the glass for 20 minutes. And a lieutenant colonel who understood the Ukrainian language sat and listened to us. After the date, he said that my mother has a very good, clean Ukrainian language, somewhere from central Ukraine... He guessed. My mother is from Zhytomyr Oblast. Well done mom! She didn't cry then, even though we weren't allowed to hug. In general, my mother is a strong person. Simply, when she already saw me the second time in SIZO-1 and the third time in court - then I had already starved for the 60th day, had lost a lot of weight and was exhausted - mother

My heart couldn't stand it, my mother cried...

Well, and finally about the girls. In general, people are sent to the Serbsky institute in order to check whether they are "friends with the head". Therefore, the contingent was different. There were those who were friends with her, there were those who were not so... The patients ("sub-experts" for the guards) were divided into two groups: "guarded" - those who were brought from prisons, and "unguarded" - those who were sent voluntarily for various reasons. But since there is only one women's department, they were all kept together. The "unguarded" lived in a separate ward, they had their own clothes, no pajamas, and more freedom... They could call their relatives home every evening from their phones under the supervision of a nurse. They then put the phones in the safe. Therefore, through them it was possible to send a message to freedom... The system was established. And they were in this madhouse really of their own free will. For the "guards", the prison order was preserved: special uniform (pajamas), searches of the cells, searches before and after the walk with a metal detector. It is not possible to have and call from other people's phones. Prohibited items too. Even shaving machines - no one! That's why everyone was walking - both "guarded" and "unguarded", not only "simple suckers", but also overgrown like monkeys, which made us constantly nervous. But regardless of whether they were "guarded" or "unguarded", the six girls were still a bit "fucking"...

"Guards"

mainly because they sat on Art. 228 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation — "public revenue", that is, for drugs. And "unguarded" are such in themselves. But when I met such people in my life, I never considered them "fucking dark" or even strange. I simply perceived them as they are - unlike others... The main thing is that a person is not "rotten"! And stupidity did not change my attitude towards them. Despite the fact that most of them were shallow minds. This did not prevent me from communicating with them in their language and laughing together at situations and "wild jokes"!.. We called ourselves "Serbian lions" because we were overgrown with manes "in all places"... The girls wrote various poems on this topic . I did not write - I am not a poet! But we all laughed at their "distrust"! It's good that it's only 21 days! And who knows what would happen to my psyche if I stayed there longer... :) But there were also "pearls" - such as Dasha Bazhanova. The article is 228, and it is "fucking-little" in a good way, but the intellectual potential is very high, it can be seen that he is knowledgeable in many things, a well-read person. I was interested in talking with her. FREEDOM to you, Dasho Bazhanova! And as soon as possible! And return to your husband who loves you as you are! There was also a girl from Moldova, Tanya, 19 years old. She came to her mother, who works as a gas laborer in Russia. Not for the first time in Russia. She doesn't even know how to write in Russian (I wrote statements to her), and she talks like this. And when she was 17 years old, she was imprisoned and the murder was planned. Another woman from Ukraine, from Lutsk, Galya - also for murder... There is such a habit in Russia: as only "the face of the Caucasian nationality" (in one general word, although there are many nations in the Caucasus, and they are all different), or "voobsche nerusskiy " — so he is guilty of all the sins of the world!.. Such "hospitality"! There was also Karen, a lesbian, there was nothing feminine about "him", not even men's underpants, but only feminine beauty... Also on the 228th. By the way, the prison has such stripes as "blue" and "pink". If they are "caught", then they hang up the lane and put them with the same "one-lane niks"... And there were also many cheerful and cool girls!... In a word, the selection of the contingent - on the whole wide palette!

It was my first and only long-term communication with other prisoners. Knowledge about the prison and the "zone" (because they are different things)

mostly they taught me. For which I thank them! She is already prepared for life in big "houses" and in the "zone"!... God forbid!!! And no one hated me there! And he did not consider her a "banderovka", "a cynic" and a "killer of Russian journalists". Normally we got along! Thank you very much to all the girls for sharing 21 days of living in a madhouse with me! I also met one intelligent woman in Srpski — Lyudmila Temchenko. It was from her that I learned what a "stage" is, and she felt it on her skin at the age of 62. During the two years of her sentence, she visited 22 prisons throughout Russia! Despite the fact that at such an age it is forbidden even by law to stage further than 300 km from the place of the peeing, they took her all the way to Siberia! She is charged with an economic crime. Such an article is usually not sent for examination. But, apparently, the force has already "crossed the road" for someone. I learned a lot of knowledge from her. In particular, in the field of architecture! Now I keep trying to find her, but something is not working out. I believe that we will endure! And we will survive! And we will definitely meet!!! Thank you, Ludmila, for science and friendship! FREEDOM to you and see you soon! From "Serpi" I was returned to the "six" again. And from there, under hunger and fanfare, they went to the "hospital" in SIZO-1. So, SIZO-1.

Moscow. This is my last and, I hope, the last prison in my life! This is a hospital in a prison. It is also called "sailor" - "Matrosskaya tishina" This is the name of the street on which it is located. And why the street has such a name, no one knows. You will have to Google it (Vira's note - search using the Internet search engine Google). Now I understand why the prisoners "mow down", pretend and want to go to the "hospital"... This is a resort! The regime is relaxed, the conditions are improved. Here you have both attention and care. Health is also improved. Still, it's better than just being in prison. I don't know how they feed it, I haven't tasted it. Repairs have not been made everywhere yet, but they are trying. And here they rattle in the afternoon. Well, what kind of attack?! Where I will not be transferred, there will be repairs!... But let it be, then the prisoners will be better off... I have no complaints about the jailers and medical workers of SIZO-1. They behave tolerantly, politely, even sometimes benevolently. And they

for me - terrible! You don't have time to go to the toilet, and they are already running, knocking on the door: - Nadezhda Viktorovna, are you all right? - Everything is fine! What will happen to me?! — Well, it's not enough... You're not eating... Suddenly you lose consciousness... We're worried about you...

And so every 5 minutes! They won't give a shit! I am alone in the cell again. And I am the only patient in the entire special hospital block with four cells and three beds each. I am constantly guarded in the block by a woman on duty. And in order to transfer or take out somewhere, a convoy and DPNSI are gathering (Vira's note is the on-duty assistant of the chief of the investigative detention center). Chat girls are mostly very kind and protect people, only one is picky and caustic. And one is still a student. Now I went to the session. As soon as the camera sees that I'm writing something, it says: "The book will come out - you'll give it to me!..." Well, now I'll definitely give it to you... Inspection of the camera and "personal inspection" here, as everywhere, are regular, but not insolent. Handcuffs have never been worn here, but they are taken out for walks with the dog. It's good. In prison, you love dogs more than people. The camera is clean, fresh, after repair. Equipped with everything: two video cameras (there are none in the toilet) and an audio intercom. On the tiled floor. I wash it with Domestos every day. Everything is sterile, like in a hospital. Bunk beds of an improved model in a small cell, into which my bones no longer fall, on one floor. The mattress is new, polyurethane. Elastic, good for the spine. The pillow is also normal, silicone. The blanket is new, made of wool, plus I still have my own (the lawyers handed it over from SIZO-6), so I won't get cold. Bed linen and waffle towels were issued new, still with tags. And every week they exchange for the same new ones, not washed ones. I wonder how long they will feed on me? Because it is clear that this is not the case for everyone. The toilet is a toilet, not a "point" (there was also a toilet in SIZO-6). Sink-mirror (this is standard) and shower!!! This is happiness! The peculiarity of the "sailor" is the door (brake). They are very low, like in old prisons (1 m 70 cm). Tall people need to bend down. I'm just passing through. In the new ones, they are a

behind triple bars, but the view from it is as good as a prison can possibly be. First of all, the height is as high as the fourth floor! From the windows you can see a couple of trees, prison buildings of old architecture and in the distance some Moscow buildings. And there is also a very beautiful sunrise every morning, which makes two offices and glass high-rises in the distance purple. Just like the twin towers that were in New York before September 11, 2001. During the day, I hang out on the bed under the left wall so the camera can see clearly. And for the night, I move the mattress to the bed under the right wall. They allowed me to sleep where the night light does not hit my eyes. Since the lamps here are light diodes, well, they are already running! All the more so that in prisons there is daylight all day long, it doesn't matter if it's a clear day outside or overcast. And at night - nocturnal. And that's how you live with artificial light. The eyes are very sore and tired.

There is also a library here. I read But I have already been allowed to bring books here, even in Ukrainian, so I have already been served... And you can't bring books to the prison at all, you can only buy them via the Internet in prison stores. And only those allowed by censorship. For example, I asked to read Hitler's book "MeinKampf", then they looked at me as a fascist. This book is generally banned in Russia. As propaganda for fascism and the "Right Sector". Psychologists liked to work with me even in the "sailor". This is because the results of the first test showed that I have an intelligence of 10 out of 10 and a very unusual character. They rarely see this in prisons. Psychologists bring various tests, I pass the time for them... But they were allowed to communicate with me in moderation. And what's the point, they will be filled with sympathy for the Ukrainian "Nazi"! One psychologist is Senior Lieutenant Oksana with the very unusual surname Palyanychko for katsaps! Usually, three Ukrainian words are the most difficult for Russians to pronounce: gumka, girl, and girl! I checked more than once! Their speech apparatus is not adapted for these words. They pronounce them as: gumka (through "G"), "see china" and "palyanitsa"! Oksana Palyanychko! It turns out that her father is from Poltava Oblast, she spends every summer with her grandmother in Polta

carried out villages. He speaks good Ukrainian and loves Ukraine with all his heart, to the point of goosebumps! It is a pity that now they are not allowed to enter Ukraine... How nice to meet a kindred spirit in Russia, even in prison! We became very good friends with her, and I am waiting for her to visit Ukraine as soon as the war is over... But I don't care about operas here. The head of the operating department rarely comes. At the beginning, he only said that they were not very happy about such "happiness" either. But as I am with them, so they are with me... And everything else is "solved". Let's make up for now... As soon as I saw him, I immediately understood that he was an officer. Not only behind the shoulder straps, but also in the soul. He is tall, his posture is tight, athletic, and the collar of his coat is also hemmed with white lining. Well, it's nice to look! "A real major"!

And one more time, when "Kobzar" was brought to me, he asked what Shevchenko was writing about, because he had never read our poet and did not know Ukrainian. I wrote him a translation of some poems. The translation is, of course, not the same, but I tried to be close to the context. She said that even if I read them to him in Ukrainian, he would still understand, because Shevchenko writes very easily. She also translated Lesya Ukrainka's poem "I hope without hope" and also gave it to be read. Wrote the difference between the letters of the Russian and Ukrainian languages. She said that if she wanted to, she would learn to read Ukrainian. But he did not worry. Just said that I like strange poems - sad. To which I replied: "What is the fate of Ukraine and mine, such are the poems." Also, when I am taken out for "investigation" to the lawyers, I often cross paths with the same guys there, so it coincides. Apparently, lawyers also come to them at the same time. When they see me, they shout: "Glory to Ukraine!" And I say: "Glory to the heroes!" Maybe the boys are also from Ukraine? It's a pity, they don't let us talk. I still often see the mayor of the city of Yaroslavl, he is from the Russian opposition, so he was imprisoned for a bribe, and he is sitting. It's good that at least he didn't kill Nemtsov. We somehow managed to exchange a couple of words... He said: "I want to show you my respect..." and held out his hand. I also showed him my respect and also offered my hand. It's a pity that the jailers are now keeping a close watch so that we don't communicate anymore.

And finally, about walks and dogs. The promenade here is on the roof, as in most prisons. There are bars above, but not covered, so the sky is visible. A bench covered with a small visor from rain and snow. And in general, the whole yard is covered with snow, which is very pleasant. You walk, and it squeaks under your feet. She made a small snow-covered woman, the snow did not mold well, sat her next to her on the bench. She made a crown out of matches and stuck a cigarette in her hand like a torch. I stood there, didn't bother anyone... Here one day the prison guards ask me: "Girlfriend?" I say: "Yes! Statue of Liberty!" I come the next day - it's already broken and you threw it out of the yard. That's why Russians dislike everything American! The only thing that is very unpleasant about the walk is that there is a supervisor standing on a special balcony and constantly looking at you. This is because their yards have not been updated, they are not yet equipped with video surveillance cameras! You feel like you are a game in a cage at the zoo. I don't even want to go for walks. Even more lying from the supervisor: there is one who turns around and looks to the side, or walks on the balcony and looks from time to time, and there are those who stare straight ahead and do not take their eyes off! It's like they get a kick out of their dog work! And there is one, so-and-so at all! Well, such a poor mind and short-sighted! If he touches on the topic of Ukraine, at least cover it up! In other words, dogs are for now... Two dogs are brought (in general, there are more of them in the prison, but apparently not all of them are allowed to work with me :) with dog handlers. Cynologists are nice women. I think dogs would not work with unpleasant people. One young male, Jager, is two years old, still very ill-mannered - a red Belgian long-haired shepherd, but funny. The second, female, is a German shepherd, Taiga. She is also young, but she is the most well-behaved and smartest dog I have ever seen. She has never once barked at me. Can she sew with me without a muzzle and a leash, order: "Protect!", and she will not even growl at me until I go beyond the perimeter allowed to me. It is as if she is walking me on a short leash. She also has a red bauble hanging around her neck, and there is a yellow ball that s

the hostess forgets the ball, then Taiga rolls snowballs with his paws and plays with them. Amazed! A clacking dog! It's a pity, she is not allowed in the yard with me! Taiga understands and listens to the Ukrainian language... And it turns out, all because she is my compatriot, from Ukraine! But also from Zhytomyr region! Another kindred spirit! As her owner explained to me, cynologists choose their own dogs, buy them, and train them. After that, they go to the service with them. The prison, however, issues dry dog food, well, and the prison canteen feeds. Taiga still has a sister in Russia. She serves in the police. Specializes in explosives. Such are our Ukrainian women! What valuable personnel Ukraine gives to Russia! :)

Even here, I was finally allowed to get creative! :) They gave official permission (through a statement, of course) to keep glue and scissors in the camera! I bought magazines and glued collages :) On political topics... Maybe you will see them before this book. Also, the psychologists said, maybe they would bring paints - gouache, so that there would be some psychological release in solitary confinement. That would be good! :)

What I disliked in prison was getting used to the video surveillance cameras! For God's sake! It is easier to walk under the crosshairs of a sniper than to live under the constant surveillance of an unknown person. A jailer (man) once said to me: "Nadezhda Viktorovna, I understand, there is charging and all that... Well, you will pity our nerves... I come to work every day at seven in the morning, and there you are on the monitor, in your underwear..." Yes fuck you, bitch, head on the asphalt! I just have no words! This is in addition to the fact that they, creatures, took away my will! They took away all the personal space! They themselves are staring at me in the cameras they hung! Then he will embarrass me! Ah-hoo-here! But I already wear underwear, although I always do without it! But fuck me their cameras and their sick imagination in the style of XXXL. And then, as Russia knows how, fantasy documentaries will be made about me and shown on TV, how I almost walked here naked! In the camera itself! They like to taste such crap here! About whom such films have not been made! Well, and of course, about Yulia Tymoshenko! They poured so much dirt! That th

hymn and drown! And of course, videos from the prison showed her walking around the cell! I asked the person who told me this: - And you will also play my "erotic" video on all channels? Will you keep it for private viewing?

- No, what about you, we don't have such rules... - I know your rules! Watched on TV! Well, as I see that the video was sold, then when I die, it will be fine, and if I stay alive, you will answer!!!

And, as a conclusion, I will say: I have seen such Russian prisons. But so that those who have not been in prison are not deceived, and those who know more about prisons than I do, do not accuse me of lying, I will explain that such a prison is not always and not for everyone... Political prisoners are always kept in "special" conditions! On the one hand, the conditions are better, but it seems more vigilant... In prisons of the general regime, you can "break" more because of the same cops: and vodka, and drugs, and three to five pipes (telephones) in large "houses" " is. Everything is possible... If you behave "correctly" and work with the opera... But I didn't have to see all this, only heard, because in prison "we talk about things". Especially because of washrooms, walls and ventilation... I perfectly understand that so far I have had "greenhouses and conditions" in prisons... In fact, prison is a much more terrible phenomenon, it breaks and kills people!... Or makes them worse and stronger! But no one gets out of it as he was. And for me, everything can end at any moment... I am in Russia and in prison. And here you can't be sure of anything! As they say, "Don't be afraid of money and prison..." And it's better to never end up here! Even a golden cage is still a cage! The only thing I'm sure of here is that prison won't break me! If it hasn't already broken, it won't break! You can kill, but never break!!! In Ukraine, on one of the Lviv prisons there is an inscription: "Will has no price!" It was written by OUN prisoners who escaped from it... Yes! Will has no price!!! But the will is when there is nothing to lose! Therefore, death is also a way out... And don't let my words scare you. To the place, to the time and to the situation here is the choice of a strong person. FREEDOM TO ALL!!! FROM ALL THE SOUL — FREEDOM!!!

Well, since it is already clear to everyone that I am a political prisoner in Russia (even though this is absurd, because in Russia I was not engaged in any politics and in general I had never been before!), then a little about politics... At first, when I was locked up in this a prison of peoples under the name "Russian Empire", nobody needed me here. And here, as the events around me outside the prison unfolded, Russian officials began to come to me more and more often!... When I agreed to go to the elections of the People's Deputies of Ukraine with the "Batkivshchyna" party (because there were proposals and from other parties, who didn't even know me! And they didn't need me either!), everyone asked: why with Yulia Tymoshenko? I remembered how Donbas separatists most of all did not want Tymoshenko to come to power... They kept saying: "Why did you bring this Yulka back to power?!" — and signed the proposal. You didn't want to see Yulka in power?! And I didn't want you to sell me to the enemy! Now we have come to power together with Yulia! We will seek "understanding" with you!... Then she became a delegate of PACE (Parliamentary Assembly of the Council of Europe)! They came running again... So polite, flattering... "But you just don't become a bargaining chip... You understand... Such a complicated political situation..." Me?! Not to become a bargaining chip?! But you are the one who bargains for me there! Only you bargain faster, because the "goldfish" is worth something as long as it is alive (I was already starving at that time)! Bargain wisely! So that you don't sit next to a broken trough!... Your delegation will be allowed into the PACE and the vote will be returned, but I am not worth the lifting of sanctions! And don't ask! No one will do it! And I don't know what they didn't grow there, but they didn't touch it... And I was already hoping for that!... On February 16, I didn't sleep at night! I was waiting for the result of the "Minsk Agreements"!

Agreed... As the officials ran to me the second day!!! A crowd stood in the corridor! We talk to the officials without recording them on cameras, because when the ONK (Public Monitoring Committee) comes, there are two or three more jailers and they record everything on the video recorder! Well!.. And the officials can! Where are you going... - Nadezhda Viktorovna, everything will be fine with you...

- Will it!? And when will it be?! —

Well, you see... The situation is slowly being resolved...

You have to wait...

- Wait?! But I understand that I am your "insurance policy"! But how long can you wait!? My life is not eternal! (At that time, the famine had already passed in fifty days). - Well... I understand you. But you will understand... There must be a political decision from above. You see, Vladimir Vladimirovich is such a person that you don't need to pressure him!... I know him personally... He doesn't give in to this... - But you know! And I'm human! And you don't need to break me over the knee! I do not break!

— Yes, yes, of course... But everything will be fine with you... Believe me! I know people, and believe me, you have a great political future... I would like to ask you that Ukraine in the future should still look in the direction of Russia, and not only in the direction of Europe... Wow! Already "ask"?! This is how my "great political future will be."

shchee" starts right now?!

— But you know, I also don't mind Ukraine looking away Russia!... But already from Europe!..

You can go crazy! But what are they thinking?! But who am I to force or tell my people where to look? I'm still in prison, and maybe I'll die tomorrow! And Ukrainians are a free people, because in our country "slaves are not allowed into paradise"! And in general, I would like to see Ukraine as the course it initially chose: a free, independent, independent, sovereign, non-aligned, unitary state. With a competent guide and with the benefit of Ukraine between Europe and Russia. But times are changing...

And again the court... And again, what did they decide! I sit further, waiting for a "litichesky" decision! Russians wrote to me that they call me "Putin's personal hostage" in Russia! Well, it's good that at least it's not "on the bed"! :) The last time Ella Pamfilova came running was when, after the court, I filed a complaint against the convoy, whose Ukrainian language was annoying. She ran until she choked: "I haven't received your letter yet,

but they passed it on to me, I know that everything that concerns you is very urgent!..." Ah! Fuck his mother! And from the prison - they would be so quick to release! But the convoy was quickly dealt with. Thank you once again, Ella Oleksandrivna!

After the "Minsk" ones, "Doctor Lisa" with Fedotov became more frequent. Apparently not even officials... Elizaveta Hlinka's "doctor Lisa" is an independent foundation, although no one believes it. Well, of course, independent! From everything, but not from the government... Because in Russia, everything that is independent from the government dies instantly!

They came They smile sweetly. So good, good, even honey! And the glasses are so cunning, cunning, not to say mean! Somehow, they are not trusted, something is wrong... We are talking... They are talking about the children of Donbas, whom "Doctor Lisa" is saving from Ukraine... Well, what about Mother Teresa! They brought the book, in Ukrainian, "Kobzar" (probably it was taken out of Donbas when the "Russian educational kovs" were brought there by a humanitarian truck). Thank you for Kobzar! However, I have read it 15 times in my life! But in prison once again will not be superfluous! It will warm the soul! They came for the

second time... They said that they had just visited the woman in prison, a mother of many children from Smolensk, who called the Ukrainian embassy and warned that Russian tanks were advancing on Ukraine! And now she is accused of treason! I said that this is wild! In what other country, apart from Russia, can a mother of five children be choked?! And accuse him of such nonsense! They said that they were also against it, and Fedotov told a "fascinating" story... How once in Russia the crew of a Norwegian ship was put in prison, supposedly for espionage. And after Fedotov visited them in prison, a "miracle" happened - the entire crew, about 16 people, was released the very next day! They left, I watch the evening news and... oh, wonder! Damn it! The mother of many children was released the same evening! It's just a pity that "Fedotov's magic" did not work on me! I've been here three times already, and I'm still sitting!

They came for the third time on the eve of March 8 with a holiday to welcome! Well, yes, it's still a holiday for me too! When they came, then

the tulips that the consul of Ukraine brought, and they were left behind in the corridor, were immediately allowed to be carried into the cell by the prison authorities! I have them now, they are pleasing to the eye! In general, the prison authorities always accompany the officials to me and wait in the corridor until they talk to me. This time again, the book is Ukrainian literature for the 8th grade. Well, they are definitely being driven from Donbas! They are replacing textbooks, just like in Crimea!... They talked again... "Doctor Lisa" complained that it is very difficult to get a pass to Ukraine, and now the border is closed, and women will not be allowed in at all. Oh really? Finally closing! Hallelujah! It's about time! "And the children?! Children!" She told "Dr. Liza" that if necessary, she would personally appeal to the President of Ukraine to let her go. Good deeds should never be forbidden. If he really wants to help and treat, let him drive! A good deed is not a sin! But not so: there are weapons, and there are children! She also told me that there is a blockade in Donbas... I replied that I was familiar with it. I also have a blockade in Russia!... By the way, it turns out that she is the one who brings me this Nutrison and Nutridrink (medicines with which I am fed). But they are in Russia under sanctions (of Dutch production)! They are so hard to get... I thanked her for trying so hard for me (although they are still not useful to me). They laughed that they might ask Europe to lift sanctions to save Savchenko's life... She also gave me a shirt embroidered with netting. My own, because the embroidery that my mother brought from Ukraine will never reach me! Thank you for the shirt, beautiful. I also sewed a shawl skirt for myself here (did I also borrow a needle and thread for a short time), - now I will have something to go to court in! Fedotov said that they had already sent a note of request to the head of the SC of the Russian Federation, General Bastrykin, to change the measure of my detention to house arrest at the consulate of Ukraine! Well, thank you! Maybe it will help! And finally, "Fedotov's magic" will work on me. "And stop starving! You are needed alive! Not only to Ukraine, but also to Russia... You must become a bridge... Good relations between Russia and Ukraine will be restored..." Oh well! Russia needs me already! I wonder why?! To sit with

and "must"?! Give back the debts and the Crimea - relations will improve themselves! They promised to come again. Well, I'll wait... That's how I live in prison, it's more fun every day... Even though I'm howling like a wolf! And I don't know when it will all end... Escape from prison... Well, who among the prisoners hasn't thought about it? You think about her constantly, at the level of the bridge... You notice everything, constantly analyze, calculate... Is it possible to escape from prison? Nothing is impossible! You can! After thinking carefully, I came to the conclusion that it is more difficult to escape from a prison (pre-trial detention center) than from a prison for convicts and a zone... Why so? Due to various circumstances... But there are two ways to escape from the prison of the pre-trial detention center: through sales cops or to the morgue. The cops won't go for it in my case, but there is always at least one way out... I had my life and it was very sad anyway. I loved my work, I loved flying. And at one point, some incomprehensible forces took my life away from me and gave me a completely different one, with which I still don't know what to do... But already now I understand that I owe a lot to thousands, if not millions, of people from all over the world and to Ukrainians ... I still don't know if I will ever be able to thank everyone! I don't know if I have enough wisdom, intelligence and strength to justify the trust that people have shown me and the hopes that they place in me. It's hard to sit, and it's scary to go out... And what if I can't?... And will Ukrainians get another disappointment, which we are already fed up with? And if I die, hope will die too! Well, there's just no way out! Don't think that I caught "star disease" and write like a "great martyr". Not at all! I was not born with a "golden feather in my ass", and when I became a deputy, while absent, the crown did not grow on me! I understand that you won't be "good" for everyone, but I won't even try to be "good" for those who are themselves! But even if only one person in the whole world believed in me, and millions did not, and then it would be most difficult for me to betray the trust of only this person. Once in prison, I read in a book that there are two driving forces in politics — poverty and vanity. I have always lacked vanity, but I have never considered myself poor

did not think Therefore, I will probably be driven by the poverty of my family... "The good goddess of poverty" is such an old song of the Czech rebels, the Hussites of Jan Žižka. And it's really good, because poverty and sorrow force a person to turn mountains in the struggle for betterment of his life.

But I'm still sitting... I've already sat down to "Hero of Ukraine"... And what's next? International awards and prizes? And why? Isn't it clear that for a simple person, born free, the most precious thing is FREEDOM! Is it possible that this is a period of maturation? Why is prison always a forge of revolutionary leaders? Nelson Mandela, Stepan Bandera, Che Guevara, Hitler, Lenin — all sat. So how much to mature so as not to overripe? 27 years like Nelson Mandela? But I will rot! I can't stand that much! I'm not that strong! Sometimes I think that I can't last another day! But, they say, God knows better!

Once, when I was still serving in the Air Force, a guy told me: "Fight, Nadyuha, nothing is impossible for you!" Well, I will believe his words. And I will fight forever! I don't know whether my actions and my behavior were the rules or not - in battle, in captivity, during kidnapping, in prison... Maybe someone who has more experience than I can say that. And don't ask where it comes from in me — such a reaction, such a vision, such a perception... Probably, intuitively and naturally laid. Do not take my writings as a training manual. Each person is individual, and everyone is suited to their own, and situations are different...



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Famine. In fact, hunger is not difficult. And although I never went on diets, my 84 kg did not burden me at all, neither physically nor aesthetically. But not eating for a long time is not a problem for me either - my fat layer is enough :) I have never followed fasts either. For the first time in her life, she went on a hunger strike, probably at the age of 17. Just to try, how is it. Mom survived the famine of 1946-1947, which was artificially created by Stalin in Ukraine, and often told how they ate the nobility from rotten potatoes or quinoa. We also cooked, so that you know... At the age of 17, I lasted a week without food, only on water and herbs. Next was the New Year, a delicious table, and there was no point in continuing. I understood that I can! The stomach stopped hurting and asking for food already on the third day! Later, already at the army survival courses, I heard that the human body can withstand two weeks without food and a maximum of three days without water without harming itself. Heard - heard, but did not check. What else did you check yourself for? I can stay awake for five days, then I just switch off for two days. Many times in my life I had to stay awake for five days, but never more than five. I can stand 16 hours without a toilet at all. Once at the action "Ukraine without Kuchma!" in 2000 it was necessary. I was stuck in a crowd of people - there was no way to get out. And in general, a pilot must be able to do without a toilet for 6 hours. For longer flights, airplanes are equipped with lavatories. For the second time in my life, I refused to eat in the captivity of the "militias". And not because of stress or protest, but simply because it is very tasteless. And I really respect the words of Omar Khayyam: "It's better to starve than to eat something, and to be alone than to share something with someone," that's why I didn't want to eat that disgusting food. I wasn't hungry. But there were 8 more captive boys in the next room who wanted to eat. So it's good that my ration went to them. Didn't eat for a week. During this week, the "militias" treated me: two candies, one orange, one pineapple, cigarettes. Everything was going well with my boys. Noticing that I was not eating, the head of the "militias" security gave an ultimatum: as many spoons as I eat, so many spoons are mine

guys on everyone. If I eat the whole portion, they get lunch. Had to choke on dinner. But not for long, because on the same day they sold me to Russia... In Russia, I haven't eaten good food at all! Do they not know how to cook here? Not only in prisons, but also in the Euro motel in Voronezh, where I was kept when I was kidnapped, the food was simply disgusting! Don't eat though!

I went on hunger strike for the third time in SIZO-3 in Voronezh, also for 7 days. As a sign of protest, the consul of Ukraine in the Russian Federation was not allowed to see me, and my family was not informed of my whereabouts. This hunger was generally easy! To refuse food, where unpeeled potatoes and onions are thrown (this is how pigs are fed with slops in Ukraine), was even for happiness! The consul was released, and his relatives were informed. At the beginning of the hunger strike in Voronezh Prison-3, my weight was 75 kg. It has not even decreased in a week. Next, I tried the so-called "dry hunger strike", without water. I didn't announce it, just for myself — to check how long I could stand it. Once my sister used to go without drinking for two days, she said that it was very difficult, her kidneys hurt. It was just during the phasing of me from Voronezh, SIZO-3, to Moscow, SIZO-6, through the city of Yelets, SIZO-2. I lasted 4 days, it was more difficult. While it's cold and you don't move much, you don't want to drink, you simply forget about food, but somewhere on the second day, your kidneys start to ache. On the third day, they start to burn. On Thursday, the whole body and brain starts to burn. She did not continue further. Weight loss — 5 kg. For the fifth time, I started the longest hunger strike in my life, so far. And I hope that in general. I started it on December 13, 2014 - on that day I did not eat anything, only drank tea and coffee. But it was issued only on December 14. Before that, the jailers searched the entire cell, raked out all the food, and put away from me the singing girl, the only living person in eight months, who was sent to me three days before (those were three fun days!) I spend the rest of the term "winding" in alone. The jailers searched the cell with particular cynicism and derision. "And maybe you'll sneak a chocolate bar with your tea here? Hee-hee." It is allowed during fasting

drink only water. Because even tea and coffee without sugar is already food! What distrust! Obviously, they didn't know me well! In Voronezh, they didn't rake anything, I just said that I wouldn't eat, and I honestly didn't eat! And in Moscow, they even wanted to take away the salt in the sock I used to warm my ear! You will eat a lot of salt! On the fortieth day of my water hunger strike, which already made me sick (the water in the Moscow pipes is disgusting, even if it is boiled), the same jailers who were giggling at that time walked and began to ask each other: "How can she do that?" "?" It turns out that the hunger strike lasts an average of 10 days in prison, and they can't stand it any longer. It turns out that the jailers wanted to take me out of it. As I later learned, there is such a method in prisons: they start frying potatoes with lard and onions on an electric stove in the corridor. The smell should whet the appetite of a starving person, and he, unable to stand it, should break down and eat delicious fried potatoes! And I thought: why does my groin smell unroasted all day, and then they offer me fried potatoes for dinner, while for dinner they always give boiled, rotten, poorly mashed potatoes with water?! And this, it turns out, they tempted me so much! :) And I didn't realize that it was for me that they were roasting carrots! :) But I didn't even notice that I wanted to eat so much! Will is sweeter than fried potatoes!!! At home, I will eat it, as I will fry it myself!

That's right. On December 13, 2014, I started my hunger strike as a sign of protest against poor medical care in Moscow's SIZO-6. I have acute otitis, which they could not cure properly, because they did not even have an ENT doctor. And they treated chronic pain and hearing loss by 40–60%. Then, of course, they called an otolaryngologist from the Moscow Civil Hospital and treated me. Hearing was restored. But then the lying Investigative Committee of the Russian Federation and the dishonorable court kicked me out, and I, "not breaking away from production," cut down the hunger

strike to a victorious end! Now in stages and in detail about long-term hunger. As soon as you go on a hunger strike in prison, they put you on the counter. Food is scooped out of the cell, water and boiling water are allowed, vitamins can be taken. I drank Vitrum first, they make me sick,

because they irritate the stomach. Now I drink "AEvit", they are on gelatin, so they are easily tolerated during fasting. Later, they were allowed to buy unsweetened mineral water. I've been away from her for a while. On the fortieth day, tea without sugar was allowed. They found out that tea contains 2 calories/100 g, and it is not food. Now my menu is not diverse: water, mineral water, tea without sugar. So it got a little easier! Then weighing. My initial weight was 75 kg. And they weigh every day. Every day, blood pressure is measured and blood is taken from the finger for sugar. There is no living space on the fingers, and there is no blood in them either. The temperature is measured daily. You live under such close supervision and with a form in the medical card (prison) to record your parameters. A "barba haiku" (an ambulance from a mental hospital) with a team of psychiatrists was also called from the city hospital. They arrived as soon as they didn't take the rope with them, I don't know (it's a three-meter wide rope made of cloth, nowadays it's used as a straitjacket, because the latter is apparently inhumane. And the rope, damn it, is humane!). They asked me why I announced the hunger strike, whether it was a suicide method. But what kind of fool would torture himself like that?! What, there is a lack of faster methods to settle accounts with life?! I explained the reason to them, they calmed down. They see that she is not their "client".

- So you don't want to come to the hospital with us? - In a mental institution? No, thank you, I don't want to. I don't think you are better off than in prison. Let's go. They were called in vain! My body reacted as usual: on the third day, my stomach stopped and I didn't want to eat for two weeks. Quite easily, almost no weight was lost. The body reacts calmly to the smells and appearance of food, which the prison continues to offer three times a day (such an order, well, straight up sophisticated torture). Food is perceived as a picture. Every third week, you start to want to eat. The body begins to eat itself. During this week, weight is lost by 0.5–1 kg per day. Then another two weeks of calm and the weight loss stops. You can stand it! But tests to doctors show otherwise... General tests of blood from a vein and urine are taken every week, and

different things come out there: acetone, violations of the blood formula and all other scary disorders in the body. I never feel it. When there is weakness, nausea or slight dizziness, I simply change the body to a new level of existence in which it will have to continue to function. It looks like the way you write off the deviation on an airplane or helicopter: in the correction mechanism of the magnetic correction, you gradually tighten all the nuts one by one in a circle, so as not to twist one of them and turn its "head". That's how it is with combat! You have brought your body to a new stage of existence and you are living! No matter how much she starved, she never stopped smoking. As I smoked a pack, two, sometimes half a pack a day, I continue to do so. Well, my body has such a need for nicotine! I've been smoking since I was 16, and I never wanted to quit. Once, she did not smoke for a month. Withstood without any problems and stress, easily. She just refocused her attention on other things. She used to do something when she was a child, when she wasn't smoking!... That's how she remembered it. And she didn't want to eat sweets, like many people. Willpower was enough. But I don't want to quit smoking at all. There are not many pleasures in life anyway, and smoking is a favorite habit and a philosophy of its own, which brings me pleasure

Then she liked to watch cooking shows on TV. This is not masochism. It's just that they still don't show anything sensible on "Rasha-TV"! And so at least with benefit: I learned to cook a lot, learned interesting recipes from the cuisines of different peoples of the world. I imagine how I will break free, gather my friends and cook them a delicious friendly dinner! Favorite programs: "Lunch with Gemma in 15 minutes" on the "Domashnoy" channel and "Delicious" on the "360°" channel. What did you eat? During the forty-year hunger strike in SIZO-6, I ate twice: the first time in the prison promenade on a nichka (there is a prison culture and prison mutual aid, mutual aid. In the nichkas, tea, cigarettes and matches are usually left for those who do not have cigarettes. I also left it when it was available. And when it wasn't, I took it). So, I found candies on the bed, they are also sometimes left. There were six "duchess" "pacifiers". I ate one, I didn't want any more. She didn't take a spare with her either - maybe someone else needs it. The second time, cleaning in the cell and on the far shelf under the table where I am

once she kept bread to feed the sparrows, found half a handful of bread crumbs (I don't know how the jailers didn't rake out the crumbs!). I ate them! And not because I wanted to eat, but because I simply couldn't throw away the bread crumbs, and the sparrows didn't come anymore... In the same handful, one dried red egg was also dug out from the shelf (before the New Year, I bought red eggs in the prison grocery store, I thought, let's eat for the holiday with my cellmate, let's celebrate! I didn't have New Year's... And when I took the test, apparently, the egg fell out of the canapé). I threw it under my tongue and sma-ku-va-la... That's all the food for forty days.

After the fortieth day, the medicine of SIZO-6 began to worry, they did not like my tests. And I didn't like my kidnapping and illegal imprisonment! And I didn't take off because I was hungry... They did an ultrasound, for the first time. It showed stones in the left kidney, two of 1.5-2 mm each, and plaque, sediment in the gallbladder. In the kidneys, there are small things, they are washed out and come out by themselves up to 1 cm. As they said, with my "sensitivity" I won't even feel them, only the side will pull. But if there are these in the gallstone, then throw them out together with the gallstone! Trouble!.. They don't fly without organs! But there is still time. The ultrasound doctor turned out to be a cheerful, pleasant doctor, he quoted Shevchenko and Les Podervyanskyi by heart. He said that he had a Ukrainian mother, and she taught him how to love Ukraine. They began to support the body by injecting med kamentum intravenously. They injected glucose, saline solution with vitamins C, B6, B12. Made six droppers, one per day or every other day. They pumped in 0.5-1 l. The feeling is disgusting, it would be better not to sting. But I got used to it, because they wouldn't let go. I got on well with the doctors in SIZO-6, they are not that bad, it's just that the work is stressful. On the 48th day, knowing at once that I would not recover from hunger, and that they would not save me with drips, they took me to the "hospital" in the SIZO-1 in Moscow, crossed themselves and sighed with relief that such an "elite" prisoner had died. They really didn't want me to die on their property. No one likes starving prisoners - there are too many problems. And such a "particularly dangerous criminal" like me! Well, God!

What was the hardest part of the famine?... Looking into the eyes of the sparrows! They are used to me feeding them bread, cookies, and then on the grill

every morning they flew in and committed violence: "Why aren't they fed?!" And I didn't know where the children's eyes were from shame, I hid behind the bedside table, because I didn't have anything to eat myself... Then they were weaned. They flew to other bars, where they are fed... We are responsible for those who were tamed... The famine continues for the 50th day. SIZO-1. Well, it's not like a hospital, a prison is a prison. As always, my camera after repair. As always, two video cameras are looking at me in it. Triple bars on the window! Kin-Kong can be held like this! From happiness - only a shower in a cell. When you are starving, water is very important. You need to drink at least 2 liters per day. The skin is very dry and flaky. In SIZO-6, there was a shower once a week, for 15 minutes. Also in SIZO-3 in Voronezh. So I shed like a wild dog, the skin coming off in patches. Now I bathe twice a day and rub with Johnson's Baby oil, it's a little easier, although I don't itch like a flea. Doctors continue to measure parameters every day. They have already begun to inspect not only in the morning, but also in the evening, they ask everyone: - Are you urinating normally? - Of course! As much as she drank, she drank as much! - Is there a chair? - What kind of chair is here?! What the hell?! They haven't eaten anything for 50 days. - Oh, it's bad! They gave me a laxative, and then I found out what hemorrhoids are!... Oh, what's unpleasant!... I thought that the entire rectum would fall out while I was going to the toilet! It would be better not to go to the toilet for another 50 days! So at least there was some kind of "shitty" nutrition for the body, although it was not very useful. The survey continues: — Monthly walkers? - Come on, the shakers would have taken them, it would be better if they weren't there, one gloom! - Oh! What are you! There will be hormonal disorders, this is bad!

In the third month, after the seventieth day of hunger, my body did not have enough blood for the critical days... That's good, one less problem! A psychiatrist was called again. Thank God that it's no longer a "barbuhayku" with a mental brigade... The psychiatrist came from "Butyrka", which is a prison in Moscow with a mental hospital in the middle of it. SIZO-2. I didn't like him right away. I don't like those

no men, no men. In addition to being a Ukrainophobe, he is also a non-hater! He does not like beautiful women, because they never pay attention to him, and intelligent women - because they always put him in his place! For the same reasons, he didn't like me either!... The same questions - the same answers...

- Well, I don't know what it's like to be a commander!.. They will feel like they have a family behind their backs!.. (he says with a crooked sneer). But I wouldn't want you to visit me in the hospital! I don't want all these flashes of photo equipment... Attention press... - Don't be afraid, doctor, and you won't feel it! And you don't want me will receive

- You simply do not understand yourself! You don't know what you really need! At the next meeting, I will teach you to understand yourself and understand what is important to you! Well, damn it, fuck! They haven't taught the chicken the egg yet! He will teach me!..

You should sort yourself out first!.. But there was no next meeting.

On the fiftieth day of hunger, they began to prick... The pricks got serious: amino acids, ambrosol (stomach protection), gluten with vitamins. The chemistry in the blood vessels was creaking, so hard! The body is burning from the palms to the brain! The palate is burning and drying worse than thirst! The heart is beating! They poured a liter or a half at a time. Drip over time from 40 minutes to 1.5 hours. You're lying down, rubbing, you want to sleep, you can't see with your eyes! They pierced the veins in the garbage! The knots went away, the allergy started. They started putting the catheter in the arm. When the doctors approached, all the vessels and veins began to hide deep in the body, even under the bones! Also, what kind of nurse stabs... When some kind of incompetence comes along, at least hang yourself! Well, when the anesthesiologist could not inject... The most interesting thing began. It was suggested to replace intravenous maintenance of the body with oral (that is, through the mouth) — to drink jelly. Apparently not food, but drink. Kissel was not found. They gave me coffee with sugar. Two bags of MacCoff ee. I wrote a statement that I was drinking coffee. Of course!? Everything is accountable! Everything is under control! Doctors are doctors, they want to save your life and not have trouble, and the jailers keep a watchful eye so that the starving person, what good, does not stray from his hunger

"the way of the true"! Because violations will be recorded immediately and the day of hunger will not be counted! It's as if I'm eating at them here during working days! But the doctor, in addition to the coffee, smuggled me three chocolate cubes from himself... I drank the coffee legally. Three chocolate cubes in the toilet, lying down. There are no video cameras. The next day, the vessels were not allowed to prick again. They brought jelly, artificial and chemical, from the prison's dry food, 0.7 l. I wrote a consent form again. Now not only the vessels, but also the stomach remembered what chemistry is, and terrible heartburn began. Allergy began to be treated with ointments and tablets. On the third day, Nutrison protein food, one liter, was brought and immediately given to drink, already without trying to dig. The taste is disgusting, like "Almagel" diluted with water. Again, a statement that I agree to take medication orally! It's like a hunger strike, but it's already interpreted as getting out of a state of hunger... The doctors crossed their fingers that at least she started eating something, and the body recovers after a state of deep shock! The officials were happy that they wouldn't let me die here and they could judge me for eternity! And take some "good" soul and blurt out that I've already started eating and it's not a hunger strike anymore!... As if she knows what a hunger strike is! The quilters used to clap their rotten tongues that I am not starving for nothing, but fattening up my face with cookies under the blanket at night, until they saw in court how I "starved" by minus 25 kg in Russia! But they are also "cotton workers" - a weakly intellectual people... But this came from the mouth of an official of the Russian Federation! And I immediately wrote a whole bunch of new applications to refuse everything, both intravenous and oral! The body began to crumble: minus another 5 kg, acetone gained as many as four crosses (this is the maximum), the blood vessels are still feverish. I feel bad... It would be better if they didn't start doing anything with me at all! I already felt normal! I heard in one television program that Tibetan monks do not eat at all, fall into meditation, introduce themselves into the state of "satha", mummify the body and can live in this state for thousands of years. They feed on the energy of the sun and nature. They continue to grow nails and hair. Maybe it would have turned out the same for me? :) And they pumped up the body! They only made

What did you eat? What did you eat for? And how severe is hunger in prison? I have already written about the Soviet film "Emergency Emergency - Extraordinary Exit". Well, there was such an episode: a young sailor really liked to eat. A psychologist from the opponent's side (the Chinese) noticed his weakness. They put the sailor in a "lone cell" and did not feed him for two weeks. Then they covered a "glade" of delicacies in his cell, gave him paper and a pen: "Sign the renunciation of the Motherland, and we'll give you something to eat." He takes the pen, releases it from his hands and says: "So exhausted. The fingers do not hold the pen. Let me eat and I will sign everything...". He was allowed to eat. He ate to his heart's content and said: "Well, I ate to my heart's content! So now I can starve for another month! And I will not sign anything!" This is the reception! Strategy! :)

In prison, hunger is severe not in itself, as an act, but because everyone is "dripping brains"! People who support you, lawyers, relatives, friends - everyone writes, asking you not to starve... You get tired of writing back and getting answers: "Everything is fine! I'm holding on! To victory!..." Next, the doctors, and even the jailers themselves, start persuading you to eat at least once every day... They tell you about the terrible consequences of long-term hunger, up to death... And I don't know?! Didn't you study anatomy?! Don't I feel it?...

Well, you can understand the staff, they don't need problems, I already wrote. Then they begin to press for pity... Well, you understand that it is not our fault that you are sitting... And we will get it when you die... I understand! But don't poke anyone - no one is to blame! And here I am for some reason! And such "discussions" - two or three times a day. They did an ultrasound (they do it regularly). It turned out that, first of all, the kidneys want to "stop". They already have stones of 5 mm. And the gallbladder — it has flakes, two-thirds of it is clogged with them, but not stones yet... And all the organs have decreased in size. They dry up. And they kidnapped a perfectly healthy pilot from Ukraine! Only in May, the medical commission passed, at which everything was carefully checked and the diagnosis was made: "Healthy"! Allowed for flight work! You are trouble! Probably, water did not suit me in Russia, that in eight months I was so rotted and mutilated in Russian prisons!!! Thank you! The people, damn it, are "borky"!

Doctors don't like the result either. They begin to "wad up"... There is one woman here, a doctor-official... Well, she is so good, at least apply it to the wound! I already told her that she would make a good distributor in some company. "Steaming" in her is just a talent! Even when I was actively being injected from the fiftieth to the sixtieth day, and my weight was steadily decreasing and did not get better, she twice "contrabanded" me 0.7 liters of oatmeal jelly (milk) with sugar. I drank it, my stomach was happy. And purchased (factory-made) grape jelly, 0.3 l. Abomination is rare. Sickeningly sweet. Diluted with water, drank. Heartburn started... After five days, she again brought (for the second time) "contraband": jelly, or rather, already brazen, whole wheat porridge, 0.7 l. She drank some liquid. The thick one did not climb, the stomach stopped and started to hurt, so I poured it out. Purchased jelly, this time blueberry, 0.3 l. She did not drink. The stomach has not yet forgotten the cherry. Immediately poured. There was also a canapé: a piece of black bread, the size of half a palm, sausage of three types, smoked cheese and melted cheese, for sandwiches. There was more sausage and cheese than bread. I wondered if I would still be able to eat solid food. Bread, one piece of each sausage and a piece of cheese. Sensation: All teeth began to ache as if they were all hollow, and sweet, hot, or cold went into them. It is the receptors of tooth enamel that reacted to salty. Then everything pushed through easily and did not even turn back. But I didn't feel the taste, but felt what I usually feel from droppers: my palms, chest, palate, and brain began to burn. She left, lay down on the bed. She waited until she shook. I understood that the body no longer recognizes food as food, but breaks it down into amino acids. To understand this, it was worth trying to eat. Again: "contraband" food is consumed in the toilet, without video cameras, so as not to implicate anyone... Everything that is not eaten is carefully lowered into the toilet "to feed the fish". So, between the fiftieth and the sixtieth day, she ate twice. I did not like the body's reaction to food. It became interesting: can the body perceive food as food? Initial parameters: sixtieth day of starvation, weight 60 kg. Court. Feeling normal! The analyzes are not disappointing, but they are already better. They do not eat further and do not stab.

On January 15, 2015, doctors from Germany unexpectedly came to examine me! Where did they come from? Who asked? No one knows! She agreed. Inspected. Two doctors, men: a gastroenterologist and another professor. They specialize in those who have been starving for a long time. They communicated with the help of an interpreter. I liked the doctors. Behaved politely and carefully. Apparently, they liked me too. They said that I have a good sense of humor and that they would come to see me again. Well, come and see. I don't mind. They were surprised that I was starving for so long and still holding on so well. Usually people can't stand this. I said that it is thanks to the Lord God, my genetic code and my parents that I have such good health! And the chief doctor of SIZO-1 said: "Well, you have horses, thanks to what and to whom... We are taking good care of her!" And then I understood what those active droppers and all those active "preparations" were for! Obviously, they were waiting for the commission! It was necessary to show a good result! Well... I also decided to show my good result... And I started playing "cat-and-mouse". But more on that later... Despite the fact that I hold myself well, the German Li Kari said that they do not guarantee that "when it clicks" at fifty-five kilograms of weight or at fifty. They understand my motive, but they need food. I said that at our next meeting, when I will weigh fifty kilograms, I will still be as strong. They laughed and said they weren't sure. That's what they parted with... "Toys..." Having understood the slightly tricky position of Russian doctors and officials, I again "refused" everything! And I wrote a statement that I insist that if my weight is reduced to 55-50 kg, I will be examined by a comprehensive medical commission of doctors from Ukraine, Germany and other countries that show a desire. Officials ran in on the second day! I didn't have time to lose even a kilogram! On January 17 or 18, 2015, a commission of Russian "independent" civilian doctors arrived: a female gastroenterologist, a male cardiologist and a neuropathologist, and with them the nachmed himself "the entire FSIN (Federal Service of Execution of Orders) of Russia!" — to ask what I am creating! And isn't it time to stop?! It's not time!

When the Russian doctors examined me, I immediately felt the difference between this one and the German ones... They plucked, tugged, groped me like a blue chicken on a market counter - whoever wants to, touches me!

- Undress! - I will

not! Here the cameras are also written by male doctors. -

They are doctors! And cameras do not write! Undress! - I'm not

going to, I was already a "Youtube star"! Thank you! I don't want anymore! -

Well, they will turn away! A gastroenterologist turned out to be a mammologist

at the same time! Direct specialist of a wide profile! They didn't see anything

at all on the ultrasound: "Oh! Yes, she is healthy! What stones!? These are

blood vessels! Blood vessels! Well, yes, there are flakes, a little... And yes,

healthy! Healthy, but you need to eat! Fat broth! And a piece of meat is fatter!

And so two months, and everything will pass!" - Thank you! And I myself did not

know such medicines! Well, no, you fools! You won't succeed! I am writing a

statement: due to the fact that Russian doctors believe that I am healthy, I can

continue to starve - forever! That same evening, the doctors call me to their

office without cameras, they persuade me to have broth, homemade! Specially

prepared for me! No! While we are talking, we drink coffee with sugar, one bagel

and one chocolate candy with coffee. And I understood that the body identifies

sweet food because glucose was injected. But why doesn't he want salt? The

salt didn't sting... They never agreed on the broth. They are sent to the cell and

carry "contraband"... I open the package, I see:

- One tangerine. I eat The body recognizes vitamins. Glucose with vitamin C was injected. Curd mass, 100 g, and three bagels. There was no calcium in the body for a long time, and the bagels - bread cannot be thrown into the trash.

— Sandwiches: two pieces of black bread (for toast), three pieces of red fish, grayling and two pieces of mackerel. I eat all the bread. Half pieces of grayling and half mackerel - too. The teeth no longer hurt, but the feeling of amino acids is present again. I remove the skin and bones from the rest of the fish and throw it into the toilet to feed the fish. I wrap the skin and bones in toilet paper and throw it in the trash. They would go to the toilet

also passed, but it is necessary to make it so that if they are looking for, or indeed, then to be found. And if they don't need it, then don't find it. Who knows what they have in mind. In my trash cans the strappers repeatedly dug - "forbidden objects" of the Shu poop!... So that the fish in the garbage can does not smell, I water it with "Domestos", the chlorine eats out the eyes! — Coffee with sugar. I leave — One bar of chocolate, 100 g. I divide it into cubes. I put coffee and chocolate in the trash can under the garbage bag. In the morning and in the evening - one cube of chocolate, at lunch - coffee with sugar. This is so that my blood sugar does not fall during the tests and I am not taken care of... I kept my sugar at 3–3.2 at 4.4–4.7 (if the sugar is less than 3.5, they "go crazy", if it is less than 2, fall into a coma. So they say). I didn't notice it myself. Sugar is still normal. Usually, in my everyday life, my sugar was always 5.2 and my blood pressure was 110/70. So I fooled them for a week. They offer something, and I say: "What about you! I still have it! You put so much on me!..." The weight continues to fall, it is already 55 kg, the tests are revealing... We understand what I am wearing! The "pressing" has begun again! Broth or chop! Not that, not that! Well, at least a thin piece of bread with two thin pieces of dry sausage... Good! Just get off the hook! They put in with them: - A piece of black bread. Bread is holy! — Four bags of MacCoff ee. In the trash! — 5 bags of sugar. In the trash! And here, on the seventy-third day of fasting, February 23, at a weight of 55 kg, it "clicked", or rather, "creaked"!... I'm lying down. It begins to vibrate inside. The heart, hands, whole body begins to shake. I sit down And like at a disco in the "light music" night club, the light starts to flicker several times in a fraction of a second. I get up and, holding on to the wall, stagger, go to the toilet, sit on the floor. The closer I fall to the ground, the better I won't break my head... I find MacCoff ee packets in the trash and, without drinking water, I just gnaw all four and all the sugar! Let go! Yes... that's bullshit! It's still a little wounded to die! In the morning, she told the doctor what had happened. Here

a cup of homemade cranberry jelly appeared on the table in the doctor's office without video cameras. She started drinking. And a sandwich: Borodino bread with lard (Belarusian, there was no Ukrainian) and garlic! Well, they know a weak point! What real Ukrainian would refuse lard?! In the evening, back to the study - two canapés with lard and coffee with milk and sugar. I remembered how it shook yesterday and in the morning I almost passed out! The stomach became and hurt so much that it even broke the spine! And there is also a court, a video conference! I was lying on the bench, right during the court session, with my back to the court and the investigation! She told the doctor that he was crazy... He gave her a painkiller and drank it. It also carried away, made it easier. In the

evening, after the trial, it was already the seventy-fifth day, I went to the doctor's office again... It costs: - chicken broth, homemade - 1 l. - chicken legs, drumsticks - 6 pcs. Among the doctors: the chief doctor of SIZO-1, a lady-official-doctor. We discuss the court, politics and the fact that it is time to start eating. Unobtrusive blackmail begins: "You need to start drinking broth at least! And then they will say: how did she last so long?! And so everything will be legal, broth is not dry food, drink it..." Yes, of course... I listen... I draw conclusions... I drink broth, the whole liter. I eat one chicken leg (it doesn't bite anymore), we drink tea without sugar, but with 10 pieces of candy. We talked... we chatted... I analyzed, drew conclusions: first of all, is it true that after a long period of extreme hunger, one should come out of it for a long time, slowly and with light food? Because most people do not die of hunger, but when they get out of it. Falsehood! You can gorge yourself, and you won't die! It just hurts my stomach. This method may not be suitable for everyone, but my body survived. Secondly, blackmail! Scared the food ka bare ass! They will tell! But I myself have been thinking for 75 days how to tell someone about it! Maybe someone will need my experience... People who support me and worry will only say thank you that I am alive! And according to my enemies, I just sneeze! I know what I'm doing! Why am I doing this! And I do it with myself and for the sake of my will, and not to prove something to someone! Well, and thirdly, I realized that a compromise with Russia is impossible

I hope that compromises are still possible between Ukraine and Russia, but not for me! And as a conclusion, she announced to the

doctors: good! To show how I hold on for 75 days, I take, upon application, one liter of Nutrison, drink it, and that's the end of our agreements! Because the compromise should be bilateral! I agreed to start eating in Russia, but on the territory of the Consulate of Ukraine in the Russian Federation. But I did not agree to eat in prison in Russia! And she didn't agree to live here either! Therefore, no more "contraband" and feeding! On the second day in the morning, I was suffering from stomach pain from the broth I drank, the chicken leg and ten chocolate candies, and I washed it all down with the chemical Nutrison (which works better than Purgen, and even that makes it easier), and the doctors suffered and are still suffering with my categorical decision on their pressure. I have already been told that I will be a bad President of Ukraine, because I am a stubborn, categorical person and I do not compromise, although I always say that compromises are possible, that it will be difficult to work with me, and you will not love me. That's good! The best compliment! Now I always have eight pieces of sugar in my cell as a medicine, in case I want to "catch" someone's sugar again. And the doctor brings me two bottles of 200 grams each of this protein cocktail — "Nutridrin" — every day without any explanation. Let it drift! The entire composition is already in the bedside table! Once she said no, then no! And so I'm

not bad without all this. The following parameters: 80 days of starvation, weight 50 kg. That I was really cute, and that I felt during fasting... Once again, it is possible! I don't set records yet, and I hope I won't! Eighty days, ninety, a hundred — that's not much! For example, Mustafa Dzhemilev once went on a hunger strike in prison for 303 days so that his people would be allowed to return to their homeland, to the Crimea, from where Stalin once evicted the Tatars. When he passed out, he was fed through a tube, but he survived for 303 days. I have a worthy example! A man named Viktor wrote me a letter of support... He was on hunger strike at one time in protest against the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia. Now he is 75 years old, and he wrote that he would join mine as a sign of solidarity

starvation, as he said, "will shake off the old age." So, with such support from Ukrainians and good people from all over the world, can I give up?! I can stand it! Would she have survived if she hadn't eaten? Of course, I survived! I wouldn't die for sure! Not so early! It's just that the body would not be shaken, but used to constant, gradual weakening. She would look worse, weigh even less, her skin would dry out, her hair would fall out, her teeth would fall out. She would look like a "prisoner of the IF castle", the prisoners from the dungeons of the Middle Ages. She would have aged fifty years, but she would have been alive! The body is still young, healthy, it would fight for life.

What did you feel? I've already written a little about how hunger feels, and I'll summarize how my body reacted, although it's different for everyone. I began my hunger with a healthy, well-fed body. The natural fat layer gave a large reserve of time. Morally and psychologically, "to eat or not to eat" is not a problem for me! Physically, as I have already written, every third week hunger awakens in the body, and it begins to digest itself. The further, the more often, because the fatty layer melts. It's cold, you're constantly freezing. Of the physiological, serious disorders that I may have, everything goes relatively easily: hair does not fall out, only turns gray and thins, nails do not peel, teeth do not fall out (fillings hold :)). All the joints began to creak, like a broken marionette, gelatin and calcium are not enough. The skin dries, itches, peels. But it tightened normally, it doesn't leak. The pigment thickened, so it darkened and turned yellow. This is what is visually visible.

What is inside: the eyes get tired, the blood vessels in them are exhausted, but the vision does not fail, and the hearing does not. Organs: kidneys and gall bladder suffered the most from bad water and lack of food. I hope I still have time to get everything back to normal. The heart is holding, but there is a slight vascular insufficiency. So far, I can withstand the load normally - I pump my abs, squat, push up from the floor 30 times, even pull up on the bars! What surprised me: in general, I am right-handed, but when

the body weakened, the muscular system of the left side remained stronger, and the mindset became more mathematical, and always more humanitarian

was (I noticed this from the way I solve crosswords: you started digital scales, but I can't remember elementary words). Amazingly...

Neurology has not yet taken off. Sometimes he shakes, sometimes he sweats, but his head has not given up yet. I was told that one man starved for 80 days and then learned to walk again. It was not the ditch system that failed, he lay like a vegetable. Another, on the sixtieth day after the mayor, was unsuccessfully brought out of hunger. And there are many more such examples... Everyone's hunger is different. I'm still holding on! If it were not in prison, but in freedom, where there is solar energy and the energy of nature, and not concrete walls and bars, maybe I would be able, like Tibetan monks, to live forever and not eat...

Why was she eating then? But in order to live as if to fly! And how to die, then healthy! Instead of lying as a "vegetable" and having my esophagus and nasopharynx torn to the point of blood, being force-fed through a tube! No, thank you, I don't need such torture! I will break free from this three-cursed "prison of nations" called Russia! I will return home to UKRAINE! And I will probably eat my mother's homemade Ukrainian borscht with beans, with Ukrainian bread, with Ukrainian lard! With garlic and onion! For a glass of Ukrainian vodka with pepper! And nothing will happen to me!!! But all this will be FREE in UKRAINE! In the meantime, the doctor told Ryu not to come to me on March 8 with his snack without booze! We continue to fight... Glory to Ukraine!!! Glory to heroes!!!

PS And to those who will shout that they have eaten too much, I advise them to stay on my diet for the same number of days! She wrote all the truth about her hunger, in chronological order, and did not hide anything. If I eat something else, I will add it! There will be more... I am still sitting, so there is more... It will be in the form of a diary. Diaries

did not give birth! I have already lived to this!..

Even then, after drinking the broth, as soon as an ultrasound was performed, I noticed that when eating foods such as lard or chicken, the gallbladder contracted and threw out bile (because choleric tablets did not help,

even a shock dose - I collected and drank 8 pieces of "Allo Hola" at once), but the flakes still remain.

They came again. They said that the tests already show that it is time to inject or drink Nutridrink, at least two bottles a day, that is, 400 ml. I thought: is it one and a half liters of chemistry intravenously, or 200 ml orally? She said that I will drink it once every other day, or when I feel that it is getting worse (just in case, you can drink it quietly :)). They are also not face sewn! They come three times a day, bring pills: potassium for the heart, calcium for the bones. And they stand, monitor, so that she does not spit out the pills and pour out that abomination. Well, just like in kindergarten! :)

01.03.2015.

They were not released to court

without: — 0.5 liters of drunk chicken broth; — 100

g of homemade cheese and a cup of MacCoff ee; They said

that I might lose strength and not withstand the trial. And "by

Lana" was covered by:

— boiled potatoes with liver and pickled cucumber; - boiled chicken thigh; - raw smoked sausage, 150 g; — sandwich with lard; — chocolate candies and two bars of chocolate; - 2 bananas.

"Well, eat, I got up at 6 in the morning, I was preparing everything." But what do they know?! If I ate it all, I would definitely bend over! — "No, thank you, I'll get by on pills and chemistry for now..."

This is not the last press, soon the court will be again, and there will be March 8. When is the WILL?...

Oh, I almost forgot! They took with them into the cell (as a lifeline): — 150 g of honey; — 7 pieces of sugar; — 5 bags of MacCoff ee. Well, let it lie, God willing, it won't be needed! Weight from 55 to 50 kg. I became like a "princess on a pea"! It became painful to sit

and sleep on your bones. It hurts to put one foot on another - the kneecaps knock! It's terrible! I don't envy thin girls who are on diets! It's not healthy... I asked the thin girls (there are two female supervisors and two female doctors who weigh 45 and 50 kg) how they feel. They said that it is so: it is constantly cold, tired, you want to sleep, your bones hurt when you sit or lie down, pillows are stuffed. God, how do they live like this?! Shit?! The weight is flying! The

doctors are hysterical, put on pills like an old grandmother. I drink potassium for my heart, calcium for my bones, some other abomination for hormones, vitamins and minerals, but I'm alive, my head is s

03/02/2015

Yes... Nutridrink used to act as a laxative, but now vomiting has also started... Well, the body doesn't want to accept chemistry at all! They brought an enzyme tablet. So that the body retains useful substances in itself, and does not reject them. They said to drink three times a day! Well, no! I don't need such happiness! Do you want to artificially keep my weight?! Well, not on the hundredth day, but on the one hundred and twentieth, but I will have 40 kg! And it will be death!... I will not let you torture me any longer! The pills easily went down the toilet :) The ultrasound showed that my internal organs had shrunk a little. I've shrunk, and everything in me has shrunk... I'm slowly drying up... God! How the stomach hurts! I did not think that he could hurt so much!!!

Once in childhood, aunt Pasha, mother's sister, and her husband, uncle Kolya, told us: "Eat! Because the intestines will dry up to the spine!" It can be seen that they have already dried up. The spine burns from the pain in the stomach area!.. She vomited after drinking 200 ml of Nutridrink. I drank another bottle - to the same place! And so four bottles. She vomited until she vomited bile. AT! It's not so bad that it doesn't turn out well! Although the bile drove away! :) But she didn't start to torture herself anymore...

She lay down on the bed. I writhe in pain. The guards on the cells have already seen that I'm not feeling well. They ran:

— Nadezhda Viktorovna, are you feeling well? - So! All right! My stomach hurts a little, but I've already been given pills. It will soon pass... And I will die myself! I'm going to bend over!

— To you visitors, officials. - Let them come in! While talking with the officials, she took a breath, but during the conversation my stomach dropped a little...
Lord! One more such attack and I'll probably die!

03/03/2015 I

wrote all night until the morning. Something inspired! :) And after the fight, they didn't force me to sleep hard, yes, they offered me...

That's why I wrote! She tried to shake the "drink" again, she vomited! And she slowly... imperceptibly... gradually drained half a liter packet into the sink, because she was told to drink it. Yes... What to do? AT! I have a "lifeline"! - Honey! 150 g disappeared overnight!... The head cooked perfectly!

Day. Call the doctors. Ah, yes! The court is tomorrow. Of course. There will be a press! Talking about the same thing: "Start eating!"
Tables break from the "glade"! I won't even describe it, please

oh Yes, of course... It won't work! We are changing tactics...

Chicken broth, a liter, more pepper and salt! And a spoonful of sour cream! Chicken wing! With mayonnaise! I'm in shock of my own accord!!! Yes... What else is there?...

Bread? So! More bread! Two pieces! Fat? Well, how about without lard! I put a sandwich with lard on top! Sausage with cheese?! So! Let's! More mayonnaise on bread! Two pieces of cheese! A piece of sausage! I'm stomping on myself... Also a cake?! With tea?! Come in! What is there already! I've only been starving for about 80 days! And finally a banana. Control in the head!

Merciful Lord! Doctors, I understand that you want to save my life, but do you not understand what you are doing?... Well, I can't do that much! Physically I can't!

We are discussing the menu for March 8... We are joking... And I have everything a wave is already rising in the ranks...

They say that it's time for me to write a statement, that I already agree to use the broth, so that they can prepare me legally, and not smuggle it... And I, in turn, tell them about the sailor from the Soviet tanker who ate the meadowsweet, and the statement sign from spoken... We laugh... We understand each other... :)

We end our conversation by writing a statement stating that I am "positively disposed, I agree to drink broth in the event of a positive court decision for me" (which in itself is from the realm of fiction!) They are taken to the cell. My stomach breaks the "stop tap"!.. I hug the toilet bowl! I curse myself for what the world stands on!.. I think:

I would rather die!.. I crawl out of the toilet... I fall on the bed... And I understand: if it continues like this, then I will end up living in an anorexic house!... Yes... You have to think...

And for tomorrow, before going to court, they still promised to smuggle cheese (cottage cheese)! The body needs calcium in order not to break a leg in court on the stairs... But I would rather break my head!... Tired of suffering! Well! God will give a day, God will give food! Let's go... I can... Eat!.. :) And I hope that then until March 8, nothing will be stuffed into me... I never thought that I would be happy every day of simple, honest hunger, without the fatal rupture of my organism...

03/04/2015

Today is the court. I am waiting for departure. Released

here! :) Thank God, no contraband was brought either yesterday or today. Instead, they brought 1 liter of Nutrison. Worth it. I don't even look at that abomination! Can not. His stomach is still pounding somewhere in his throat after yesterday... I drink tea without sugar! In the morning, they took a blood test for biochemistry. It was necessary to take 10 cubes. They were able to extract only 2 cubes. The blood is thick as resin and does not drain. Pressure 90/60. Amazingly. And I feel normal. In the evening

they took blood from the vein again. Five cubes were squeezed out. The blood is thick and bubbling. I heard that it's bad when the blood is like that. Ischemic heart disease is not far away... This was still missing! No! As you breathe, you are healthy! In the evening, after the trial, German doctors came to examine me, again Dr. Pape and Dr. Rose. So! You guys are early! I still hold 55 kg on the 80th day of fasting, and the weight has not dropped to 50 kg. The minimum was 54 kg. Well, it's early... But where are the Ukrainian doctors?! Are they not letting me in again?.. I am writing a statement that I agree to talk with the doctors, but the examination is only together with Ukrainian doctors! I explained to the doctors that by this I do not express distrust in them, but in the current political situation, they are a ticket for Ukrainian doctors to me in Russia. Therefore, the review is only together! The doctors understood and were not offended. We had fun talking, we always joke! :) They asked me how I was feeling and what the changes were, they had enough of barking at me to write recommendations for hospitalization...

The body has "floated" a little, it is noticeable, and I feel it myself... Although I tell everyone that I feel better than I really do... The worst thing is that they noticed that there are already disorders in neurology... I myself feel it from such deviations from the norm in my coordination of movements: I am swayed from side to side when walking, sometimes thrown strongly to the side, catch myself, force myself to walk steadily; I lose my orientation in space, leaving the door, not for the first time, knowing where I need to go, I constantly confuse the direction ("topographical criticism" is developing!..), I began to lose my way... In motor skills, the following disorders: I can turn my head sharply, and the previous visual picture still remains in the eyes ("I can hear it, I'm hanging", I need a reboot!); with the hands - in general trouble! I can pick up a cup without feeling it, and immediately drop it from my hands, or I pick up a pen and try to write, but my fingers don't obey and instead of letters, scribbles come out! I concentrate my attention, make efforts and sign! The main thing is to write quickly and

do not stop, because I will "hang" again! And the tongue gets tangled... speaking...

That's it! My body is having fun with my brain! And that's just nonsense - I don't sweat! It's been a long time and completely! Even with physical and emotional stress! I myself do not believe that such a thing is possible! Am I drying?... Or, as they say, "Only the dead don't sweat"? So draw your own conclusions! :))) It was a bit lousy in the court - sick, freezing, pounding, etc just fell asleep on the bench in the waiting room!

After talking with the doctors at night, the devil pulled me to slap "Nutrizona"! Regurgitated, drank the rest! She woke up at night. I was suffering again in the toilet with stomach pains! Scared everyone in the prison, they ran in the middle of the night and asked how I was. Shouldn't you call a doctor? "No! No need! Everything is fine..." - I answered, it's too early for me to feel bad! Ukrainian doctors at the entrance...

03/05/2015

Back to the doctors! But what is it?! It's not March 8 yet! Early greetings!... Once again, the good doctor nachmed and a female official-doctor... "Polyana" is covered identically to the day before yesterday... We are talking... FSIN of the Russian Federation, based on the conclusions of German doctors, wants to urgently hospitalize me in the "Civil Hospital of the Russian Federation No. 20"! Here, nearby! This is the place where those Russian "non-hospital" doctors-butchers who examined me came from... Oh, no! I didn't like the doctors, so I won't like the hospital either! And then, I gave consent only for hospitalization in clinics of Ukraine or Europe! Because if the investigation wants to hide the traces of its crime, it will finish quietly and end up in the water!.. Figushki! I will not go to a Russian hospital! "Then eat! And write an application for receiving broth. Otherwise, it's crazy! There are still holidays ahead... No one will leave... And we won't be able to help you there..." They also warn you not to take any food from lawyers or the UNC (as if that's possible!.. Video cameras everywhere!..), because people "are mean" - they will poison them, and they will tell on the doctors. "Do you see what happened to Nemtsov?..." That's right! That's what they talked about! So Russia kidnapped me and sent me to

planted to save?! Thank you very much! And I, silly girl, thought to kill!... So, that's what they said meanly! It's like I'm completely stupid and can't tell enemies from friends! I think Analyzing. I repeat the menu from the day before yesterday, only without lard, I understand that today I will already swear to the doctors what the world stands on!..

So this is what we have: 83 days of hunger, with interruptions... With grief on in half! Weight — 55 kg. Blood is stupid! The condition is terrible!

So! Of course people will say "Thank you"! The lawyers are so scared of joy (they have been asking for it to be stopped for a long time and were against this "initiative" from the very beginning. But don't stop me!) They will cross each other! And what about me? Can I do it myself? At the last minute, nothing works... It's a pity! I still haven't reached 99 days! It was even possible to hold on, if the body was not "pumped up" (yet honest hunger was easier to bear!). But in the hospital they won't let it last... That's for sure! "Forced feeding" is guaranteed to me!

Oh, there was no! I will show that I am not a stubborn ram and I can make compromises! I will write consent for the broth (after all, you can pour it out). I decide! - Fine! I agree to drink broth on holidays, until I am examined by doctors from Ukraine! And it will be seen later... I have the right to refuse at any moment!

- Yes! Yes! Of course! You write! And write that we have the right
This information will be published on the official website of the FSIN!

Rolled! Do not give yourself a death sentence! They took with them into the cell (in addition to everything that I put in there!): - granulated cheese, 150 g; — glazed cottage cheese, 1 pc.; — cream cake, 2 pieces.; - bagel-croissant, 1 pc.; — chocolate, bar 100 g; — Nutridrink, 400 ml. They wanted to put more chicken, but I said that it was already pe-re-bir!... Everything else remained in the cell. I went to the "investigator" and to a meeting with the consul.

I congratulated you on March 8, gave me tulips! They talked. Asked how I was? She said that it was so. She told about the doctors and consent to the broth. He said that Ukrainian doctors are knocking out permits, they should be after the holidays. She said that I was waiting... While they were talking, I had a "split" (my stomach seized), so much so that it twisted!... Then it seemed to let go...

I also saw a lawyer... And went to the cell to breathe... The night was terrible... I barely survived... It cannot be expressed in words... Anyone who has not experienced such a thing will not understand... But, to be completely honest, and, of course, to "catch up with drama", I will describe what I felt... Terrible vomiting. I don't unbend.

At the next request, the legs are refused. I fall to my knees, I realize that I am beginning to be paralyzed below the knee, but above the knee and up to the mountain my legs are terribly pulled by convulsions. I can't feel my legs below my knees, my whole body is in terrible pain, everything hurts! I can feel where every organ is in my body, and what kind of pain it is: my heart is tight, my kidneys are burning, my bladder and ureter are burning and cutting; the stomach hurts with a terrible dull pain in the area of the solar plexus. I feel all the intestines in the abdominal cavity. I don't know how you can feel the intestines, but they are pulsating! Liver burns; spine along its entire length, up to the coccyx, as if from the inside, from the spinal cord is tearing; every rib, well, the only bone in the human body that does not have bone marrow, along its entire length seems to be pierced by an electric current (it is probably a network of nerve endings that encircles the ribs, reacts in this way, something like intercostal neuralgia). Even the skin hurts so much that it is impossible to touch! The muscles all over the body shrunk, and the body became as hard as steel! When I fell to my knees, my hands automatically spread to the sides and cursed like that... The only thing I didn't physically feel at that moment was my brain. He did not betray me and did not open the door. By the way, she didn't lose her sight either. He collects data, analyzes, thinks... Yes... We need to get out of this stupor! I've been sitting in it for a few minutes, or even two!... How?! The command body does not obey! So, wedge by wedge is knocked out! It is necessary to provoke the urge to vomit!.. With some excessive effort I manage to do it!... The whole body

snaps like a shutter when shot! I start breathing, heck. The body froze, it began to move, the legs became numb and numb, the temples pulsed, the brain wanted to shut down, the eyes darkened, the ears went deaf. I kneel down, shake my head, come to my senses. I'm getting up. I hold on to the sink. I stand, I don't fall...

She had two such attacks with an interval of five minutes. By the second, the brain had already begun to "shorten" - and he wanted to refuse. So, if my brain shut down in such a spasm, I wouldn't be able to breathe, I would lie in the toilet on the floor for 5-7 minutes without oxygen - and damn me! And they wouldn't see their cameras! I wouldn't be able

to stand the third such "wedge" anymore... I don't know what women there feel during childbirth, but when they talk about it, it's something similar... If it's really so, then what a fool to give birth to those children!!! She didn't fall asleep for a moment... She flushed all the contraband,

even her grandmother's clothes, down the toilet! Bread will forgive me! I just couldn't anymore... I thought I would tear the aorta... So I tore into my stomach only once more - once, when I was poisoned by alcohol and vodka... But then it was easier, much... Then I washed my stomach with "Zhyvchyk" because I had nothing else at hand was... Now I rinsed with Nutridrink, tea and mineral water... I even took small sips of "Colgate" tooth rinse for disinfection. The doctors knew from the evening that I was sick... They knew what they were feeding me... They didn't even give

potassium permanganate!!! They gave a couple of pills for the stomach and heart, which flew out with the first jet! And they said to call as soon as it gets bad. And I'm already fucking fine! You have cameras! You look at me all the time! What, you can't see how sick I am?!! If you don't have to, they come running every five minutes, knocking, you won't have time to get out of bed: "Nadezhda Viktorovna! How are you? Are you okay? And then we're worried!..." And here I spend the whole night, and even if someone comes in!!! Well, nothing! She survived!... She is to blame! Nothing to complain about! Obviously, not eating is now easier for me than eating! Congratulations, Nadia! You are anorexic! She survived, damn it, at the 33rd year of life... That's how wisely, correctly, humanely, gradually and carefully doctors bring a person out of starvation in Russian prisons!

Then I don't wonder why people die of starvation! And then the nachmed was even more offended when I told the Ukrainian doctors that there were seizures. "Oh! Straight away! She didn't fall to her knees!" It seems that he did not believe that I was honestly starving at all?! He must have thought that in SIZO-6 I was fed with contraband, just like him. And when I got pancreatitis from overeating, I couldn't even call a doctor because I was eating illegally! You are also starving! Express method! Stupid doctors!

03/06/2015 I

couldn't sleep during the day either. The day was active: visits, officials, representatives of the ONK (Public Supervisory Commission), lawyers. I try to drink a minimum amount of liquid per day to calm down my stomach... I was given the recommendations of Ukrainian doctors that you need to get out of long-term hunger with juices diluted with water and fruit and vegetable puree, but in no case fatty bullion! Yes, something fat really didn't go well for me...

Lawyers have already run to buy a juicer and children's clothes feed! But I think that on holidays it will die down, on weekends!

Russian doctors categorically disagree with Ukrainian doctors! Only fatty broth! Rather, they would have already gathered all together, for a medical consultation!!! And then they will be treated to death, to hell with it!!!

From 16 hours in time and quantity, under the close supervision of a doctor ditch, they began my "humane" withdrawal from hunger! I drank:

16.00 — 100 g of broth and tablets; 21.00

— 100 g of broth again and tablets; 22.00 — 200 ml of Nutrison and tablets. The broth was veal.

Phew! Stinking! Chicken is better! The reaction is still normal. Going to bed. God willing, I will wake up in the morning!

03/07/2015

Woke up. Today's menu: - broth - 150 ml
5 times a day;

— Nutrison — 2 times 200 ml each;

- pills - a handful; - curd mass (fat-

free) - 100 g. The state of the body is the

same as in the third week of starvation. There is a desire to eat, the body is not full, the weight does not increase, but decreases. Would you let them eat normally, or what?! :) Or they only tease!... :))) Parameters for today: weight 55 kg, blood pressure 90/55, sugar - 4.3, temperature 36°C. In the evening, they conveyed what the lawyers had conveyed, they said, they would

dispense dosed. Issued: —

apple-plum juice — 0.2 l; - puree of

apples, rose hips and cranberries - 90 g. Everything

from the series of baby food "Fruktonyanya v pomoško ma me" -

anthem by anthem. What kind of stupid parents feed such children?! As children, we ate natural food...

03/08/2015

The morning began quietly and calmly. I have an identical one painted today. All that I ate, that I listened to the radio — no taste for food, no satisfaction from life. No satiety, no particular hunger... But it doesn't get worse either. Just a normal state. And the parameters are the same: weight 55–56 kg.

The morning began quietly... And the day passed quietly... The holiday of March 8 remained unnoticed for me. It's for the better! But bul yon is full of bullshit! No, it's not dietary! It should be made from chicken or veal, not even beef. And it turns out that as soon as you agreed to officially accept it, you don't have to "sir"! No one gets up at six o'clock in the morning to specially prepare chicken broth for you, the broth is simply boiled from an old, lean cow in the prison canteen from a common boiler, where the pasta is then thrown and delivered to the prisoners for lunch. And I think why he is so smelly! Well, no! If things continue like this, I will refuse to drink it at all! This is some wrong conclusion from the hunger strike. Quarrels and disputes began again regarding my release from hunger strike. But they got it already! I'm not out of anything yet

I'm leaving! And in general, how much can my life be decided for me outside the walls of this prison?! I'm still alive! And I'm still "sitting"! This is what you should think about first of all! Everyone comes running and advises something - sometimes juices, sometimes broths! Without you, I knew how to kill myself, without you I know how to revive myself!

I will tell you this from my own experience: everyone can go out, the main thing is not to snore, because I already tried, I almost turned around. I do not advise you to conduct such experiments on your health! The body needs what it has been used to since childhood. You've been eating meat all your life, so it turns out to be broth... You've been on diets all your life, so drink your juices... The main thing is to start little by little. I am an omnivore, so the head doctor balanced my drink: 8.00 — Nutrison, 100 g + cottage cheese, 100 g; 11.00 - broth, 150 g; 12.00 - fruit puree, 90 g; 13.00 - broth, 150 g; 15.00 - juice, 200 g; 16.00 - broth, 150 g; 17.00 — juice, 200 g; 18.00 - broth, 150 g; 21.00 - Nutrison, 200 g. Plus with each meal - tablets.

So, in total, it turns out 2 liters of all sorts of drinks, and I drink tea all day. Well-being is normal, strength is not added, but neither is it taken away.

03/09/2015 I

lost weight by 1 kg overnight. At the morning examination, the doctor asks: "How much weight have you gained?" So naive... And what are they counting on? I gave up the nasty broth! I wrote a statement. They brought two extra mashed potatoes and already chicken broth, which I suspect was not even cooked! They simply took the chicken that was meant for me two days ago as "contraband" from the refrigerator, removed the fatty skin from it, threw it in water and boiled it in the microwave. The skin was removed, the fat went down into the water, two centimeters from the top

floats, and has no taste or even color! Just hot water with fat on top, and no salt at all!

She sipped the nonsense, then spat it out: -
But he is not salty!

- And you can't use salt at all. -

As?! You used to bring me that beef broth salted! - Well, I don't know...

The doctor said - it's impossible... - But what are they thinking, those doctors?! Everyone has a new method of getting me out of hunger! It won't take long to die! It is impossible to drink it without salt! Instant vomiting reflex from fat! Don't bring any more!

I gave up chicken broth... Such "chicken" (!) broth!... That's it! It is only necessary to officially agree to drink the broth, as they begin to regard it as a way out of hunger and build momentum! "It's started - eat already!!!" one nurse told me. Your status from "sick" immediately changes to the status of "ordinary prisoner", and the attitude is appropriate... And it's bullshit that the exit from long-term hunger should be slow and careful, at least two months, and then another six months of a strict diet. All this should happen with the use of exclusively high-quality products, and not from a common cauldron... But the doctors and jailers are very impatient to transfer you to a general cough and go back to SIZO-6, so as not to have trouble, and so that the investigation can continue forever! ..

That is why I wrote a statement that I would agree to a way out of hunger only in hospitals of Ukraine or Europe, but by no means in Russia!

03/10/2015 In

the morning, the Nachmeda expressed all this in a sharp manner. The doctor was offended... And immediately turned on aggression in response. There are no special ceremonies with prisoners in prison hospitals. Although they are sick, they are still considered criminals, so fuck everyone, even if they die, the main thing is not to be in their area!

The relationship with the good head doctor cooled down... He didn't greet March 8 anymore... Why?! Started eating! So eat with

of the common cauldron!... Today, however, he still brought chicken broth, a little better, but not homemade... He poured salt, three pieces of bread with bran, but told me to give him prison bread, and at least make grasshoppers out of it! It is not for nothing that the jailers make rosary bread from the bread! The stomach will immediately grow from it! He also brought me two juices and three mashed potatoes. He said to bring another egg from the prison canteen for lunch. And to switch to porridge in general! And for breakfast they also brought Nutrison and cottage cheese mass, 100 g, and butter 20 g. I mixed the butter with the cheese, took it normally. In general, I accept cheese the easiest of all that is given to me. Here's the "accelerated express method of getting rid of hunger" for you. A week of time — and you have an ulcer! But eat - therefore, healthy! And you can cure

the ulcer after serving time at home! I say that my stomach hurts all the time! And the doctor told me: "Strange." It may be strange to you! And for me, the fact remains a fact! It hurts! He said that we will see each other today... But I would rather see the Ukrainian doctors! Because I don't even know what kind of pills I'm taking, they bring me without packaging, they don't let me read the instructions... To kill - they won't kill, I understand, they don't need it right now... They're in the hospital! That's why I drink, I'm not afraid. But they can cripple! It's like chickens fattened on doping: the main thing is a quick visual result, and nobody cares what's inside. The doctor also checked all the medicines kept in my cell. Took everything in the glass (glass is a prohibited item here) :) and all the vitamins. He said he would issue one at a time to control. Well, just watch! What distrust! And the fact that it had already been lying in my cell for a whole month before that, then nothing?! Such is the prison relationship between the prisoners and the prison

with cheekbones - shaky and fragile, like the "Minsk armistice" in Ukraine!..

Well, how they mock! At each reception of the broth, the doctor personally comes and brings scales. She drank the broth - and the bucket is weighed! Do they think that she drank 100 g and immediately gained a kilogram?! My indicators continue to fall! This morning: blood pressure 90/40 (never before!), weight - 54 kg, sugar - 3.8, temperature - 35.8°.

And they still wonder why I don't sweat! But I'm almost dead! Only the eyes are glowing!... She measured the parameters of the figure: height 171 cm, chest girth - 88 cm, waist - 70 cm, hip girth - 88 cm. Well, she has not reached the model yet! The waist is not yet 60! Not all guts have dried up yet! I climbed onto the tank to look at myself in the mirror (because it hangs high) — horror! The appearance is already beginning to rub off on the prisoners of Auschwitz . The figure took on the outline of a skin-covered skeleton. There is still a little meat left on the chest and buttocks... This annoying pressure every time I use the broth makes me is starting to get annoying.

- Did you have a chair? And what kind of chair? Formed? - But any - ordinary! I do not consider it! - Well, which one? Soft? What color? - I don't know, I didn't touch him! Maybe try it on your tongue too?! He swims in the toilet, go see! Since childhood, I don't like dealing with doctors! In the afternoon, two boiled eggs were added to the menu, at the latest at 9:00 p.m. At 11.30 p.m., it returned - again an attack of dull pain in the stomach and cutting pain - along the ribs and spine. My chest is tight, I can't breathe. Vomit. Relief... Told to call a doctor. She could already call the doctor, because she was officially eating. The doctor on duty said that according to the symptoms, it was pancreatitis. They did an ultrasound at 24.00 (UZDist also showed up on the spot) — that's right, acute pancreatitis! Well, it's not scary, it will pass! The main thing is that it is not chronic. The doctor said that after a long period of starvation, when the hunger is over, this is normal, because the pancreas does not want to start - it is used to philonitis. It would be strange if it didn't happen. This would mean that I wasn't starving, but I was eating... Well, it's necessary! I also have evidence of the hunger strike! And the evidence of the hunger strike, and the evidence of my innocence! How many more docs do they need?! Maybe evidence of my death?! They did an ultrasound, injected an antispasmodic, gave a pill. I slept until morning.

03/11/2015

Morning . I want to get out of bed. The right kidney has taken hold, it pulls and hurts as soon as I move. But what is it?! What am I?

falling to pieces?! And why the right one?... The left one had stones! Is it already on the right? The doctors from Ukraine have not been seen yet... Do they not want to go themselves?... Or is Russia not letting them in?... But if it continues like this, then I will wait until the end of the week, and then refuse to eat until I see the Ukrainian doctors! My hunger strike in prisons has already become a "monetary union" and a subject of bargaining... And I will tell you - it does work!.. While it works...

Today they brought bread from the dining room. I'm surprised - it's delicious. SIZO-1 has its own bakery. Bread made from flour of the third grade, whole wheat flour with bran. But not sloppy, not tight and edible. Maybe they also cook quite well here? But I don't want to taste it. I tried... For dinner, they gave me some potatoes from the prison cauldron to try - how can I tolerate it... Everything is clear... They cook here no better than in other prisons. They don't know how to clean onions either! No! It's not worth starting to eat again! After all, Omar Khayyam was right a thousand times: "It is better to starve than to catch something..."

I found out what the matter is, why doctors from Ukraine are not coming. Russia does not allow! I thought so! It is obvious that they are waiting for my health to be dragged down to "show off"! The application has already been submitted since Monday, May 16, the massacre — again on hunger! If they are not let in by then - the second part of the "Marleson Ballet". Tea with milk for dinner and go to bed (milk was added to the tea). I hope it will be calm until the morning... They haven't let you sleep yet. At 10 p.m., another ultrasound was performed to monitor the dynamics of pancreatitis. As if normal. They said that I can still be a pilot, if the organs are patched up a little... I'll patch up! In Ukraine! She slept more or less calmly until morning.

03/12/2015 I

tried semolina porridge for breakfast. Well, how can you cook yesterday's potatoes and today's porridge for the same taste?! And I will explain how: add bromine and wash the tank badly!!! No! It's not worth it to start eating! If that's the case, translate the bait!!!

I am trying to withdraw from all chemistry. I want to check whether the body can still assimilate the natural product on its own. Today, the weight is 56 kg. Well, here! I gained 1 kg in a week. And she dropped it

a kilogram a day! I will have to return my legal 75 kg for a long time... Today, thank God! And then there are three or four supervisors standing, looking at you, so no piece will stick in your throat! And if you push it in, it quickly returns! :) A psychiatrist came. I was called again from "Butyrka" especially for me. This time it's a nice woman, not that Ukrainophobe and misogynist !:) We talked. She said that people like me are called "clients", not patients, because I have no pathologies :) When she comes next time, we will glue a collage. Well, finally at least some creativity in prison!

They gave me 13 books in the Ukrainian language from the consulate of Ukraine in the Russian Federation. Good books. Thank you. I will read it and give it to the fund of the prison library. Maybe there will be Ukrainians sitting here, so at least they will have something to read in their native language. That's right! Russia sends us "Russian textbooks" to Crimea and Donbas, and we send Ukrainian literature to prisons! :) Exchange "all to all" :)

No, I'm already laughing myself! :) Honest word! Maybe I should no longer write about the fact that food in Russia is not tasty, otherwise I will be accused of prejudice... :) But I still don't understand how milk (they gave me milk in the evening) from "TetraPak" can smell unwashed a cow?! Maybe this means that it is more natural? But, maybe, also about the fact that the cow's udder must be washed before milking! Well, what kind of country is this "unwashed Russia"?! It will be necessary to come somehow, of your own free will, to visit - to see... Because from prison you see her somehow through a "crooked mirror"...

But I liked milk in Ukraine and Belarus!...

03/13/2015 I

got a little sick. This is the second time during the famine. Runny nose, watery eyes, sometimes it freezes, then it starts to heat up, the feeling of fever, but on the thermometer it is 36°ÿ (maybe after 35.5°ÿ it is already a temperature for me?) Just an elementary cold, it dragged on a bit, opened the window for the whole day.

I fight the disease, both the first time and now, just with the strength of my mind: I order myself not to get sick! This is not the time to do everything

Are you going to blow your snot! A cold passes within a day. This morning, after a week of eating and having gained one kilogram of weight (56 kg stable), I felt strange changes in my body: I feel light, full of strength, as if I was not starving at all! The body somehow fills up from the inside, muscles, organs, bones and all the filling of the body in the skin becomes stronger. The vessels on my hands disintegrated, filled with blood and again became clearly visible on my hands, as in those days when I was a donor! My hair didn't fall out much anyway, but during the hunger strike it became thin and bald, and now it's gone like a young dense forest on my head. Now I fully understood the depth of the phrase when they say: "The girl has blossomed like a flower." Alive! I live! I'm pouring juice! This is good!.. Soon the enemies will drink all the blood again, so that they will be poisoned by it!

They begin to force the way out of hunger, introduce new products, and increase portions. The lawyers bought a new batch of animal feed, already vegetable, with rabbit and turkey meat in a glass container (there is, however, 19 g of meat per 100 g of vegetables - and you won't feel it). I'm pouring, I'm handing over the container. And then I will make "roses" out of glass! I write a statement for each new introduced product, everything is under control! - It's time for porridge, we need porridge! - Where, doctor?! I can't eat it all in a day! For dinner, they tried "fish souffle". Soufflé means tender, and the bones are not ground! She mixed the fish paste and cutlet with butter, pushed it into her with difficulty. The stomach even groaned, processing it! The nurse joyfully told the doctor: "We have already gained 2 kg!" (it showed 57 kg on the scales). The doctor told her: "It seems so to you!" The doctor is right. These 2 kg is to go to the toilet once!

03/14/2015

Oatmeal porridge was brought for the morning. It's already better than the semolina was, you can see, the tank was washed... The rest of the menu is unchanged. And for dessert - oh, happiness - an apple! A fresh, normal apple! And not chewed and spit out in the form of baby puree! She ate the apple "with a bang"!

By the way, Russian and Polish baby food is disgusting! Only Belarusian was pleased! The taste buds identified real carrots, not starch! And the juice in it was separated from the pulp. Well, everything is as it should be! Belarusians - well done! We have always been able to maintain quality in food product production technologies! — Nadezhda Viktorovna, doctors from Ukraine have come to see you! Write a statement that you don't mind if they examine you!

- Oh! At last! Of course, I don't mind. I am writing Why weren't they warned?! I have already "trampled", what will the doctors see there?! The examination must be done on an empty stomach! Well, what is the difference in the reception of foreign delegations!... And how "great Russia" still "trembles" in front of "unwashed Europe"! When the German doctors arrived, the jailers looked like a parade on Red Square! The convoy stood at every turn in the corridor! Everything is valid, noble. At our conversation with the doctors, only the chief himself was present with the "surveillance" (video recorder). When the examination was carried out, only two doctors from Russia remained - a nachmed and an official doctor, and two German doctors with a female translator. No cameras and jailers! Everyone is out! The second time, however, everything was not so casual - without a formal uniform, but everything was just the same! When Russian doctors came to see me, it was as if Med was not even present... Obviously, he knows the value of his specialists - professors who say to kidney stones: "Those vessels, vessels! And yes, healthy!" The Ukrainian delegation was received in a very specific way!.. The uniform is not formal, the convoy is not standing, but still the chief leads them from the beginning. of the operating room... There were a lot of people in the examination room!... Well, doctors: three from Russia, a nachmed, an official doctor and an ultrasound technician (the Germans themselves did the ultrasound, they apparently did not trust our "expensive domestic apparatus") and three from Ukraine - a gastroenterologist, not an urologist (women) and an intensivist (man) — that's understandable! And why is there also an official human rights defender (Pamfilova's assistant, who often comes with her, is so flattering, e

disgusting!), some guy from the obscure special services of Russia (red-headed like that, always comes at the most interesting moments, stands in the distance, smiles and is silent) and what else is "one"?! But the jailers also came in full force, standing with "guards"! As if it were not enough that the red-haired classified special agent is already under "watch"?! Well, a house full of people!... So that, in case, something "extra" with Ukrainians was not said to each other... We greeted each other. The Ukrainian doctors

immediately asked me to speak in Russian, because they came without an interpreter, and so as not to wait for him, because it is time, and so that you do not create too many problems... But his mother is shaking! And you can't talk to your countrymen in your native language! It would be better to take that translator with you... During the conversation and interview, everyone in the office stood out! During the inspection, I told them to have a conscience, and all the cameras and extra men left, the inspection after all! What is not what, but a medicinal secret in the end! The jailers were put outside the door, but the right-wing defender and the red-haired "sexy" didn't even think about leaving! That's how they rubbed against us when the doctors examined me, listened to every word, especially those spoken in Ukrainian! The red-haired "sexy" took off the guard and put it in his pocket, but he did not rule out writing all the conversations!... That's the fucking KGBists!!! She asked our doctors whether Vera had come with them. They said that she was there yesterday and had already flown to Ukraine. Why didn't they give her permission to meet me?... What the hell is going on?! Out of this tur my cursed! As soon as we started to talk to our compatriots about politics, we were immediately interrupted: "That's it, that's it! Are there any more questions about medicine?". What a bastard!!!

German doctors both times were in disposable gowns over the top of their clothes. Russians - in their whites. Ours are in civilian clothes... Weren't they offered robes?... The manner of the inspection is also a sample of the "Soviet school" - hot, chaotic. And why is everything precise and clear with the Germans?... After all, I want to go to Europe...

The Ukrainian doctors still showed abnormalities in my body, but they said that it is better now - it's good that I stopped starving, because I was already on limits... They said that I have here

an experienced doctor is a warden of SIZO-1, and that I should obey him, but that my recovery from starvation is very "slurred", because it takes as many days to recover from hunger as I was starving before, and very gradually. I was prescribed more finely divided food, tablets to drink, because the body does not produce enough of its own enzymes. And in no case do not start starving again!!! Because the "ricochet" of suspension and continuation of hunger is much more terrible than starvation itself, and quickly leads to fatal consequences. She asked whether it is now possible to wash the kidneys from stones with diuretic herbs. They said - no way! Everything is washed and expelled only from a healthy body, and mine is not healthy yet! For now, let them be there... It's a shame... But I wanted to die healthy... I asked how long the bile would continue to spread. They said that there should be no sediment, it's another month. It's been a long time... I don't have a month... So that's how it will be. Yes... Our doctors did not please me... They did not understand my principles and did not support my position. I told them that I waited a long time for recommendations, heard and made a decision: I will keep my word and continue my hunger strike due to the lawlessness and abuse of me in Russia until the day I return to Ukraine, or until the last day of my life in Russia!..

The doctors shouted at me! -

No way! From your current state
this is an instant, very fast fatal outcome!

- Well, death is death! So, these bitches will still bring me back to Ukraine! Even if on my birthday, I will give it as a gift, in a coffin, tied with a ribbon with a bow! But they will return! And I will be free!!! Because I'm not Russian! I was born Ukrainian! And our slaves are not allowed to go to Heaven! I noticed that all those present, both

Russians and Ukrainians, were moved by my words. She bent it! :) But this can also happen... I tell them that a free bird does not live in a cage, and I must somehow fight!... And they tell me: "You need to smoke less! You still want to fly! You must be healthy!" And you! What a fitting piece of advice at the moment! But maybe I only fly because I smoke!!!

I'm talking about the fact that they don't fly in prison! There is nowhere for me to flap my wings !... And they me:

- In no case do not starve! Your lawyers will come up with something... You have become a symbol of Ukraine and we need you alive! - And I need will! And I will keep my word so as not to become another disappointment for Ukrainians! Of which we are already so tired!

So they didn't hear each other, as, unfortunately, it often happens with us... We said goodbye. They hugged like family... She conveyed her heartfelt congratulations to the Ukrainians, and that she remains faithful to her position. And we were divorced... "Your lawyers will come up with something..."?! - Oh! Oh-oh-oh! My affairs are bad, if everyone in Ukraine thinks like this!.. Because you need to know Russia from the inside to understand that the lawyers here will not come up with anything! Everything they could, they had already thought of! It is impossible to legally protect a person in a country where the law works for the criminal government! This is Ro-si-ya!!! In short, everything is clear!.. Nothing comforting...

03/15/2015

Today would be the 93rd day of my hunger strike... And today is the 10th day of my official withdrawal from the hunger strike. They eat calmly and continue their diet, I do not use pills, I throw them away. She even took half a bowl of prison pea soup from the common cauldron. Pea soups are usually good in institutions such as kindergartens, camps, schools, the army and prisons, you can't cook peas in a pot like that at home :) Autoclave boilers are used here, so they boil well. The soup is also okay...

I was not attacked by hot flashes, as often happens to girls after diets. The doctors said it was fine. I didn't particularly want to eat, and I don't want to... I don't have an appetite in the four walls... I liked to eat when I was free, but in prison I can't get anything down my throat... I don't go for walks. I've had enough... Yes, in the cell I imagine that I'm not in prison at all, but at home I'm just not walking out of my apartment... I'm doing something, reading, writing... And when I see jailers and prison corridors, I immediately remember where I am...

The weight today showed 58 kg. Eh! Unfortunately, I won't make it to 60! That way there would be a bigger reserve for a jerk!.. But nothing, and it will work like that!.. And the initial parameters are not very good... I put half a liter of milk with a crust of black bread on the battery so that it sours. I will drink tomorrow in the morning and in the evening so that I can take a good shit and not turn the shit in myself into a brick for another 50 days! :) Although I may not last 50 days... Well, somehow I'm living another "groundhog day" in Russian prisons...

The next day, a new round of the spiral... I'm making a jump start with a "rico shet"!... I'll check for myself what else it is :). Perhaps, if I still can, I will share my experience with you. Applications to refuse food for the same reasons have been written - they are already lying around, waiting for tomorrow... I stocked up on water, cigarettes and tea without sugar... :)



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Íàäiÿ

She said "A" - say "B" too!

People often write to me in their letters that although I don't know them, they already know me well. Therefore, I will write you a little about myself, and you will see if you really know
eat me

I will write briefly that I remember what my mother used to say, well, you're welcome ok, I'll decorate a little!:))

The strong name

Nadiya Mama told that once, while still at school, she read a story about a girl who was a partisan. She was dressed in an embroidered shirt, a black sundress, and her hair was tied with red ribbons, on which the villagers had written messages to the partisans. The girl went to the forest to collect mushrooms and berries and thus passed on information to the partisans. She was a very brave and courageous girl, and her name was Nadiya Sarana. My mother's family was poor. War, famine, collectivization, dissolution. Mom was born in 1938 and was the eighth child in the family. As a child, she didn't have an embroidered shirt or a sarafanchik, but she really wanted to... And then, while reading, she thought: "If I have a daughter, I will name her Nadia." My mother's maiden name was Sarana. When I was born, at that time my mother had not yet had time to change her passport, and in the maternity hospital I was registered as Nadiya Sarana, then in the birth certificate I changed my father's surname to Nadiya Savchenko.

So it turned out to be the realization of my mother's dream! As a child, I already had an embroidered jacket, a sarafan, and red ribbons... And I was brave and bold, too, to please my mother! :) When the sister was born, her name was Vera. Love didn't work out :), but sisterly love is always between us! My mother gave birth to me at the age of 43, and my sister at the age of 45. My father was 51 years old. Both have their first children and their first marriage. They are children of the war (mother was born in 1938, and father was born in 1929), so they lived in poverty, raised countries, built communism, and had no time to start a family!

I started walking and talking at eight months. Well, the first words and the first steps, resisting. At one year and two months, I already learned the first four-line poems. Such as:

Oh snow-white snow
Winter has poured.

A hare came to hide — there is no
Yalinonka...

Mother is a fashion designer-technologist of the garment industry, father is an engineer of agricultural machinery. Mom only had to repeat something to me twice. I always had a good memory, and it was easy for me to learn and remember everything at school. It's already later, as they say: "As I dress, I get dumber and dumber!" :) As a child, I was very serious, everyone was interested in me, everyone called me "old".

When my sister Vera was born, I was very happy. Once we were walking, I was carrying Vera in a stroller, and someone was training a dog, a shepherd, and gave the command "Fetch!" The dog jumped over the stroller. My sister was still young and did not understand what had happened, and I was very scared. I still don't remember this, I was two years old. Mom told. From that time, I began to be afraid of frogs, mice, snakes, the dark, scary movies, being alone at home. But since my sister and I were practically inseparable, all the fears somehow crept away. And Vera was not afraid of anything. She could catch rats, frogs and snakes with her hands. I was only afraid of spiders. He still doesn't like them.

Even the dragonfly pumped eggs out of me. When the egg was broken into a can of water, the silhouette of a dog emerged from the yolk. But it didn't help much... At the age of eight, when we were on summer vacation in the village, I had a dream that I was going to school along the usual road, and the whole ground was covered with snakes. I scream, but I understand that I have to get to school, and I step among these swarming vipers. reached I woke up in the morning and went to pick up snakes and frogs with my hands and realized that I was no longer afraid of anything! Then I could cross the forest at night myself and I perceive all horror films as comedy. Even as a child, I cried all my tears, because I was very sympathetic. The puppy was strangled by the chicken. The father stuffed the puppy. I cried all day, because it's a pity for both. I saw an old grandmother begging

alms - tears rolled down like hail and it was impossible to comfort me. I was sorry for everything and everyone. I cried until I was about fifteen years old. At that time, she was taking care of our uncle Kolya, the husband of my mother's sister, aunt Pasha. They had no children of their own, and they raised Vera and me. And loved very much. We spent every summer with them in the village of Kornyn, Zhytomyr region.

Uncle Koli had a wounded leg from World War II, in which he was a tank driver. She did not heal. He suffered a lot, but he did not let it be cut off. Before death, a person always becomes more irritable. I loved Uncle Kolya very much. He was the only person who accepted me as I am without trying to change. I took care of him before his death, but I got a little tired of his constant irritability and decided to go home to Kyiv for one day. When I entered the apartment, my mother said that she had been called and told that Uncle Kolya had died, and before his death he called me... He was buried on July 7, on Ivan Kupala Day, and I cried so much that I thought I

would fall into the grave with him . I couldn't forgive myself for not holding out until the end... After that I realized that a person cries only when he feels sorry for himself! And the tears dried up. All that remained was a cry of pain... I already remember myself well from the age of four. I remember that it was the most carefree and happiest time. Everyone loves you, you are not limited in your freedom and you are not forced to do anything :)

Uncle Kolya drove us with my sister through the forest on a sled and showed us where and which animal had left its tracks. We went to collect mushrooms, berries, herbs and learned to understand them. They looked for bird nests in the grass. They strained birch sap and uprooted stumps in the forest to kindle the couch. They went to the river to wash rugs on pebbles. It was a happy, carefree childhood! In general, we were never limited in our freedom. We could climb mud and trees, and when we fell or got scratched, we didn't whine. From the age of six, we could walk until twelve o'clock in the morning, and no one forced us to sleep, the main thing was that we were in the yard. They called us to eat, but we didn't force them - we get hungry, we come ourselves. And from the age of 13-14, I could already go with the boys to steal horses at the collective farm at night (they rode and let them go) and return home

at three in the morning, no one scolded me for it. The main thing is to get up in the morning :) But our parents raised us in such a way that they trusted us, but did not limit our freedom! We were also never forbidden to drink alcohol. Father, having dinner after work, could allocate beer. Back then, beer was brewed from malt, and not from chemistry, as it is now, so it was useful. I liked to taste Obolon "Velvet" very much, probably from the age of four or five. At the age of six, I invited my friends to my birthday - women in their 30s and 40s :). Then I worked at a nursery, in forestry. Aunt Pasha took a couple of rows of young pine and oak, they had to be thinned, and then sugar was given for the work at the sugar factory. I liked the canvas tree there! Well, and friends, accordingly, there were - a team of women who worked at the kennel :) At the table, the guests drank vodka, and we, the children, played in the house. I ran to the table and asked: "Mom, what are you drinking?" - Vodka. - What is it? - Let you try? my mother asked and poured some vodka into the bottom of a 30-gram glass. I drank it and said: "Phew! It's not good!", but then during the evening she came running several times and told them to pour more :) Finally, at midnight, when I was already a little "intoxicated" and the guests began to sing cheerful table songs, I came and dispersed everyone, said that I want to sleep: "And anyway, whose birthday is here, mine or yours?!"

At all family holidays, when relatives gathered around the table, our parents never said "don't pour them, because they are still children." We were poured a little wine or whatever we wanted. I usually took vodka. Vera drank wine. My body was quite resistant to alcohol :) I drank the boys hard. And I got drunk, well, in order to get "into the trash", the first time I was 17 years old. Then the father still said: "Yes, Nadya, you can't drink, you're terrible when you're drunk!" And he didn't say anything else to me on this topic. Mother read the notes a little longer...

I knew that I would smoke since I was four years old. Uncle Kolya chopped firewood, and then sat down for a smoke break. He was spinning a spinner made of tuna that he grew himself, lighting it up, and I was running around and inhaling smoke. I liked the smell of tobacco so much that I said: "When I grow up, I will smoke!" At the age of 16, after receiving

a passport, we went to a friend's house, her mother sold cigarettes. I decided that I had already grown up, we each took a cigarette, "Magna Silver", smoked, coughed... And I immediately said that I like it, and I will smoke! And this despite the fact that neither father, nor mother, nor sister smoked and do not smoke. I did not hide from my parents, but defended my choice and my decision! I read a little morals and got used to it. I was drowning at the age of four. I remember this well! Vera and I didn't share the bed and I ended up in the river... :) But I didn't start to be afraid of water. I remember how a frog swam above me, I was still afraid of them and started screaming under the water. She swallowed water, but I was in time

pulled out

At the age of six, my father taught me to ride an Orlyonok bicycle. There used to be bicycles like that :) I fell, my dad immediately put me back on, and I rode again. I learned quickly. And at the age of six, on the Black Sea, I learned to swim. I swim still very good.

Even in childhood, we constantly fought with boys for territory and toys. I have never been in love. Once, when I was six years old, for my birthday, a guy gave me a bouquet of lupines and told me that he loved me, so I beat him with that bouquet... It's good that there were lupins, not roses! :)

Around the age of eight, I realized that I had grown up... Dad always teased us, threw his hands over our heads and caught us. We loved these flights very much :) One day dad came back from work, and we, as usual, ran up to meet him. Dad threw Vera up, and it was already difficult for him to pick me up - I was always a battered, well-fed child :) And then dad said: "Oh! You've already grown up, Nadya!" And then I realized with sadness that my childhood flights were over...

When my father died on March 5, at the age of 75, I was 23. I just told him that I wanted to join the army, and he replied that the uniform would suit me. At that time, I was still studying journalism and took care of my father in the hospital at night, and my mother during the day. She sat and wrote the owl at his feet. At five o'clock in the morning, he died suddenly - a blood clot broke off, he had a brain hemorrhage, he had hypertension. I only managed to take his hand. In the morning, my mother came to change. I told her that my father had died and that I had to defend my coursework today, and my mother told me to go and defend it, she would arrange everything for now. I defended myself perfectly. And did not cry. Vera and I did not cry at all at dad's funeral, which outraged many people ! And there is nothing to be surprised about! Death is an inevitable fact! And you just have to accept it as an axiom.

I remember how we cried when dad escorted us to a train to some children's camp. They cried bitterly, because it was still possible to change something there, it was possible not to part... But with death, nothing can be changed. That's why there's nothing to cry about! Aunt Pasha, my mother's sister, also died with us. We her only quietly the door to the room caused. And they didn't cry either.

We are late children, so it happened that we had more funerals than weddings in our childhood. We know all burial traditions! After the holidays, classmates tell us how they walked at weddings, and we tell them about funerals :)

I also remember my grandmother. My mother's mother, Khim's grandmother, died at the age of 92 when I was two or three years old. And my father, this Natalya, was 86 years old when I went to the first grade. There was a woman of her own! She worked as a laborer in a collective farm. Grandfathers all died during the war. Therefore, even in the morgue, I reacted calmly to the autopsy.

I used to walk on your own initiative, for experience.

From childhood, our parents taught us to be independent and to work hard. We always had enough gardens and "farms". And in my mother's homeland, Zhytomyr Region, there was a garden of 8 acres, and in my father's, in the village of Byshiv, Kyiv region, there were as many as 60 acres, so there was nowhere to grow!

My mother told me that when I was two years old, she went with me to the forest to pick strawberries. I was too lazy to collect it in a cup, and just ate it. And then my mother said: "Get it together, Nadichka, because I don't need a lazy girl, I need a working girl." I thought and said: "Yes? Well, fine, then I'll be a working docent", but I never started collecting, but just kept eating :) But we certainly didn't grow up lazy!

When I was four years old, when I went to my neighbor's house for milk and wanted to drink a couple, they gave me a small cup and said: "Drink it yourself!" The neighbor's cow was soft and milked for a fifth small milk, which rarely happens. So I learned to milk a cow at the age of four and wanted to become a milkmaid. But by the time I grew up, all the farms and collective farms had already collapsed, so I joined the army :) And at the age of four, I wanted to be a ballerina. In front of the TV, she stood on tiptoe and repeated the dances of all the peoples of the USSR when the concerts were shown. But when my mother tried to take me to the ballet school at the age of five, I even got pumped in the tram! This is the end of my ballet! In general, as a child, I was constantly shaking (nausea, vomiting) in transport, then I outgrew it. At the age of five, they already gave me a small shoe and showed me where to put my shoes on the onion beds. And then the potatoes went - weed, you planted, you dug, and we didn't get out of the gardens anymore...

And they harnessed the harrows with their sister, and dragged the field after their father sowed wheat. And they followed the plow later. And they chopped firewood and stoked the stove - they knew how to do it all! And still haven't forgotten...

I remember how my sister and I made cardboard houses out of boxes for our dolls. They turned out beautiful, real works of children's art. But one day my mother decided that we were already too big to play with dolls and threw away our houses. We cried a lot, quarreled with my mother and stubbornly made new ones. We were not yet ready to grow up, our mother hurried. So, don't be in a hurry to take away children's childhood. At the age of six, my father taught me to rivet (hit) a scythe with a hammer against a headstock. I had a musical ear and a steady hand, so my neighbors brought me braids. They even trusted the royal "three crown" (a scythe made of especially good thin and ringing steel)!

At the age of seven, when she started to reach the handle of the scythe, she was already mowing the yard. Then they threw hay with their sister and already understood that you only need to show once that you know how to do something, and they won't be mad at you anymore! :) But there was nowhere to look! The parents have only two of us helpers, there are no boys, and the parents are already old. Therefore, it is necessary to help. I loved and love to learn everything new and never regretted it! You can't carry experience on your shoulders!... My mother taught me to sew, embroider, and knit from the age of six, and my aunt Pasha taught me to crochet. We somehow learned to cook by ourselves... We kneaded dough for pies, yeast dough, with my mother for three years, and then somehow everything else came. Once upon a time, the first graders stayed at home with Vera and wanted to cook buckwheat porridge, but they didn't know how. Then I dialed the first fictional number (from a landline, there were no mobile phones and the Internet with "Google" at that time) and asked how to cook buckwheat. A male voice, 25 years old, told me in detail. I thanked her, and Vera and I ate our fill of delicious porridge! :)

At the age of nine, when my mother and Vera were returning from the sanatorium, and I missed them so much, and I was waiting for them so much, and I wanted to do something nice so much, that I baked two chickens stuffed with rice and blackberries. I just remembered how my mother used to do it. It turned out delicious.

She cooked her first Ukrainian red borscht with beans at the age of 12, without her mother's supervision. In general, I like to cook when my mother is not watching, because she always annoys me with her advice! :) And when they told me in praise that if a girl learned how to cook borscht, then she can get married, I lost the desire to cook! And I didn't like cooking for a long time. But later inspiration came again... :) It was never a problem for me to cut up a chicken, goose, duck. Uncle Kol taught him how to kill rabbits, skin them and skin them, and then skin them. He possessed such a rare ancient profession, forgotten nowadays, as furrier. And he taught me. We used him to hide and knead rabbit and calf skins. Pigs were slaughtered with my father. It was only a pity to kill the calf. She couldn't look him in the eyes... But in general, they got him used to everything without pity or unnecessary sentiments!

"That's how they live in the village!

And what did you think?! It is grown for that purpose, to be eaten later!" —
that's what my mother always said.

Plastering and painting the house was also always our job. I'm not talking about how to wash, clean or wash dishes! In a word, I know how to do all men's and all women's work: both with a hammer and a planer, and macrame weaving, and carpet weaving... And when I was 19 years old, Vera and I were taught by a friend to sculpt clay pots. She is a ceramist, and her father is also a sculptor. And already in Iraq, I learned to cook with electric welding. But there is much to learn and learn in life...

We were taught well, and we were flayed like "sidor goats", and grazed with corn, and with a broom, and we stood on our knees on buckwheat! But I don't regret it! As they say: "For one beaten, two unbeaten are given and they do not want to take!" We were not crippled either morally or physically, and we grew up to be healthy, good people, not moral freaks! But Vera she once asked me:

- Do you remember what we were beaten
- for? - No, I don't remember, I just remember what happened.
- Then why was it done? Which of these is science? Maybe she is right, but in my opinion, it hardens the character,

"not thanks to, but in spite of everything"...

We were never spoiled. Mother used to cook quinoa and rotten potatoes for us, so that we would know the taste of what people ate during the famine, and these we used what we have.

When asked to buy something, my mother did not answer, as is fashionable now: "My mother doesn't have the money for this," but directly said: "You don't need it!" And she clearly explained why. And it immediately became clear that not everything you want, you really need. But we were not deprived of anything. We ate plenty of candies, gingerbread, and ice cream, and we had everything we needed. Such a concept as "pocket money" does not exist in our family. Money was given only on birthdays and was taken right away to buy something worthwhile, not all kinds of frills, so when we had to buy chewing gum with cotton candy, which we did not need, it was explained very well to us, however, very already

I wanted to... :) Then I "stole" pennies from my father from his coat pocket - he never counted them. Such a bad girl!... But in the future, she could steal some food, when there was no money and there was nothing to eat, neither for me nor for those for whom I am responsible. As Scarlett O'Hara said: "I will never starve again! I will lie, steal, kill! But I will do everything so that neither I nor my loved ones will ever know hunger again!" But she only took money from her parents without permission.

My sister and I are 1 year and 8 months apart, almost the same age. That's why we always grew up together. And our parents brought us up very friendly. One by one - a mountain! And parents were always protected. When we were told: "Oh, your mother is so old, like a grandmother!", we answered: "Our parents are old and wise, and yours are young and stupid!"

In kindergarten, we often sat and drew something, and we have both been good at drawing since childhood. And if the boys got it, then while Vera draws, I give them fistfuls! They also defended our friend if she was insulted because she stuttered, and she made us laugh with a rubber bunny for that. And in general, we could always find entertainment for ourselves - make each other laugh, cheer each other up. They staged some skits (mini-theatrical productions), painted scenery, sang, danced. In a ravine in the village, they were climbing on garbage cans like two stray cats! We always had many friends. And we were never bored. I called my sister Homs (that is, a hamster), because she looked like a groundhog with cheeks, and she called me Minka (that is, a cow), because I loved cows, and she herself was well fed, like a cow! :)

But we often fought and quarreled! And not a day passed without fights! :) But it's good! It developed us physically! Vera always kicked and bit a lot, so I got a lot... But I didn't stay in debt either! :) I can't even remember at what age my sister and I stopped fighting. Probably from the age of thirteen, if not later. And we were also taught to share. One candy - therefore, in half! And before shoving something in your pocket, be sure to ask if anyone else wants it!

Once someone treated us with an orange. We were alone at home and since we knew that our parents always refuse when we offer them something, we decided not to wait for them and ate the orange ourselves. When

mother saw peels in the trash can, she asked: "What, there was an orange, and you didn't leave it for us? Did you eat everything yourself?" We said that you always don't want to... And then my mother started crying... I will never forget how heavy and ashamed I felt from these mother's tears. She told how once when she was a child, when there was hunger and cold, her mother's godmother treated her to two Greeks with half a bowl, and our mother ran across the whole village to share with her mother, because she was also hungry and wanted to eat... And herself did not eat them. And we have everything, but we didn't even share it with our parents... I will never forget that mother's science! Now I'd better take off my last shirt, give away my last cigarette, but I'll never pass someone who's in need more than I am! I still remember one science... We were once with Vera in a children's camp and there we met a brother and sister from a European family. Once they were talking, and the sister asked (she was older):

- And if your mother gives you two slices of watermelon, one large and malt ka, and the second is small and sour. Which one will you eat first?

- Well, a small and sour one, and then a big and sweet zaka satiated! I answered.

— And I'll eat a big and sweet one first, so that if my mother says so to share with my brother, to give him a small and sour one. I had a shock! This was science! My sister and I have no idea could come, what can be such "sisterly" love!..

It's good that our parents raised us the way we are! And thanks to them, I now have the best sister in the world! I didn't like going to school. In general, as a free soul, I do not like all regimes that limit human freedom! (and how did I only serve in the army for 10 years?! I am surprised myself). And now I'm still in prison! You can go crazy! :) But I had to go to school, and I did. In our family, there is no such thing as "slashing", complaining that your stomach hurts because you didn't learn your lesson, and mom will write a note not to go to school. We have been taught to be responsible for our actions since childhood! Did not learn the lessons - go and get your well-deserved two! And if you bring a deuce in the diary, then you will receive as it should be! That's why she never skipped classes, well, maybe

that the whole class I studied well, but not excellent. She was capable, but also lazy. We got a lot of punishment from our parents for not wanting to learn lessons, but it didn't make us want to learn... :)

She made friends equally with the whole class. I would hang out with boys more, but I would also make friends. I got along with all the girls. I wrote off students with honors, let me write off second-year students...

There were, of course, one or two more close friends. She always argued with teachers when she felt injustice and defended her point of view, for which she was often kicked out or called out to the director

She often argued with the math teacher. She was our class teacher. She was very demanding, fair and studied well, but often lost her temper and shouted so that we all hid under the desks. Everyone was very afraid of her. And I'm sick of being afraid...

I still didn't really like those teachers who took bribes, then it just started to become "fashionable". So I told them the truth in their eyes!... Why didn't they pat me on the head either... I finished 11th grade (10 years of study) in 1998 and

sighed with relief! There are four triples in the certificate: chemistry (although the teacher was gold, but I "didn't kick in the teeth" of chemistry), physics (the teacher was "neither fish nor meat", that's why I didn't study physics, although I was very interested in science itself), English (I did not like the appearance of the cold English lady, nor the language itself) and Ukrainian (the teacher was a briber, although she taught well, but I still write by mistake :)) The rest are all on "4" and "5".

Then the search for themselves began... There are people who find themselves quickly, or their parents push them somewhere for money or money, and there are those who search for a way to themselves for a long time... I have the second

option. I didn't know who I wanted to study. Some advised: enter the theater, you have such a talent (she sang in the choir at school and sometimes performed on stage), others said: go study fashion design, you sew and draw so beautifully. I tried to enroll both there and there, I didn't pass either there or there, because I didn't want to. So I spent the summer, and without my knowledge at home, my mother submitted my documents to the sewing school. Three years lost. In the end, I somehow learned to be a designer, fashion designer-designer

women's outerwear. No more needed! I sew only at will and only for myself and loved ones. Then some jobs began, earning money, always looking

for some new job... I worked anywhere and everywhere: from a waitress to a porter, including "phone sex". I never sat in one place for a long time. If I looked out the window at work and realized that I wanted to be there more than here, then I would get up and leave without even taking my paycheck! Then she enrolled in absentia as a philologist-journalist at the University "Ukraine" and worked in parallel somewhere there as a clerk at the Kyiv City Hall, but she graduated for only one year and joined the army. All this time, I didn't care... Sometime around the age of 18, I went hitchhiking. As a child, we were often taken to the sea, but she had never seen the mountains. I wanted to see the Carpathians. She went to the track, "stopped" the truck and drove there and back in five days. The first meeting with the Carpathians was at four in the morning. The pass was covered in fog, and it was an unforgettable experience! I just walked, roamed the mountains and meadows and felt that life is beautiful!!!

I love water very much! I like to swim. Starting from April and ending in October is my bathing season. Well, in the winter in Polonsk - at least a couple of times! In the hot summer, every day, when she returned home from another job, she bathed in the Dnieper in her clothes! By the time you get to Troeshchyna in suffocating traffic, you are already dry. Also, everyone hugs you, because you are cool... Phew!

She often swam back and forth across the Dnipro and always wanted to jump off the Moscow Bridge. Some say its height is 40, some say it is 25 meters, but it is more likely 25. I have heard many stories about how people, jumping from it, were killed or disabled, but we were walking with Vera and an acquaintance along the Moscow Bridge, and I thought: and how long can you want something and not do it?! She took off her sandals, gave them to her sister and jumped off the bridge into the water! Vera was not surprised, she knew that if something had already entered my mind, sooner or later I would do it, she just looked at what I came up with. But my friend didn't understand me :), he barely started stuttering and didn't talk to me even six months later :)

They say that if something happens once, it may never happen again to repeat, and if twice - then there will definitely be a third time.

Therefore, I will jump again! It's worth it, believe me! :) Back in my student years, when Vera was studying to be an architect, and I was not sure who... :), we played in the student amateur theater "Svarga". And believe me, we had quite good performances! Fun time! An interesting team!... New acquaintances... But everyone has grown up... I always dressed unusually. Sometimes, after the performance, she could go straight home in a theatrical costume. I didn't care that people were staring at me. For some reason, they have been squinting at me strangely all my life... :) But I was pleased if my appearance lifted their spirits... :) In general, I had a very boring and varied life, rich in events!... And it still is! :) Adventures, historical festivals, travels, concerts, Maidans, revolutions...

In a word, everything that corresponded to the time, place and values of my generation of Ukrainians! I learned to "play" in life and grasped all the science that was available to me on the fly. Since childhood I was very independent. When someone tried to help me do something, I always answered: "I'm on my own!" That's how it is - all by herself! And I rarely ask anyone for help! Sometimes I'll throw something on myself! How to teach! It's hard, even if you cry. But I will clench my teeth, I will cry, I will moan, but I will pull! And I still remember that joke about the crow: swans fly in warm countries, and the crow asks himself with them: - Where are you going, crow! You'll die, you won't make it! And what wings we have! A span of two meters! And you have scraps!

- That's nothing! - says the crow - I myself am strong! I myself am brave! I will come! So they flew. Halfway, they sat down on the island to rest. Crow

she fell to the ground, heaving, coughing and

saying: "I'm so strong, I'm so brave, but I'm such a bitch!" :)

That's why I sometimes think like this: I'm so strong! I am so brave! But I am like that fucked up! But that's fine for me! :)

One of my fellow students, signing a poster for me, wrote: "For the one who, being in the very ass, will be happy about this!" Thank you, Bender! Subtly noticed!..

My friend Maksym Melnychenko gave me the dream of flying. This is what happens when a friend gives a dream... With him and his brother Lyafa (Alyosha), we rode motorcycles in the village. And once in a conversation, he told me that he would like to be a pilot, but there is a very strict medical board, six fillings in his teeth are no longer allowed. At that time I was thinking: height and speed... This is a plane! And I loved heights very much, I made "bridges" on the edge of a sixteen-story building, jumped from bridges and even rode slowly on a motorcycle - that's not riding!... And I realized that I wanted to fly! I was 17 years old then. But in the post-Soviet space, "girls are not accepted as cosmonauts", and I didn't know how to make it happen... But the main thing is that there is a goal! Thank you, Maxim, for the gift of a dream!

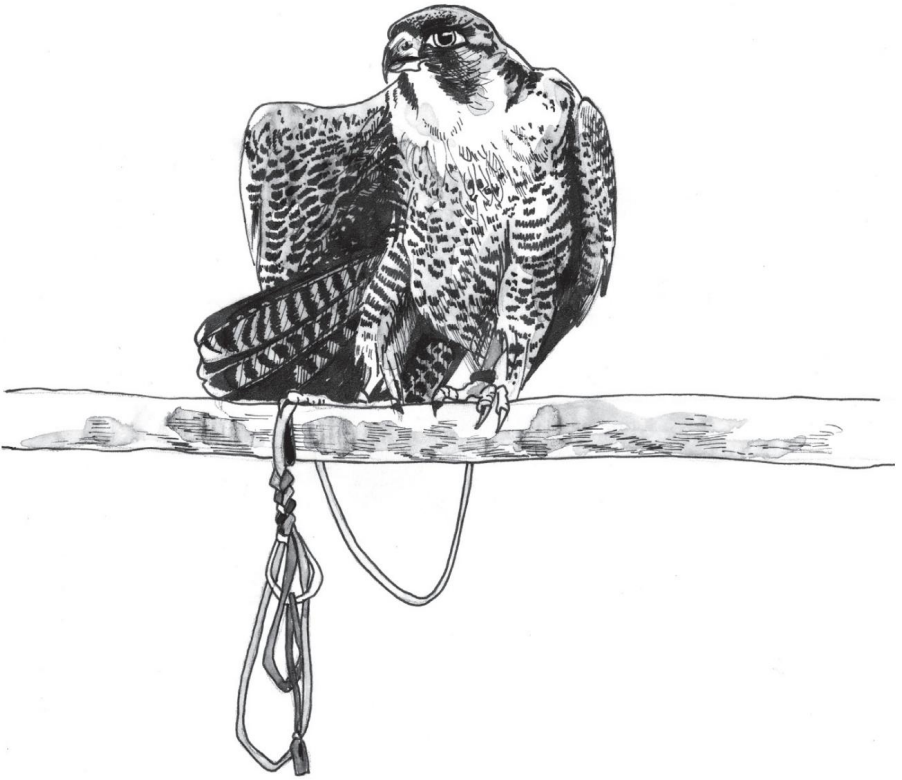
At the age of 19, a friend dedicated a song by the group "Aria" to me "Dreams". I sat on the windowsill, smoked and listened to her words:

You are tired of being submissive,
You are tired of being a slave.
Live in illusory hope, Anyone will
respond to a gesture.

Drumming on the windows
Rain as if alive You are lonely
again, Open, open, open.

Life goes somewhere behind the wall,
And you are trapped in emptiness, Oh,
what a pity, but it's all the fault of
Dreams, dreams, dreams.

And I realized that it is enough to dream! Time to act! Thank you, Tanyuho (Khavchyk), for an effective kick in the ass!.. :)



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From the age of 19, I began storming Kharkiv University Air Force! And my long and difficult road to heaven began...

The first time in the admissions committee, "uncles in big epaulettes" answered me: "Girl, you have a single problem: you are a girl." To which I said: "Do you have to think behind the wheel with your head or what's between your legs?!" "Ah, you're still a bum!", the uncles were offended... I didn't have a blat, and I didn't have any "tractors" and "tractors" either. And none of his relatives served in the army. And mom or dad didn't lead me by the hand, as, I saw, they led the boys. Training to become a civil aviation pilot in Kirovohrad or Kremenchuk cost a lot of money. They were not there either. Therefore, there was only one and only flight higher education institution in Ukraine on the state basis of training - HUPS (Kharkiv University of the Air Force). The next two years in a row that I came, they didn't even let me in. Girls are not recruited to the flight faculty, and there are no female pilots in Ukraine. The answer has always been this. It was only later that I found out that there were about ten women in flying positions in the military aviation, and that at different times they were in combat, but they were still allowed when there were stubborn people like me!

And at that time I did not know all this, and there was no one to ask, because there were no familiar military personnel. In the fourth year, in front of the gates with a trident, I said: "But in the end! Are you in an educational institution or some kind of prison?! Can I even enter?!" — and got a meeting with the rector. To my question why I can't be a pilot because I'm a girl, the major general answered: "Why can't you? You can." And he said to his subordinates: "Tell her how it is done." It turned out that girls are not recruited immediately after school, like boys, because there is no women's barracks, and they cannot be sent to the men's barracks. Therefore, the girl must be called up for service under a contract, and already from the place of service submit documents for admission to the military higher education institution. Then the salary is saved, and the girl can rent an apartment for herself, so as not to apply for housing from the Higher Education Institution. And, of course,

you have to pass exams and pass a health commission and professional selection. The Medical Commission is quite serious.

Well, there are simply no words for the idiotic order in our moronic army! And why didn't any bitch explain this to me in the first year?! I would have served a long time ago, and not be beaten for nothing! And because when will this "scoop" mentality, in which men consider themselves the "peppers of life" and a woman's place is in the kitchen, finally come to civilization?!. And they don't like to mess with women in aviation, because pilot training is very expensive for the state. And put money in a woman, and she, stupid, will take it and get married! Three times on maternity leave and a major — not a pension!... And all this time, her workload is scattered on other pilots. That's why they don't like women in the army... There is, of course, some truth in this... But it all depends on the person! I know women aviators who have done admirably at both tasks, and I know many men who couldn't do half of what the women did in the service! They say: a woman in the army is from the family of a dinosaur or a last attempt to get married! :) Women in the army are divided into three categories: 1) "Mazani" - daughters, relatives, wives or mistresses of "great"

bosses! These always "mow", and they get away with everything.

2) Ordinary women who were forced into the army by necessity. More often they are single mothers, or simply because of their place of residence it is difficult to find another job, and in the army there is stability and at least some kind of social package. These women, in addition to bribing the commander in order to get a place, also carry all the burden for themselves and for the "greased" whores. And don't whine! And they cope with their work no worse than men! 3) Girls who came to serve their people and protect them, as they had sworn. There are very few of them! Units! And few of them do not "burn out" over time...

Men in the army do not like the first category of women, but they cannot do anything with her, because each of them is "someone's". That is why they stick their tongues in their mouths and only gossip behind their backs! And men know how to do this better than women!

They simply hate the third category, because they can't stand when a woman is stronger than them.

And the second category is simply not considered as people and they drive on them as on draft mares.

This is how the symbiosis of men and women in the Armed Forces of Ukraine happens! It's a pity that we are still very far from the standards of the

US Army!... They have erased the line between the sexes in the service! And the army acts as a single mechanism! That's what you should strive for! So, I went to the Military Commissariat to enlist for military service under a contract! They immediately requested a certificate from a psychiatrist: are you healthy? Because they don't ask to join the army themselves - they mow from it!.. :) Brought it. healthy They took it... Well, where should I send the mallet to serve?... Of course, closer to home!... On the tram - five stops to go... Railway troops, management, a communications center, a telephone operator! The standard for starting service in the army for a woman!

I served there for five months. During my service, I didn't even see a sapper blade, let alone a machine gun! But she learned to understand epaulettes and studied the families of soldiers! :) And I also learned the switchboard (the telephone switchboard is such a military one, my call sign was "Nichka-41", and I learned to "cross twist" from one intelligent ensign (also a woman, by the way) (this is the connection of telephone lines). Although five months have not passed in vain! :)

Back in the ZD troops, I "distinguished myself" by digging a 4x4 and 2-meter-deep hole for a frame for digging, for drunkenness. I was arrested for drunkenness in the army quite often... :) We drank that time with the officers, who then sent me to dig a hole... :) From which I concluded that if you are a private, then there is nothing to do with officers plump! Because they won't get anything for it, and you will remain guilty. I dug the hole at night, while on duty, and out of anger, I was so eager that I almost cut the 10,000-volt cable, confusing it with the roots of a tree. As always, they know how to choose the right place in the army... Dovboyoby! They asked me to get out of the pit, and I said: "Here is the one who brought me here for my glory, let him come and ask! Then I'll get out!" The major came

I asked and begged... She got out. He was then buried. Another month was chosen... I don't really remember anything else from that period of service... When I called for service, I immediately warned the command that I intended to become a pilot. And later, when she realized that parachutes and airborne troops were closer to the sky, she wrote a report for transfer to the Air Force. They just laughed at me... And then there was one case...

The military unit received printouts of telephone numbers and conversations from the city's PBX, telephone bills paid by the state. And there they discovered strange numbers of "services for servants"... And since when I was asked by the commanders at the interview whether I had ever worked with a telephone, I answered that yes: with phones, faxes and a multi-channel line in the "sex by phone" service (after seeing their round eyes, I realized that it is better not to say this in the army:)), then they knew who to turn to with that printout. A little about work in the "phone sex" service. I worked there for a short time, I just finished my internship, and then I did not pass the age registration, because it was allowed from the age of 23 (according to psychological standards), and I was 21 years old. The head of the hall said: "Girl, you'll think that all men are bastards..." "But I already know that! I just need money!" I said. But they still didn't take it. They paid well there at that time, \$100, but the system of fines was also large. And in general, the work is quite psychologically stressful, and the word "sex" is the only word for sex in that work! And not busty blondes work there, but women aged from 36 to 70-year-old grandmothers. So that you are not deceived by attractive pictures in advertising :). But it was fun to work :), and really interesting! So, they brought me this printout and asked me if I could figure out which phone calls the army pays for? I was always smart and figured everything out quickly. I called girls at my old job, the same "erotic service" :), I asked for a psychological portrait of the client, I looked at the time of the calls,

found a line connection by phone number at the crossroads and already in the evening gave them a violator who was "maliciously" abusing the army's phone call limit! :) He turned out to be the watchman Vasya from the macaroni workshop, which was located on the territory of the military unit. In the army, such a scumbag is practiced as renting out "state" land to all kinds of companies! That's money laundering! Vasya was such a nobody... He was not kicked out of his job, but the army phone at the warehouse was disconnected. There was also a conscript soldier (then she was still in Ukraine) who called a fortune teller to tell fortunes on a girl. I did not pass it. She simply explained to him that "phone fortune-telling" is the same deception as "phone sex"! Didn't call again.

But in addition to these calls, I found a lot of interesting things in the printout... For example, calls from the general telephone to relatives in Canada and Japan, for which the state pays, etc., etc. When I showed it to the commanders, they told me: "That's it! Enough! You've done your job, and you don't need to poke your nose where you don't belong!" I began to resent such a criminal injustice, and then I was asked: "Where did you want to be transferred to?... To the Air Force? Go take a relationship!" Attitude brought me, and in a week I was transferred from one kind of army to another, from garrison to garrison! This is unprecedented speed! :) Transfers take six months to a year! That's how they wanted to breathe! :) And in parting, the chief of staff said: "Tell that chief of staff that I owe him a bottle of cognac for taking you away!" That's right! And I still don't understand what it is about me that I'm such a pain in the ass for everyone and all the superiors want to get away from me so much! :) Probably because

I don't keep quiet and don't obey?! This led to my real service in the army... In each new military unit, my zeal, desire and persistence to serve are perceived by the commanders with the words: "I wish I had a company like Nadyuh! I would replace the battalion!!!!", and end with the cries and pleas of the same commanders: "Take her away!!! It is not predictable! Uncontrolled! Fuck!" And then glory ran ahead of me! And each commander or chief of staff promised more and more wages to the new commander who would agree to take me!

From the Air Force, they already put a box of cognac for me! From KhUPS, they gave me a tank of alcohol as a "dowry" to make me gasp! Well, the Brodiv Aviation Regiment was lucky - Muscovites stole me from them! :)

There are so many legends about me both in the army and outside it that I sometimes hear and even laugh myself. So, I will dispel myths! :) I will try to tell you briefly and in chronological order how it really was! I came to Zhytomyr to join the 13th Separate Aeromobile Battalion of the Airborne Forces. I was assigned the position of "senior ATGM operator (anti-tank guided missile)" from the Military Commissariat. This position was marked with an "asterisk" in the job list, that is, a "female position" for which women were allowed! How I was always deceived by this idiocy in the army! Don't give it to you! It's as if a person should be selected for a job based on his sexual organ, and not based on his abilities and skills!!! But fuck him! Star, yes star! The main thing is not to the communication node again! Kombat, of course, did not want to take me. Well, of course! In addition to women who "do not belong" in the Air Force, so does "fifa" from Kyiv! She came like this: in a coat with lush llama fur (she sewed it herself from her mother's old coat, bought llama fur secondhand and sewed it on. The coat turned out well! The color of a tea rose! :) On heels, with a manicure, long hair, in It's fluffy... Well, where does such a person go to the landing party?! The combatant looked at me and said: "That's right, girl! 15 kilometers to the landfill! 15 kilograms of RD (paratrooper's backpack)! Knee-deep snow! If you don't stay behind my fighters, I'll take you!" I just said: "Okay! Where to change clothes?" He looked at me askance and gave me the attitude just like that, with the hope that my "crap" will pass and I won't come, and I'll forget to think about the Airborne Forces! I arrived in a week in full gear, ready to serve the Ukrainian people with faith and truth!!! :)

And they began to suffer with me, and I began to survive with them! They say that in all branches of the military, you will be treated as a human at first, until you prove that you are a piece of shit. And in the Air Force, you will be a chump until you prove that you are a man! I am very grateful to fate that I passed such a tough school of survival as the Airborne Forces! This is me for many reas

taught and made unbreakable!!! Although maybe I was like that? :) Because otherwise I wouldn't have survived there either...

The combatant and the chief of staff put me first in the formation unit, but not in the combat company! For which I was very angry! But orders are not discussed in the army! The combatant said that he will be transferred to the combat company when order is restored in the formation!

I went in and gasped... The roof is leaking, the whitewash fell on the floor, there are puddles, all the papers are spread out in piles around the perimeter of the cabin ...

Horror! Staying in the study, on the first night I scraped the ceiling, washed the floor,

and spread the papers. In the morning, she showed the result of the restoration and said that she was ready to serve in a combat company! The combatant laughed and replied that the order should not be like that! I understood that there can be no order in the papers in the military units a priori! But there is nothing to do: it started working. They put me in there as a TVO (temporarily performing the duties) of the commander of the military unit. Which was very strange, because with the epaulettes

of a private, I had a private, a senior soldier and a senior lieutenant under my command! But no one wanted to take responsibility for the mess and chaos in the documentation... In some time I was already able to "build" the formation! Bring some sort of order there! But they still didn't let me into the mouth, because they liked how

everything started to work... I

quickly understood why they were sent to the training camp... No sexual harassment... Are they in the army? But at every step!!! But, as they say, "if the bitch doesn't want to, the dog won't jump!" Therefore, everything depends on you! At that time, the chief of staff in the 13th battalion was a rare moral freak! It's still working, you jerk! He let all the new girls through the training camp and through himself... He crippled the lives of many... But he quickly broke his teeth about me! On the very first night, I "didn't give" to him and mocked him kindly! :) And he began to berate me... "You fool! You are an idiot! You are a monkey! You are stupid!!!" - I heard this all the time! Somehow Wednesday is "rubber day", we pass standards for wearing a gas mask. You have to put it on in 7 seconds. With long hair

this is problematic to do. The hair is pulled out, the gas mask does not fit! "Idiot! Stupid!!!" On weekends, I go home to Kyiv, visit my friend, she is my hairdresser: "Havchik, cut!" - "As?" — "Short, under 0.3!" Tanyuha was stunned, but she cut her hair. The following Wednesday, I flew into a gas mask in 4 seconds! And who is stupid here?! :) That's how I got rid of my long wavy curls! And I don't regret it! Because I realized that short hair is more comfortable in the army! Shortly after I gave myself an "extravagant haircut", a biker friend of mine drove by. I met Yeshka even before the army in Sudak, at the "Genoese Helmet" festival. When she asked why his name was "Yeshka", he answered: "My mother called me that." Well, I called him that, then I always called him that. Having known him for almost ten years, I found out that his name is Maxim Bugel :). I was surprised! :) Yeshka from Lviv is still a very good friend of mine, now he is fighting in the anti-terrorist zone, he was a reserve officer, and now he is an officer of the Armed Forces. I remember him with short hair twice: when he went to the military department and now in the war... But he always has long, very beautiful, unusual brown hair. That's why he came to Zhytomyr in "gads" (boots), a leather cloak and with long hair below his shoulders. He called me to the checkpoint, I went out and did not expect to see him so much that when I ran into him with my arms, we fell into the grass :). We walked around Zhytomyr, he left, and the paratroopers who were standing at the checkpoint then asked me: "What is this, your boyfriend?!" - "So! Boy!" I tell them. "AND! Well, you complement each other... with hair..." Here I was grinning, imagining how it looked from the side: a biker guy with long hair and a paratrooper girl in a bare bom beret with a 0.3 cut :). Truly "harmony"! :).

Back in Zhytomyr, I met a girl. She was surprisingly highly intellectually developed, very cultured, well-educated and not at all created for service in the army. Tall, beautiful. Olya was more like, as Meladze sings, "a girl from high society"... But she served in the Air Force. Then she left

that stupid job and opened her own beauty salon. She has a lot of talents, she works tirelessly and hard and is constantly studying and raising her professional level. Olya Lukina is a manicurist. She does her nails and simply paints high art pictures on them. I have not seen such high-quality work on the "ladies" who go to the most expensive salons in Kyiv. She has a real talent! And sometimes people have to choose a job not by calling, but by necessity... It's good that everything turned out as well as possible for Olga... I am very happy to be friends with this person. Once Olya did my nails too. Invoices, of course,

because I haven't had mine for a long time :). At that time, I was going with a friend to a friend's wedding in Lviv, and I had to be somehow "married" :). Therefore, for a short hairstyle, a lilac blouse and gray pants, Olya made me very beautiful long nails and painted a delicate sakura on them. I walked the wedding, then, as usual, from the "ship to the ball" - I went to work in the morning. She put on her uniform: a tank top, a blue beret, and there was no time to take off her nails. But I couldn't even go out on the parade ground in this form, spit out the landing uniform! Therefore, without thinking for a long time, she put her nails on the asphalt, broke them with the heel of her beret and dusted them on the asphalt. And ran to line up. The boys who watched it were shocked! They are used to "baba" crying no matter how hard it breaks, but here it is "blasphemy"! :) But the nails are fake, not your own! That's why it didn't hurt! :)

What else did I do: I went through all the stands in the battalion, and walked around the square in formation! The month of May is in the yard, the guys in vests are putting up parachutes, and I am in a beanie and a hat, with ears lowered and tied under my chin. ! And the guys looked at me and understood what was the matter - I didn't give it!... And respect for me grew! :) And the salary papers that I brought to the Chief of Staff for signature, he scattered! And he got angry at me, and screamed, and raged! And all this just amused me! :) But when he opened a parachute for me, bitch, one of the two that was installed for jumping from the IL-76 (and the airplane has a special installation, not the same as for a helicopter, so the number of parachutes he installed, the same number of jumps

you will do)... And since there was no more time for styling, I jumped from the IL-76 only once. That's where my nerves gave up! I was very angry!!!

One ensign advised me: "And you write an anonymous letter..." I always thought that the army is a serious structure that cannot be joked with! It turned out that it is possible! :)

At the weekend, she went home to Kyiv. There, she typed the following on the computer: "You have a duck, a former stripper, the lover of a SBU colonel!" And sent from the Main Post Office! For some reason, the SBU service is feared in the army like fire... The letter arrived. And what started here! :) How everyone ran! Interrogation! Sniffing! Interrogate! If not from a combatant, then from a chubby zampolit! In a word, I really settled down! :) But she didn't confess to anything! I don't know! Did not hear! I have nothing to do with SBU! :) And as a result, I was immediately transferred

to a combat company! Victory! But why does everything in our army have to be done because of "your mother!"? In general, I really liked serving in the Air Force! The guys got used to me, to the fact that I am the way I am - a "fucker", in about six months, and no one asked stupid questions anymore. Once a reconnaissance platoon was cleaning weapons after shooting, and the combatant allowed me to go look. I ran to the boys and began to ask with such enthusiasm: "What is this? And that? And how does it shoot?", because I still didn't know anything... The scouts told me and were very happy with me. When I took the grana tomet in my hands, I said: "This is a woman's weapon! It moves as you breathe!" The guys started spitting and said: "She bangs so much that you'll sit on your ass!" But later I proved to them that I was right! I have never missed a single shot from a grenade launcher! Somehow the combatant allowed me to run with the intelligence on a reconnaissance trip. The guys in a lighter version of clothing always run for sorties, the task is as follows... And I followed them in a fur coat and a hat with ears, as I was, and rushed, so that the combatant would not change his mind! That's how I fucked up... The guys run to the point, they're already catching their breath, they'll complete the assigned task and continue to tear up, and I'm just finishing up... I've fucked myself to death! And at the end point, the scouts said: "Look, madame won't be far behind!" We sat down and smoked one

cigarettes "Pryluka red" for five, talked, and the scouts almost recognized me as their own! :) And if you were recognized by the Airborne Forces, consider that the entire battalion accepted you!!! :)

Then I ran to the exits with the scouts more than once, but compared to me, they were all long-legged and fast! It was difficult for me at their level of training, but I didn't give up... They weren't even against taking me to intelligence, but there is no position in the platoon with an "asterisk"! Shit! But we continue to communicate with the boys even now! Although many are no longer serving... In general, service in the landing force is for the "hussar age", up to 30 years old! As long as you are "trotting" it is easy to endure military dolboynism! And then they gather their wits, get families...

Very quickly I proved to the combatant that I will not be far behind his fighters! One of the legends about me is that I myself carried AGS. So! I really carried it! AGS (machine-mounted automatic grenade launcher). Weight: the body (the weapon itself) — 32 kg, the tripod (on which the body rests) — 3 kg. March-throw to the training ground — 15 km. From the submission of the same sample, in order to check my "eggs" for strength, they taught me: RD - 15 kg, a machine gun with a summary and stores (4 pcs) and ammunition - 6 kg, and AGS. Body on the back, tripod on the chest. I was only for! Although in general, three people are allocated to the calculation of the AGS: two carry the body, one a tripod. So that it would not be downright "unbearably" difficult. But at the break, the guys said to me (by the way, rarely did any of the guys suffer such crap as I did to wear the AGS myself): "Nadyuha, sit down! It's easier to walk with them than to stand!" But this is me! The strongest! The most daring! And such a bitch! And did not sit down! And for nothing! It was necessary to listen to the boys! The AGS spine plants quite well! Still, I got there! Even though she was bloated! And did not fall behind! 500 m to the place of deployment on the training ground, the command is given: "Run-o-om, rush!" Well, running with him is already a total fuck! Iron on all the bones! And here, of course, I'm already behind! The shameful command from the headquarters sounds: "Fill the AGS!" I didn't want to give it back, but the boys still took it. They said: "You already "made" him!" And then - a command yes for me: "Why are you crawling?! Catch up with the mouth! Run!!!" And my throat is dry, even if I die! I knelt down with my hand in the

drank water, just as the rain passed, and how she started! At the finish, the commanders gave up a little! :) And in general, they often scolded me... :) I never "mown down" from anything and happily did everything that

was required of a paratrooper: I hit bottles on the head (but not bricks), and ate frogs (the snake was not caught), and in the mud, and in the swamp - she did not shy away from anything! And she loved marching, and in gas masks around the parade ground with a company for sorties, she ran drunk, and shot from all types of weapons that were in the battalion, and engaged in hand-to-hand combat with joy! And she loved to jump! The more, the better! If someone had a break-in, due to various reasons, then just give me a parachute! Under whose last name will I go!

I'm not afraid to jump with a parachute at all. They say that usually a person catches fear on the first three jumps: either on the first, because he does not know what it is, or on the second or third, when he already realizes it. Then all the paratroopers overcome their fear. If the first three times were not scary, then there will definitely be a time in your life when jumping will be scary: either you will dream of something, or there will be a big break in jumping, but at least once, it will be scary. I don't know, I haven't had it yet! So my fear of jumping is still ahead! :) For the first time,

I went off the ramp into the sky, like from a trolleybus or a tram! I looked right in front of me at how beautifully the sky lit up at dawn! The feeling is fabulous! And then I always wanted to take the weight up to at least 75 kg so that I could stand first in front of the ramp and look down during the flight! Or at least to jump in the first quarter, because they were always placed in the board according to the "ranking" (according to height and weight), I didn't like to get stuck in the tail of the 15-16th :). I love jumping

from a helicopter, especially the landing option through the ramp. But the jump from IL-76 does not go into any comparisons! The ejection speed is 350 km/h! The siren is screeching! Everyone runs after each other without a break! You fly away, the wind slaps you in the face like a shovel! You are twisting yourself, you are counting all the rivets on the skin of the summer! The dome opens with such a jerk that the spine spills out into the pants! Simply breathtaking! It's a pity that amphibious landing was prohibited "in four streams", it is dangerous.

And then you look — the whole sky is in domes! And the paratroopers begin to wonder! Everything they were taught not to do, they try to do! Cries in the sky: "Glory to the Airborne Forces!" Climbing, running on domes, landing on trees, roofs, swamps, diving! Well, who cares what! And how else to check yourself?! :) And there was also a jump with a dismounting (disengagement of a fixed on oneself) machine gun and firing of the battle blanks, from the air at the targets! The main order before shooting was: "Don't break the machine gun! Carnage!!!" :). In a word, happiness, not a jump! Jumps from IL (IL-76) are extremely rare, because the resources of planes and parachutes are almost exhausted in our army! Therefore, all paratroopers are waiting for them, like manna from heaven! And before the leap day, so that no one would eat anywhere, the com bat drove everyone to the barracks for the night! And he did it for nothing... Of course, everyone got drunk on joy! In the morning, at 4 o'clock, hurriedly loading the cars and leaving for the airfield. And they just forgot to wake me up... I woke up three hours later. She broke down, and after driving in, what happened... with the merciless ebuns and the help of some mother, she passed the 15 km race to the airport like a 100-meter sprinter! Jumped into her parachute and took a seat on board! Phew! Made it! No one could believe their eyes... While I was flying to the airfield, all the hops evaporated from me, so I didn't have a storm during the flight, and some guys, poor guys, were still in the sky for a couple of minutes jokingly "letting tapes" (vomiting, that is). But here another cholera happened! During the flight, my critical days begin! Damn female nature!!! I fidget on the bench, watching so as not to leak and leave traces. I am waiting for the sound of the siren before the miscarriage, as a rescue! Siren! Gone! "For the Airborne Forces!" I'm flying! I'm setting up a machine! Shot back! And what to do next?! Pants are already covered in blood up to the knees! I see a swamp. Pulling the sling, heading there! Loaded up to the waist! I reached for the machine gun (which, by the way, I did not screw up! I never let go of the parachute ring in the air! And here is the machine gun! Ha!!!) to the birch tree, hooked it, bent it, pulled it out, collected the parachute, and went to the assembly point came waist-deep in the swamp, but the stains that have passed are not visible! :) At the line-up after the jumps, the general calls me from the formation and congratulates me with

You are the only woman in the entire history of the regiment who jumped from Ilia! And now - rush into formation!" Congratulations! :) Well, thank you! :)

Even with the jumps from ILu, a funny incident happened... Since such jumps are rare, not only our brigade, but also Feodosian marines and Odesa cadets from the aeromobile faculty were gathered for training. Everyone was looking forward to the jumps. When the plane arrived and the pilots got out, the paratroopers turned to them with a request: "Well, you better throw us out..." "Don't be afraid, guys! We are ass!" - was the answer of the pilots.

The calculation was made, the correction for the wind was taken, the course was taken and those "aces" threw the entire throw directly into the forest, where pine trees grow thirty meters high! Here's to you! And the marines and cadets hung on the parachute straps, and even a loose spare did not help to get to the ground... Then they drove the dome locomotive and took everyone off. And a Zampolit from Feodosia ran around photographing it to show that such a thing is possible! Because we practice planting in the forest in theory, and there are no such tall trees in the Crimea as in Zhytomyr Oblast, and no one could imagine how it is possible to hang from the trees :) That's why Zampolit collected them for the sake of history! :) We had fun! In general, paratroopers respect pilots.

They always wait like gods, and after the jumps the clearing is covered and they try to please in every possible way :). But when the paratroopers are waiting for the board, they are already dressed in parachutes and lined up along the sides from 4-6 o'clock in the morning, and the pilots arrive only at 9 o'clock and fall out of the cockpit drunk, and even as they take off on refueling, and they "refuel" so much that they can fly, but not walk anymore... It's a bit scary to fly with them... But usually everything goes well! :) And in general, paratroopers are afraid to fly. You get into the helicopter, and as everything starts buzzing,

whistling and shaking, you want to get out into the sky as soon as possible! A parachute is somehow more reliable! And even if it doesn't open, you won't always get killed! There were cases when neither the main nor the spare one opened, and the guy fell into a pile of snow, got up and just brushed himself off! :) And pilots are afraid to jump! They do not understand how it is possible to voluntarily leave a working car and entrust the life of a "rag"?! Only in case of equipment failure, then already

need! And yes, you'll break your leg, you won't be able to fly... Do they need it?! Such are the people of the heavenly element! :) I love all manifestations of the sky: both flying and jumping!!! I had fun living in

Zhytomyr! True, there were problems with housing. Although the battalion had a four-story barracks-type dormitory, and almost no one lived there, because the guys were either local, or married, or the house was being rented, yet the command did not want me to go there very much! The dormitory is male, and I am a woman! Bullshit! :) And the

fact that I rented a house together with three guys and slept with one of them in the room on the same sofa, that's nothing! :) And without any! Just slept! Because everyone understood that my "status" was not the same! And those who doubted and wanted to check quickly understood why I have such a "status"! :) I had a great time with the boys! Eat almost all the time, especially never, and nothing! That's why in the morning I have coffee with a cigarette, at lunch I have a bottle of Obolon "Soborny" or "Velvet" beer, a hundred grams of capelin and - to the Teteriv River, from the time of the mud, I go down the hill across the road. Had lunch and swam down the river! Bathed, dried off - and on duty! :) And for the evening pasta with lard! The boys always fried, there were no stupid complaints like: "That's a woman's job"! They cooked, I took the food! That's how they lived... Until the combatant asked: "Nadyunya, where do you live?" And I'll take it and tell him that I travel 150 km from Kyiv every day! :) And then zampolit began to calculate, where do I live! The guys didn't give up on me! :) But when the command found out about the state of affairs, they still put me in a dormitory! :) They allocated a drying room (a drying room, a room intended for drying soldiers' berets, clothes) :). In the summer, no one dried anything there, and I had a wonderful life there! I slept on the floor in a sleeping bag, there were also books on mathematics, physics, and English on the floor, and I was preparing for the pilot's entrance exams! :) When the rains stopped and I needed this "drying", the scouts took me to their room. And there I also slept on an air mattress with another guy. And in everyday life, all six of us got along perfectly! The command was already turning a blind eye to this! :) Those were fun times! Then, after many years, she came to Zhytomyr to visit her family and

I went to the store for beer, capelin and a "gentleman's set": vodka, sausage, bread and mayonnaise, and the salesmen recognized me by my voice from the threshold :), they said that my speech was not Zhytomyr... The combatant gave me the nickname "Pulya" 13th Airmobile Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel

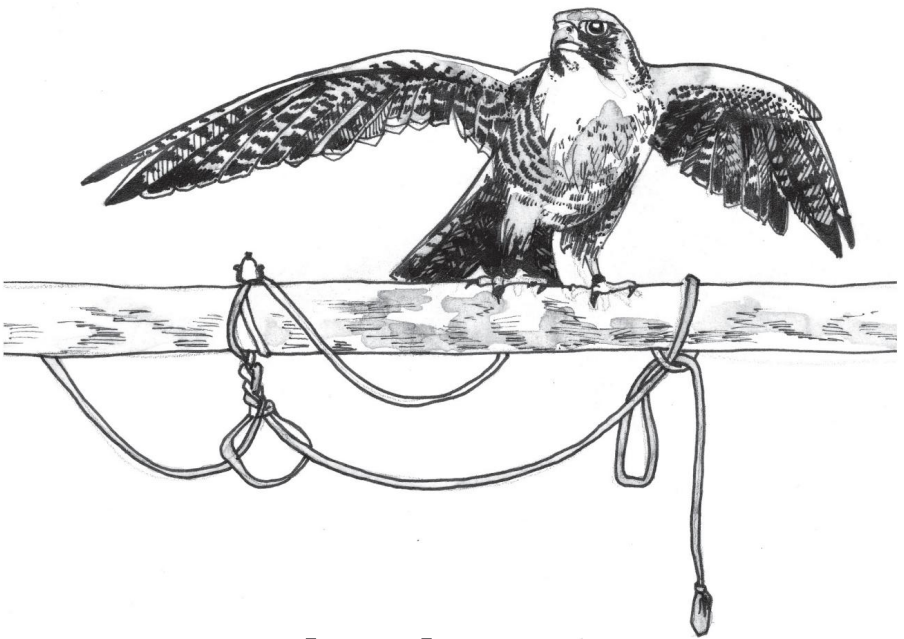
Chumachenko. He is such a healthy man! Directly "Yebun Mountain"! He had the nickname "Plague". At the parking lot without a loudspeaker, he spoke in such a way that the whole district was deafened, and the windows shook. The officers were robbed! And he got rid of them, as it should be! He didn't have another name for them, like "my golden pussy"! :) Mig in the helicopter behind the ramp began to shake him with the words: "Well, you're a suicide bomber! Let's fly?!" — even the pilots looked around! :) In a word, the combat team was what the commander of the landing battalion should be! Well, not without corruption, of course :), but that's how it is! It's commonplace in the Armed Forces! Once at the parking lot, he was once again robbing the officers, and I was passing by: "Nadyunya! Stop!" And then to them: "She walks faster than you think! Just a bullet!". And to me: "Huh?! Pool?!" That's how I remained a Bullet for the Airborne Forces forever! For me, any task really took 15 minutes! I loved my job so much that I was happy to do everything! I will fuck every warehouse manager, but he will give me what is, as always, "not available" in the warehouse! But what I need! And I will do everything as soon as possible and the best! On conscience, as they say! I knew how to surprise!

One day, before May 9, it was necessary to make dumplings for the veterans in the canteen, and the combatant gave a command over the horn to all the women of the battalion to gather at the square. I didn't like such teams! But I'm going... I look, the women are already standing in the parking lot, and the combatant looks at me and says: "Bullet! What are you leaning on?! Well, let's march here!" I laughed and realized that this is the best compliment for me! Since then, no one has put me in the rank of "woman" and we have not burdened fools with the task! :) Later, my company began to assemble for a rotation in Iraq, to perform a peacekeeping mission. Grandma, as always, they didn't take it! But I didn't want to!

I was actually going to become a pilot! And take the combatant and say: "The company will go on a mission, but the Bullet will not go anywhere and will be stuck here until the end of its days! Yes, Nadyunya?!" And then I said: "So I'm going to Iraq too!" At that time, permission from

parents or wives was required to go on a mission, so many boys could not go. I got such permission from my mother. I just took her to the notary and told her that I was going! Mom then said: "What about me?! Did she send the child to war with her own hands?!! Not for nothing!" I explained to her: "You are stubborn, and I am even more stubborn! And don't worry! If something happens to me, you still have someone to live for! You have Faith! Your mother lost four children in the war and lived for the sake of the four of you!" And my mother signed... However, even though there was a lack of choice in my mouth, my brothers still did not want to take

me. Besides me, there was another 40-year-old woman. Her family situation is divorced, she has two children, she has no home, she needs money, and she also wanted to leave. That's why they decided to send the two of us to training for a test, and there, if anything, you can leave us... There will be those who want to... Which, in the end, was what they tried to do with me at the end of training... So we went together to survive. She's in her 40s and I'm in my 23s, with all her swagger and zeal! Then when they saw that we were dragging, they sent us another one. In addition to us, there were four other women in the medrot. All women were health instructors. Everyone except me. That's why I went to a man's position - shooter, without an "asterisk"! :)



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Preparation for the mission in Iraq was pointless and exhausting. There was enough combativeness, as everywhere else in the Ukrainian army. She was not needed for three months, but the main thing in the army is not to teach, but to fuck! Well, but not without being taught at all... At least I was taught to shoot with all types of weapons and various types of tactics, the guys knew all that anyway...

So, preparation for Iraq: three months, the city of Bolgrad, Odesa Oblast, on the border with Moldova. Summer, heat and suffocation, +35o C, poly gon 12 km. Every morning a rise at 4-6 o'clock, an iron helmet on the head, an old-style "turtle" bulletproof vest, uncomfortable and heavy (Kevlars were already issued later), a machine gun, ammunition, and - on foot, I was marching. A day of dull, old, tattered infantry tactics on the "field of fools", and then more shooting, day and night, and on the ass. You come back sometimes at 10:00 p.m., sometimes at 02:00 a.m. And so — in a circle! The food is worse than in prison! Cow shekels (slicing from behind the anus, for those who are not in the know), cough, rotten cabbage, rotten fish, and also the portions are meager, the bread is rubbery. They drove us for three months so that they barely had time to cut all the holes in the ports! I went from 75 kg to 60 kg, and it was difficult to carry a machine! There was no water. We were based on the site of the former

Bolgrad Airborne Division in dilapidated, run-down barracks. Water was brought by two 200-liter tanks for a battalion of 400 people, one liter per barrel per day. Wash, brush your teeth and take a bottle with you for the day! The toilet of the "sorter" type looked like this: in brick buildings there are piles of shit from glasses, waist-high, maggots (worms) crawl out, swarm a meter from the toilet, climb the walls and fall from the ceiling! You will see something like this once in your life - you will not be afraid for a lifetime!!! That's why shit was going on, who saw which bushes! :) For washing, once a week, a barrel of water was brought to the summer shower.

A barrel from a milk truck, two tons. The battalion was standing in line...

The ladies of the command were taken separately to the bathhouse... But since I was a "nobody", I was not given such privileges :). And I never asked! Everyone went their own way... I didn't care! In addition to me, there was another woman who did not go to the bathhouse, Natasha Kopach, - apparently, she did not go for that either... But she was not in the shower with the boys either

I washed, went to the nearby medical center. I joined the battle line in the summer shower. And this is where another stupid legend was born, from which army generals are still feverish! :) "She and the soldiers wash in the same shower!!!" It looked like this: a military shower, sheathed with airfield plates (sheet metal in a hole), designed, as usual, because of the magpie: you open one faucet, and water pours out from all six nipples at once. They come six times a day to save water. To be the first to ask for the rights of a "woman" is to waste water for nothing, to be the last to wait - you won't have any water left... So choose! I just went up to the boys, asked who would take me to six. And the most shameless ones said: "Stand with us!" I always swam in a singlet and underpants (both at the same time!), some boys undressed naked, some remained in their underpants. I had a blast, and so did they! But the commission of generals, which saw this, was very upset! :) That's why fables are still going... Let them go! I have done so and will continue to do so when there is no other way out! In the army, I understood one thing: there is nothing in the service for the boys to create problems because you are a woman! Put all your "feminine" in your hole! They will never forget that you are a woman anyway. If necessary, even in a bulletproof vest, they will undress you with their eyes, but there is nothing to paint, beautify and show off all your charms! In six months of spermatotoxicosis, even if you are a "scarlet", you will become their beauty! And nothing to provoke!!! Well, of course, asking to carry a machine gun for you, because you are a "lady", and it's hard for you... Why the hell did you join the army then?! "Took hold of a huzh - don't say that it's not a huzh!" Because that's why I don't like women in the army! And I think that "babies" have no place in the army! You are either a soldier, or if you are a "cunt", then money is made with this body not in the army!!! That's why the generals had better not look at the open summer shower, because you won't kill a woman on the square, you can get advice :), but at the closed doors of the bath house!!! Such were the "fun" conditions, either for training or for survival... But physically, it's all bullshit! Morally, it was very difficult... There were only seven women, and I was the only one. Therefore, if someone else steps on their feet and they don't notice it, they won't forgive me... When

you are tested for the mission and the question: "Why are you going there?" everyone answers: "For money", this is considered a normal speech... There were also those who answered: "Shoot!", and it even passed... I am probably not the only one who wrote: "To see the world..." So this answer for some reason seemed very strange to everyone... I was always indifferent to money, but shoot and you kill... In the war, such a desire never arose... You can shoot at targets, but how to kill, then defending, not attacking... But for some reason everyone expected from me enthusiasm for battle and fire without a command... "You're an idiot, you rush into battle, and the boys follow you, and you yourself will die, and you will put others down!" Later, I showed that, despite my courage and fearlessness, I do not open fire without a team, and if I go forward myself, then, on the contrary, I stop others...

But in the battalion, I was constantly in sight, so I was not forgiven for anything! "You're stupid again!!!" - I only heard from sergeants and commanders. The women lived in the medrot, and the whole company lived in the barracks. There the order will pass, and everyone is already ready, but until they get to the medrota... That's how it turns out - you rush, you stumble, you don't have time! Therefore, the unit must always be stationed in one place, all fighters and "those fighters"! What I achieved in

Iraq, and I was no longer stupid! :) Another legend: "She ran with a tank of water instead of a flask." Yes, she ran! The punishment was as follows:

if you forget to put a flask on your belt or there is no water in it, then, in addition to the flask, a nine-liter TVN (such a tank for carrying food in the field - a large iron thermos) is attached to your shoulders. I wasn't the only one going with him, the boys were also flying in besides me. I will tell you that the punishment works! Once you walk, then you don't take the flask off your belt at all! :) Somehow I forgot to put on a flask and went to the exit with TVN and a flask :). My platoon commander was such a "spoiler" at that time! Small, with a Napoleon complex, but energetic - scary! He was still young, he had recently graduated from the Odessa Airborne Forces. So he liked to drive the platoon! And here's the picture: the track field of "fools", a wasteland of thorns and thistles, dust, heat, nothing to breathe! And there the platoon is working on tactics when the other platoons are quietly under the trees in the shade

they lie down, because there the commanders are older and wiser, they understand that there is no point in killing people for nothing! Here they are lying and roaring at us, "boyboys"! And to us the command is given by the coward: the command "To the battle!", the command "Leave it!" And so he drives all over the field! And this means: "To the battle!" — to fall to the ground, to take a pose for arrows; "Put it back!" - get up and move on. That's how you crouch in a day, you attack thorns with your muzzle - you don't want to live!!! And with a tank on the hill! I pumped up biceps and triceps for the rest of my life! That's why I don't like going to the "rocker" (gym)! The army is enough! :) And you just watch as the guys behind you "gasp", fall into the grass and lie quietly, "mow"... First the sergeants and the big-ass, followed by all the rest, one at a time... But they can too! They are the "strong" sex! :) And the "weaker" sex must be "educated"! That's why I "will laugh, but I will not submit!" And here comes the picture at the end: "field of fools" after the "battle of Borodino"! Everyone died! And we reached the border with the platoon. And while the platoon is crawling out, I should have lit a fire, set up a cistern, broken the corn cobs in the field and boiled them for the platoon! And when was I able?! Even the sergeant-at-arms went crazy here! He didn't show it right away, but already in Iraq he admitted that he respects me like no other :). In general, he was called "the energizer bunny" (well, from advertising), and I was his battery! :) But it's so fun! :) And in general, whenever I have a hard time in life, I remember Vera, my sister. And I understand that I live in order to see how she laughs... And how everything will be fine with us... And my soul immediately gathers air to the full "span of wings"... And I fly... This feeling saved me then and always saves me! !!

That's how I served, I was dumb, but I also studied little by little... There was another such incident. At the "show" for the generals and the command, we played tactics. According to legend, I was a grenade launcher and had to hit an armored personnel carrier on the move. For this, empty cartridges and explosive packages were issued. Something went wrong, as always... The sergeant was dumbfounded, maybe the wrong commands went from above, and the armored personnel carrier braked, and I had already ignited the explosive package and was waiting... The sergeant's command... "It's still early! Too early!" And the explosive package burns in the hand, and its fuse

And I look at him and understand myself: what are you doing, you fool?! A package explosion is not a grenade for you, which does not explode while you are holding the receipt! Fuck him! Let it be as it will be! But no!!! There was no team!!! Commands "Come on!" I didn't expect anything from the sergeant... Instead, there was a big "Babah!", and I had two fingers knocked out and my hands full of gunpowder! The sergeant himself was so scared that he was shaking... His "side" was also involved - he said: "Set it on fire!"... But I myself am no less guilty, idiot! Someone else had already "torn up" the armored personnel carrier... The command could not see anything in particular from afar, only a general "good" picture! That's good!

The entire department of boys is stunned and staring at me: what am I going to do? I moved my fingers - they move! That's good, and then we'll figure it out! She bandaged her hand with a handkerchief (the sergeant gave hers), lowered her sleeves so that the blood was not visible, took the machine gun in her hand (it was in her right hand) - she is holding on! And without a single groan or tear, she went on to fulfill her task! She just smoked cigarette after cigarette to drown out the pain... She didn't say anything to anyone, she didn't betray anyone! Who is not a fool among the boys, played with pyrotechnics in his childhood and knows how gunpowder gets into his hands and how it comes out (and when it comes out from under the skin with sweat, it itches - terrible!), he guessed everything himself:), and they got me drunk for a long time, but in a good way :). On

that day, after the ostentatious tactics, there were still "ostentatious" night shootings for the "result". My body is throbbing from the painful shock, I can hardly hold the machine gun in my hands, but I have to shoot back! Also on the result!!! "You are a fool! What are you stupid?! Where are you going?! Carnage!!!" - shouts the company commander on the firing line. Ah, well, his mother! If only it were all in the cross! I unfold the auto mat and "fan"! I will scatter! Fuck all the targets! And in battle, such shooting is exactly what is needed! Works! Shot back!!!

Well, what to do next?! The hands will heal for another week, but you have to live! I also smeared them with SANINO paste (they said it was a proven method from Afghanistan)—it helped to relieve the pain, but it didn't heal... I lowered my sleeves and wet them with water so that it wouldn't sting so much... I blew and blew on them... "Panthenol" would help, but it is only in

there were doctors, but there was no question of seeking medical help! But on the third day, when the burns had subsided a little, I still took the risk to get "Panthenol"... Because the pain and itching were driving me crazy... I approached the nurse, and she looked at her hands and asked: "Oh! And what is this?!" I was aghast! But you, the fuck, are going to war! Don't you know how gunpowder catches up?! But what the hell are you going to do there when you have to save the boys' lives?!! "I fell into thistles on tactics, caught a thorn in my hands," I tell her! "AND! Well, "Panthenol" is on you!" Then, in Iraq, I was from our doctors more than once ahyuvala...

That's how I received official permission to treat my hands from "thorns" :). And I already wrapped them with bandages legally. Until one day the company officer came up and said: "Do you want to serve or "mow?" "Serve!" - I said, "Then take the damn bandages off!" So I was treated :). Of course, rumors reached the company commander... But, thank God, the incident was not registered anywhere! So everyone was more comfortable... :) You can still remember something funny from that "long-distance" training for Iraq, but there were more unpleasant things. Because in reality it was a dirty and difficult school for each other's "survival"! No one wanted to suffer during the training, but there were enough "anointed" people who wanted to go on a mission for money! And that's why the good guys, especially towards the end, were weeded out for the slightest missteps and shoved in the "greased" ones! I, with my character, plus the fact that I'm a woman, plus the fact that I'm a "draw" - I was the number one candidate for relegation! The moronic sergeants told me: "If you "give" us there, you will go!" Well, I eat right on the spot and "gave"! Yes, so as not to drive far! And not to ask for more! And she became an enemy even for sergeants, in addition to officers... The commanders transferred me from platoon to platoon, and no one could handle me... Everyone shouted: "She is unmanageable!" And no one wanted to go with me.

The battalion commander, Colonel Oleg Matizhev, saved my trip to Iraq. He said at the commission: "I need soldiers like her!" I was transferred to another company, with which I went to Iraq.

Among the boys in the battalion, I had both friends and non-friends. Someone supported, understood, someone got drunk. I pissed someone off! In different ways... But there were no indifferent ones... :) And I, in turn, understood another rule of behavior for a woman in the army: to keep the same distance with everyone! Do not get close to anyone! Because it is in the nature of the "male" to remove competitors and "bewitch" those whom the female paid attention to... That's why my friends always got it for me. And in a male team, where there is a lack of female attention, boys have a stupid ability to fall in love easily and to protect you in a foolish "gentlemanly" way, and this does them more harm than good... That's why you have to have time in a day to say hello to everyone, smile at everyone... roll over in a few words... And preferably in front of everyone! And so with everyone! So that, what is good, no one should be deprived of attention and no one should be over-allocated with it! :)

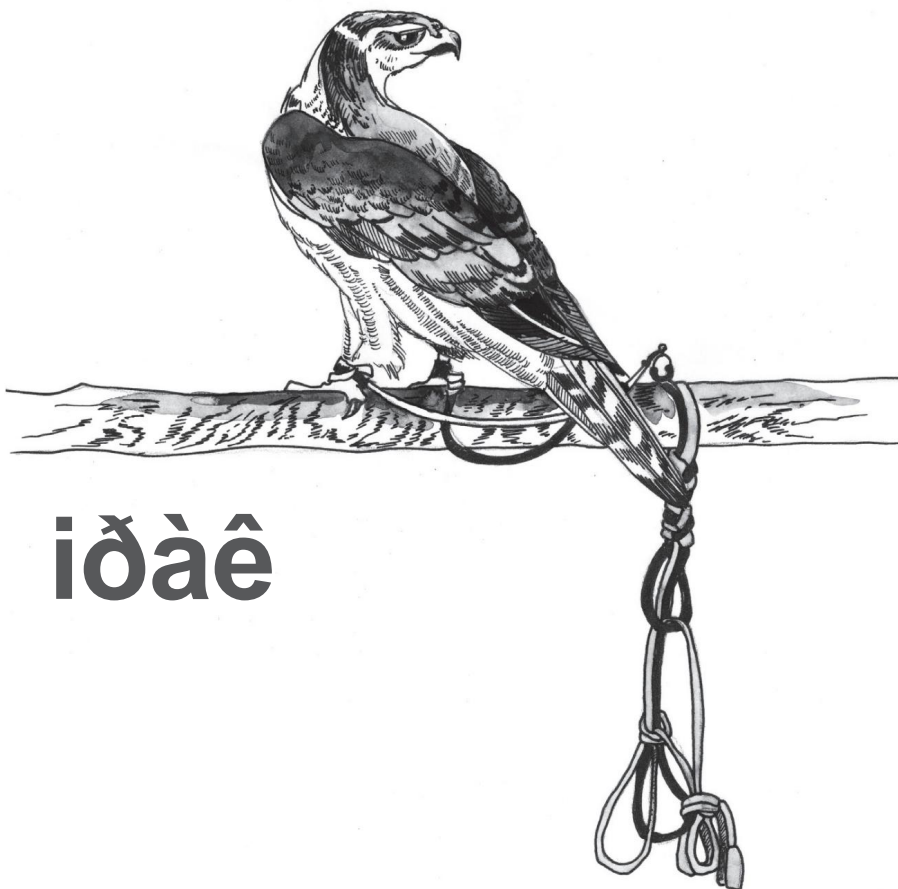
After confessing her love to one guy, she asked me: "When did you fall in love with me?! I didn't give any reason!" And he said: "You once treated me to a cigarette, and when you held out a pack, you looked into my eyes..." That's right! It was enough just to look in the person's eyes for a spark to ignite a flame! Well, at least keep your eyes open! But where are you hiding those eyes?! :) Then she asked if it was hard to love me, to which he replied: "It's hard not to love you!" She remained a friend for life... A good person... There, in Bolgrad, I met another, very colorful woman whom I will never forget... She confirmed my "rule" of the behavior of women in the army... Her name was Angela. She was the wife of an officer who at that time was already on a peacekeeping mission somewhere, and she came to the part of the negotiating station to call her husband. She came with her child. She didn't walk, but swam... How she cut with a "wave cutter"! Kralya - you're rocking! And while everyone is drooling, she walks with her head proudly bowed, in the most provocative outfit, and does not even look at anyone!!! Once in the "Uval", in a local coffee shop, I met her, and we became friends. She told me that she has her own business, goes to Turkey for leather jackets, takes them to Ukraine and Russia, and shared o

very fond of our girls! But if you go in a mini skirt and with a neckline up to the waist and don't look at anyone, then no one will even approach you! The main thing is to hit the face with a brick and "cut"! And if you look at someone and smile, you will forget where and how you started and who "finished" you! Even if you are wrapped in a burqa! Because for them, everyone is "Natasha", just give me a reason! Good science! :) And Angela had a very unusual hairstyle for women at that time - her temples were shaved. Now it is not uncommon, but then! And then I had a haircut under the "square"... :) The whole of Bolgrad was staring at us! During the preparation for Iraq, I couldn't understand everything: am I really so "stupid" or is everyone just trying to prove it to me? I wasn't sure, but I didn't doubt my abilities either! And this is the main thing! You can never doubt yourself for a single moment!!! Because otherwise you won't get there! Only once I doubted my abilities... And it cost me the sky... But that will come later... And then I was still young, inexperienced and ambitious! That's why I didn't care! I served in the Air Force, where the slogans are: "No one but us!" and "Win and return!" And I had enough fools for everything!!! :) But by the end of the training, I made sure that I'm not that stupid! And it's worth something! And one guy helped me in this. He was probably not the only one who didn't care about me. He, however, did not care about everyone... "Edynolichnyk" is phlegmatic! :) When I got into formation, all the guys immediately "flushed their tails" like roosters! Everyone had to at least say a word, but touch me! But he never noticed me... And he never gave cigarettes to anyone, this was his principle: everyone should have his own! On the contrary, I will give the last one! This is my principle! And suddenly someone needs this cigarette now more than I do? Once I didn't have cigarettes, and I "shot", but no one showed up with them either. No one but him... And when he gave me a cigarette, everyone gasped... :) "You don't give cigarettes, do you?" — "I give it to her. Because she never asks, but always gives." It was the first time he paid attention to me, and that, not talking to me... :) I thanked him... But another moment was decisive...

After another tactic with firing blank cartridges, we stood in a circle and listened to the instructor. And I look: this guy keeps his eyes on me! Even when he gave me a cigarette, he didn't look in my direction! And here he stares! I look at him, and he looks down at the machine gun and points with his finger on his machine gun: "Fuse!" I look at my machine and see that I didn't put it on by the fuse... DUMB!!! Although cartridges and blanks, you can also make a hole with them from a close distance! If the officer had noticed that I was "stupid" once again, I would have flown out and definitely would not have gone to Iraq! I quietly put my machine gun on safety and winked at him: "Thank you!" He looked away and didn't look at me anymore, and he never spoke... But I understood everything without words!!! Thank you, Bondarenko! :) I always valued this kind

of relationship in the army the most!!! And also: one cigarette, smoked during a break for five, a friendly "prick", a helping hand without pathos and sycophancy, collective fatigue from joint work... And when one is for all and all for one!!! :)

I love my "normal man" to the point of happiness and heartache work - service in the army, with which I cope well!!! :)



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Iraq. I will not write to you about Iraq as a war. There was no record anywhere that we were going to war. We went to carry out a peacekeeping mission, because in fact it was like that, although later we were all given certificates of participants in hostilities... I will write how I saw Iraq. After training, they dressed us in sand-colored camouflage, gave us backpacks "the occupier's dream", loaded each of us with "useful social" products: in my backpack there was an extra 30 kg of electrolytics for electric welding :) The backpack was, in addition to the fact that my height in the unfolded that variant, and my 60 kg was twice as heavy - 120 kg, they were weighed at customs. I delivered it and loaded it myself. Well, ants can, but how much worse are people?! :)

We were sent from the military airfield in Mykolaiv by IL-76 military plane. I remember country music was playing at the airport and I was dancing. Even the gentlemen gave us a kepek instead, I bent it like a cowboy hat and danced :) I got everyone in line! :) The flight is four hours. Landing. The ramp opens, and the plane was horrified by such heat as from hell! And the trees were not very different from the Ukrainian ones, as it seemed to me :) All the air melted. The temperature was around +60°C. At the line-up, the boys began to fall from nausea. I somehow quickly adapted. In general, I caught a "bug" only once in my entire life, precisely in Iraq from the heat. They drove in armored personnel carriers, I was on the "falina" (observer of the situation, looked out from the hatch of the armored personnel carrier). The heat was terrible, and from the constant straining of my eyes it seemed to me that a red dog was jumping out at me from the middle of the hatch. I shuddered! She moved her head against the hatch of the armored personnel carrier (good thing she was wearing a helmet) and almost hit the hook! She understood that it was necessary to cool down and told me to be replaced. And so, in general, I tolerate heat and cold normally.

Weapons, armored personnel carriers and helmets were already issued to us at the airport in Baghdad. Before Iraq, I shaved my head to zero, because I understood that I would never play with my hair there in the heat. Most of the boys got their hair cut like that. When I received the weapon and spoke, saying my last name, my female voice did not really "connect" with the shaved head :). And there were Ukrainian military journalists. And one

asked: "And what, the army already takes young men?" He did not understand that I am a woman. It was explained to him, and journalists immediately rushed to interview me as the only woman who came to Iraq in a male position... The broadcast is still somewhere on the Internet...

We arrived at our base in the city of Essaouira, Wasit province. The base was standard, of the American model, surrounded by concrete blocks and baskets with sand, the size of 400x600 m. It was a small transshipment base, and not as large and multi-continental as in El Kut, where our main brigade was stationed. It was located on the site of the former military camp of Saddam Hussein's army. We lived in the surviving solid barracks. In general, due to the dry climate in Iraq, everything is well preserved: both buildings and asphalted roads, even if they are eggs. The potholes are only where the aerial bombs fell, and they are completely intact and do not come off with rain, as we do with snow... Near the base there was also a former military hospital, 4 floors underground and 4 above it. It was well covered during the air raids on Iraq... It's a pity. Obviously, their medicine was at a fairly high level. In general, my impressions of Iraq remained somewhat frozen... I can describe the customs and customs of the East for a long time, but I think that all educated people are somewhat familiar with them, there is no shortage of access to information about the culture of various peoples of the world... Therefore, I will try briefly and with facts from my life .

This is a beautiful, very fertile land. If you are not too lazy to work on it, it gives three harvests a year! You can grow almost anything there! But you have to work hard! According to the Muslim mentality, physical work is a woman's job! :) That's why they get married at the age of 13, and at the age of 20 they already look 40-50... Women are physically very strong and hardy, and men, on the contrary, are weak, but they beat women, not the other way around...

One family lived next to our base. Women went to the arik (water channel) to fetch water with large basins and barrels. Somehow I came to meet them. I could approach them because I am also a woman. They spoke in broken English, Arabic and gestures. I tried to lift one basin of water. And she could not lift him, despite the fact that she herself is not one of the weak women!

And they "against the force" put it on their head and carry it!!! When we came to visit them another time, I was allowed to sit at the table with the men and smoke a hookah with them (because I am not exactly a woman :), but still a warrior!), then I put my hand down. And then I realized for myself the difference in the strength of a woman and a man of the East...

But the life of a woman in Iraq is not worth much... To get married, it costs \$2,500. And the younger and less educated a girl is, so that she doesn't even go to school, the more expensive she is. Older and smarter - the price immediately drops. The price for a dead woman is two rams. The ram then cost \$70. Once, in a road accident, a girl was killed by our armored personnel carrier. The commander paid the father \$200, and the incident was over. If the boy was shot down, there would be blood revenge... Such is the difference in the price of a person's life of different sexes in the East.

Iraq is an extremely beautiful country! It is an oily red clay of a kind of warm hue. Natural building material is at every step, so it is not a problem for them to make a dugout. You can live until the rains stop. And in the rainy season, we were knee-deep in clay, and armored personnel carriers were full-wheeled! There is not so much vegetation there, especially in the riverbeds, so there was a dangerous "greenery"

from which we were fired upon... The vegetation was different: there were palm trees, bushes, and even some flowers. The difference in the temperature difference is great: in the summer +75°ÿ (+55) during the day, +35°ÿ at night and it already seems cool :) In winter +35°ÿ during the day (+25) — +15°ÿ at night, and you are already freezing and you wear a peacoat (and I was still thinking, why a peacoat in Iraq, when they gave it to us).

The sky at sunrise and sunset is orange and on fire! During the day, rarely when a cloud flies by, the sky is bright, clear, blue and the sun crackles at the zenith! The night there comes suddenly. Light, light and — time! As if someone turned off the light bulb! And somewhere in half an hour, 40 minutes it gets dark, at least take your eyes out! The Arabs knew this "trick" of their dark nights very well, so they sold us lighters with flashlights and under lights, and when we climbed the base and turned on the flashlights to find the way, from those flashlights and flashlights such pillars of light shot up, as in laser show! What could the base masking light be about?! Best advice to "alibaba" (yes

they called Taliban terrorists there) and it was not necessary! So they fired at the base... Then we became wiser... We got used to the base and the eye adapted to the dark nights, so without "torches" we went groping. There are no fools!

The stars appeared in the sky gradually and the sky became so starry that it was visible as in the daytime! I was always surprised by this peculiarity of the Iraqi sky... :) Big and Little Bears were also visible there, only from a different perspective and at a different angle. But for the most part, Iraq is still a desert, albeit a fertile one. There are frequent dry spells and dust in the face is constant, but once there was a real sandstorm! It was such an exciting sight as she came on! How high a sea wave of terracotta color! Just a wall of sand and clay moving towards you! And the sky begins to turn into the color of the earth. We were told to bury ourselves in the barracks. I was then on the "tower" on the roof and could not take my eyes off this maddened element! Until I could no longer breathe, it was so full of sand! Then she went down to the barracks and spit for a long time and cleaned the machine gun. But I don't regret it! When would I see such a miracle again! In general, I liked to observe the nature of this strange, not very clear Eastern country - Iraq. The land there, in addition to being fertile and beautiful, is also rich... Rich in oil! I was very surprised when for the first time I saw puddles on the ground, but not from rain, but from oil... Greasy, oily stains that come straight from the ground... And oil is always money... And money is always war... So wealth of this land and is ruining it... Just as the wealth and favorable geographical location of our land is ruining Ukraine now...

If we describe the general picture of Iraq, then it is a country after war and devastation, or, more precisely, a country in which the war will never end... This is the fall of morale, dirt, poverty, for whom grief, for whom profit... But life is still the same does not stop and moves on... And if we finish with "lyrics" and "landscapes", then Iraq was just work for us. So, I will continue to talk about Iraq as a job, well, and continue to "dispel myths" about myself...

To describe it honestly and simply, it looked something like this: the USA brought democracy to Iraq, in return they exported oil. We took out trucks, 40-ton tankers, 40 cars in a column. Six or seven cars would be knocked out of a convoy of macaws per flight with grenade launchers. The convoy flew through the shelling zone and did not even stop, there was nothing and no one to save from the hit oil tanker... The task of the multi-continental coalitions of peacekeeping forces was to ensure the free passage of the convoys through the provinces of Iraq. For this purpose, control over the provinces was divided as follows: more oil-producing provinces were controlled by the US and British troops, more agrarian ones (such as Wasit province) were controlled by Ukrainians, Poles, Salvadorans, and Estonians. The task was to monitor order in the province, so that terrorism did not develop, there was no raising of arms and grouping of "Alibab" cells, to set up posts on the roads for the passage of convoys, and, of course, to help the local population to develop democracy, to distribute humanitarian aid, build schools, help the local population in conducting democratic elections.

Anyone with a mind can easily see that all invasions by one state into another begin roughly the same way: a coalition is an occupation, and peacemaking is a good cover slogan for a coalition. Russia did the same thing and in the same sequence in Crimea and is trying to do it in Donbas!

Further, things developed dynamically as follows: democracy needed fair and transparent elections. For elections, polling stations, schools were best suited, this is also patronage for the future. Because those that once existed were destroyed by airstrikes in the past. For the construction of US schools in the provinces, money was allocated on a case-by-case basis. I don't know how it was in other military contingents, but in the Ukrainian one it was like this: the "case" was halved by the command... (the half that they kept for themselves, \$300,000, was tried in a coffin with one colonel who died of a heart attack in Iraq, to be transported to Ukraine. There was such a thing!), the other part was given to the sheikhs (rulers, elders recognized by the people), I am negotiating with them about building schools and preparing for democratic elections of legal power in the form of a mayor (the sheikh

a self-elected government, therefore, there are always two governments in Iraq - appointed (appointed) and, according to the laws of the Muslim world, elected. You need to be able to be friends with both this and that). Sheikhs took money and promised schools... In turn, they were also "halved": half for the construction of schools and workplaces, the other part for weapons, so that the same schools would be blown up during the elections... Out of 9 schools that were built in Wasit province, 4 "flew into the air"! That's how they lived... That's how work is... And tell me after that that the world hasn't gone crazy?! On the global scale of common sense and justice, this is absurd, but in reality, everyone in this situation had money to live on. And since the war does not end forever, therefore, it is profitable for everyone!!! This is the situation in general.

Now how it looked like in everyday life. I have already described the base. All bases in Iraq were of the same type. Large multi-coalition bases were located in large cities where civilization was still preserved (such as Baghdad, Babylon, El Kut, and others). We rarely went there, but we went when there was a task for convoys. And yes, small transshipment bases, such as ours, were located in the provinces. "Wild people", as the soldiers from the big bases called us :) We really differed from them in greater savagery, more worn and killed uniforms, a lower level of culture and greed in our eyes when we went to the selection of goods in the American "sand shops" (shops)! Our dams are all indiscriminate! Especially technical! The same behavior was in the canteens, because the choice of food was greater than at our base. To be honest, it was disgusting to watch such behavior! This indicated the regime of the closed base, when 400 people see only each other every day. You wake up in the morning and you want to send the fuck to each other instead of "good morning"! :) There were armies of other countries on large bases, there was at least some exchange of experience.... Because of this "culture" of ours, incidents sometimes arose. Somehow, our "gentlemen" decided to help a US Army sergeant (a pretty girl) lift a machine gun :) There would have been an international scandal based on sexual harassment, if she had not been told in time that we were simply from the "Ukrainian army". Then our boys

they saw how the same girl-sergeant "swings" lying down in a position of a healthy ambal, a soldier of the American army, for some kind of flight, and he obediently obeys the orders of the "grandmother"! Ours have been spitting for a long time! :) Yes, the difference in the mentalities of the peoples of the world is enormous...

Our base was visited infrequently, but Americans, Salvadorans, Poles, and Estonians visited a couple of times, so it was interesting to chat. One day the American convoy stayed overnight. For this purpose, we had a tent camp set up in the middle of the base. There were two women in the unit - the driver of the "Khamera" and the mechanic. Our command insisted that the women spend the night in the infirmary with our women. The American commander was very surprised, how is this unit not together? But I gave in, so as not to argue with fools... Then he came and told the girls that they were on guard at the place of deployment of the unit that night, and they walked around the tents all night in the rain, and one of them also had a birthday that day, we they just started drinking "Baileys"... That's it! For them, a soldier is a soldier! And if our long-distance fighters with their "statute" had not joined the foreign army, then maybe the girls would at least get some sleep!

All the bases were on American rear support. They have such a company called KBR. Their motto is: "Where the army is, there we are!" Civilians are recruited there, who agree to work in "hot spots" for very good money (\$100,000 per year). They provide everything: construction, canteens, deliveries of fuel and lubricants, well, the whole life! And they provide flawlessly! Cooks, builders are recruited from different countries! We had Bangladeshi cooks, for example. And cleaners, sanitation workers and handymen are from the local population. Everyone's payment is different, negotiable, depending on the standard of living in the country.

The task of a soldier is only to fight! Don't collect bulls! Sometimes to escort a convoy with a delivery, for security. This is the best military logistics structure I have ever seen. The base was equipped with everything! Even with hot water at 75°C heat! But our assholes also supported their rear with disgraceful field kitchens and slatted wash basins, and a whole staff of rearguards! Well, what if! You need to wash the loot! For each unit

and the name of the US equipment paid, so ours dragged all kinds of junk there! Even unemployed! Fuck it! The main thing is money, and everything that is needed, the CBD will do!!! Well, as always with us!

Also, the USA paid an equal price for one live combat unit (soldier, general — yikes!) per day. \$6,000 per month. Then the government of each country assessed the life of its person at its own discretion: a soldier of the American army received \$3,000, and a general - \$6,000. With us, a private received \$670, and a colonel received \$2,500. To compare the babysitter, so so! The Ukrainian authorities valued their

general in the same way as a private in the USA, and the life of a private is no more expensive than the life of an Arab woman... The rates (salaries) of the Ukrainian contingent were the lowest. Where the rest of the funds went, we can only guess. Because the army, which earns a lot of money on missions, could already re-arm and dress in everything new! And instead, it shines with naked shit! This despite the fact that this continues to this day, when there is a war in Ukraine! Our grief-soldiers continue to carry out peacekeeping missions in Africa and many other places... I don't even know who to ask the question: "What the hell?!" Our "soldiers" flee there from their direct duty to protect their people! To earn money in the pockets of corrupt generals and officials?! Then, as the people are mobilized!!! Who should ask this question?! Whom?! Well, for sure! As a member of the Security Commission of Ukraine and as a native deputy! I'll just break out of prison! Their mother whore!

The daily work tasks of the battalion were: guarding and defense of the internal perimeter of the base (towers, park, warehouses, checkpoints, uniforms at the headquarters, units, at positions — well, the same as during regular service in the army), the external perimeter of the base (it is on from the base up to 15 km at various points, stationary and mobile "needle" posts), as well as "checkpoints" - checkpoints at the entrance and exit from the control zone (these are two bridges over the Halla and Tigir rivers, on the way to Baghdad). And also - convoys, departures for control, or cleaning of weapons, or some other tasks. Skirmishes often took place on bridges. But it was impossible to get excited either, because according to Muslim traditions, weddings and funerals were accompani

shooting with small arms, or if there are just some quarrels among themselves in the village, then go and find out what they are shooting there? They are especially active in the month of the religious holiday of Ramadan. We hit it just in time... For a while, the "Khilovsky" bridge was shelled every night after the mullah's prayer service from the minaret at five o'clock in the evening. Until ours shot the mosque with a KPVT (Vladimirov's 14.5 mm large-caliber machine gun)... Such are the "humane" rules of warfare... Somehow two or three 80-caliber mortar mines began to fly from the village. Aiming, not aiming, but they didn't hold it tight... We went to the village for cleaning and saw the picture: the doc prayed to Allah in the evening, sent us a couple of "gifts" to the glory of Allah, and went to bed with a clear conscience! The mortar and mines were confiscated... Where did the local residents get these mortars and ammunition? But everywhere! The land was covered with mines and weapons after the air raids on the military town, in which there were warehouses of ammunition and weapons!

This was another of the tasks of the battalion - "demining" of "Charlie" warehouses. More precisely, the ammunition was collected and disposed of by specialist sappers, first the Americans, then the Kazakhs, and our job was to guard them while they were working, and to make sure that the locals did not remove weapons and shells from the warehouses and then use them to plant explosives on the roads. . Once one of our armored personnel carriers jumped on a landmine, but it easily blew away... In previous rotations landmines were more often detonated and there were casualties... The work schedule was built in such a way that you were 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, all six months constantly in some outfit Outfits were replaced by outings, outings by outfits. Because in such conditions, if you give a day off or time off, you will immediately start "tearing off the roof"... But despite the fact that they were constantly on the job, everyone also had time to rest: they went to the shower every day, and to the "rocking chair" Internet to sit. It was also possible to call home from a cell phone through an Arab operator for 50 cents a minute, and to play football, and to sleep, and to have a good time. It's just that the schedule was made, again, according to the American "4 by 8" system: 4 hours - for your outfit, 4 hours - for some other work

and 4 hours of rest. If there are no tasks, then you rest for 8 hours. Therefore, it was necessary to defend the service for 4 hours during the day and 4 hours at night. The rest of the time is almost yours! If moronic tasks are not cut! :) But we usually cut them! :) Shifts of 12

hours went to the outer perimeter and "needles". Bridges were stepped on for a day. That's all the work! In a word, it is possible to have wipes, but not so that it is completely tiring! The moral atmosphere in half a year is tiring already... Therefore, the most optimal niche time for continuing the rotation, developed by UN and NATO standards, is from 4 months to six months. But our Ukrainian officials keep trying to stretch it for 8-11 months in order to save money on personnel rotation (crossing)! And it's psychologically difficult, that's why everyone starts drinking already somewhere on the 5th or 6th of the month, and vigilance drops... Do our "soldiers"

drink on missions?! But everyone is booming!!! And in every mission!!! Someone starts fermenting right away, someone holds on, then breaks down and enters the "corkscrew", and someone slowly pours out for himself and knows no grief! In our army, it is even customary to put "sobers". These are usually iron container wagons, where those who can't get out of the "steep pike" themselves are thrown! Everything depends on the person... He who speaks on "weed" smokes through a hookah... There is no shortage of anything! And you can get hashish, and "piskar" galimiy for \$7 or local moonshine "anisovka" (disgusting, it tastes like absinthe) - everything could be bought or exchanged for diesel fuel from the Arabs! An old "ensign" from Hussein's former army ran to us to trade, he knew Russian well. So he basically carried everything that was needed. He also had sparkling vodka in bottles (impossible to drink, especially warm) and beer (like donkey urine). There were also bars besides him... You can drink both during the day and at night. And you even

have to! To relieve stress... The main thing is to keep your head down! Remember that in a couple of hours you have to get dressed or leave. I don't remember a day when I didn't drink something alcoholic, but there was never a time when I got drunk and failed the task! When there was inspiration and time, then weed with the boys

I could smoke the roof through the hookah... The "next" hookah was constantly standing on the roof! :) That's how they serve! This is how "peacekeeping missions" are performed! And don't believe anyone who says something is wrong! Is he a "saint"! I know the price of this "holiness"! In such limited, cramped conditions, people begin to manifest themselves in a new way... And you begin to understand how much crap and dirt there is in life... And towards the end, such a hymn begins to creep out of everyone... But still, after returning, the so-called "legionaire syndrome" remains, when there pulls again... Because there you can hear what a soldier's work consists of in its purest form with a minimum of army dolboyism. Now about what my service in Iraq was like. After arriving at the base, I was placed in a nursing home - standard! I managed to keep the unit together, and I, a soldier of the 81st company, was placed in the barracks, where there were also 4 cubicles, three platoons and management (officers). The walls were torn down (they were hung with a masking net), the window was blocked with plywood for light masking, and the air conditioner. I hung two maps on the plywood: World and Iraq (I got them at headquarters). In general, I cannot live without seeing or studying the whole world. Wherever I live, I buy a card and hang it up. Since childhood, we have had maps of the World and Ukraine hanging in our room - this is how our parents taught us, and my sister and I followed them in learning the countries and their capitals. When you see the World in front of you, you breathe more widely! And Iraq taught, provinces and roads...

She made the furniture (bed, wardrobe and bedside table) herself. I approached the people of KBR, asked for materials (plywood) and tools (electric jigsaws and saws with different nozzles - beauty!) I saw this for the first time in my life! Working on such a "sawmill" was simply a pleasure. While I was making furniture for myself, they looked at me with square eyes. Then, when I came to ask to make a railing for the stairs on the roof of the barracks (because there were none there), they explained to me that it was not my job, but theirs, and I just had to give them instructions... Because I am a soldier! The people of KBR liked me, and they called me "the new model". Not in terms of what walks on the catwalk, but "new car model" :) They always responded to all my requests, and I had the best and it was delivered as soon as possible! I loved

to visit them and communicate. Until some of them started giving me gifts, introducing me to my parents via Skype (he was already in the USA) and proposing marriage... I had to send gifts to the girls at the school, turn away from offers, explain: I am a soldier! She only left one gift — a large blue blanket made of wool

I use it even now, I carry it with me throughout my service! :)

Later, drunken officers began to come to my room with "night checks"... Therefore, after dressing, it was easier for me to go into any cubicle, fall on any empty bed (the one who is in the dress), put the "hardest" between my legs the male principle" (that is, an automaton) and fall asleep! I understood that if one person's "roof blows off", then 24 more (there were 25 people in the cubicle) stop...

If the guys were showing porn on the TV, then I didn't care at all! I'm going to bed! Did they get used to me too! It happened that I was lying down, and someone on the bed next to me turned away from the TV and was masturbating! Fuck it! Let him do what he wants, the main thing is that he thought I was sleeping and did not touch me!!! Even our foreman was cheerful! Moldavian. In the morning, she goes to the shower naked, throws a towel on a standing dick and carries it all over the span! "Look, Nadyuha, how much more can I do!" I watched And moaned, like everyone else! What else to do?! :) As if I don't know that a standing dick wants to fast in the morning, not fuck! :) When the guys were getting drunk, they also sometimes came to my room to "make love". Then I coaxed them on my bed - sometimes with persuasion, sometimes with the butt of a machine gun. Everything depended on the type of gentleman, and I went to sleep in their place.

Once there was a funny incident. One enters: - I'm with you! - Well! You lie down, I'm in the shower now - and I'll be back! She took the machine gun and left (we always carried the machine guns with us, they even messed with them). I'm going Towards the second: - I'm coming to you! - Well! - I say - Come to the room in 15 minutes, me

I will wait for you from the bottom of my heart!

And I went to wander around the base somewhere (I liked to walk around the base at night, how a cat feels) :) In the morning, both of them go and sulk at me... "Well, you bitch!" Turns out they both started kissing until they realized they were both unshaven! :) But they had a good laugh and forgot... Normal guys got caught...

Even to

curiosities. One Bangladeshi worked in the canteen, he liked me very much, and he called me "solnyshko" (in broken Russian), so I called him "sunny".

By the way, the canteen was "Mc Donalds"! Solid dried fruit! The first two months, when you get used to it after our cough with shekels, your stomach hurts! The second two months you eat like you're not yourself, because everything is with flavor enhancers! And for the last two months, you can't watch that crap anymore, because you've had enough! What soups are, they did not know at all! All food is "plastic", even fruit! But back at the hospital, everyone was talking to themselves! How broiler chickens walked! I was already 80 kg from 60 kg at the exit.

So, about "sunny". He always took me with him when I left the dining room to go on trips, putting the "brake" on the road with the best food, which was not on the shelves in the dining room: fruits, juices, meat... That's why the guys who traveled with me always got a bonus :) I was always polite and kind to him. Once the "sunny" comes up to me and says:

- Let's have a drink?! (let's drink, that is, he holds a bottle of whiskey). - Let's drink a little! - Eh, no! - says "sunny". - I know, you "ran drink!" (that is, you drink a lot!) Oh you, you bad bitch!!! Well, run, drink, so run!!! Only you, Pindo face, won't drink that much!

How I pumped up the "sunny"! The poor man can barely stay on his feet, but he still asks to be fucked!!! I led the "sunny" in circles around the base and brought her to the trailer where their head of the canteen lived, a Chinese man, very loud! She pulled the pants off the "sunny", opened the door, pushed him into the room, turned on the light and closed the door. She listened and moaned under the door as my "sunny" had "hard sex" with her boss!!! :)

My "little lady" turned out to be very offensive, and I no longer had any "brakes"... But to hell with them! If only you don't have to deal with such scum anymore!!!

That's how I maneuvered and avoided "fucking" in the mission! And so, in general, she communicated and befriended everyone equally. There were, of course, guys with whom communication was more pleasant than the rest of us, but I tried to keep my distance. I still communicated normally with the American sappers. Once I was standing at the checkpoint, and they were driving, without noticing, they wound a fence "thorn" on the axle of the car, then I climbed under the car and helped them untangle it. Since then, they have been making money. Among them were many New Zealanders, these big guys with tattoos all over their bodies. They often invited me to their barbecue and called me "Soldier Jane"! :) Well, it's so American! :)

Then the group of American sappers was replaced by Kazakhs, so the whole battalion was friends with them! It's almost my own! Native people! Born in the USSR! :) But the boys were good! It turned out that the Kazakh and Ukrainian languages have many common roots, so we understood each other perfectly! And everyone knew Russian.

We also had a fun New Year! Instead of a salute, volleys from all kinds of "guns" into the sky! Here we shot!!!! :) The guys at that time really loved the French singer Alize, they could watch her videos non-stop! So I wanted to do something nice for them, and I decided to be the Snow Maiden for the New Year. Kombat allowed me to sew a dress from a sheet like the one in the clip on the singer, dyed it blue and together with the zampolit-"eight" ("seven" so-called, it was such a "hit romudra" position for sexots and snitches in our country in the battalion - from the names "seventh department" - military intelligence and "eighth from affairs" - personal department, personals), dressed as Santa Claus with an accordion, went to the posts of those in costumes to cheer! I dance the vala on armored personnel carriers, and the boys were happy to see a pair of women's legs not in camouflage pants, but in tights... :) I heard many times that a soldier can fall asleep after finding at least one point of support, for example, leaning a machine gun on the ground, squatting

on it and pass out from exhaustion. I saw for myself that it is possible to cut down without a point of support. Once she was standing in the park in her outfit for several days in a row, and she was so tired, and the armored vest was pressing on her shoulders. I pulled it tight on my belt, put it on my hip bones, simply changed the point of weight application to me, and like that, standing on my two with a machine gun over my shoulder, with my eyes closed, I fell into a deep sleep. The inspector passed by, wrote in the inspection log that everything was fine, and did not even understand that I was sleeping or had already become a sleeper... That same night, after standing for 4 hours, I rested in the tent. Here the command "to take up the defense", a kind of firefight begins. I was thrown from the couch on which I was lying, and my nose directly into the pole that holds a large army tent in the center. She knocked out her nose to the right side, immediately hit it with her hand to align it to the left, put the cartilage in place. Blood rushes from the nose, she ran out, took up the defense. It turns out that no one attacked us - the boys also apparently had a dream... And I was the only one injured at the time :) And then, I hit the tent with my own nose!

Well, and at the end of the funny stories (because everything will not be like that in the village) I will tell, once again, everyone's "favorite" and "pobrechenka" is enough! About how they bargained for me in Iraq! :)

The first time was on the Baghdad Bridge. Although I was wearing armor, a helmet and a bald head, when I spoke, I pretended to be a woman.

The Iraqi police were still on duty with us at that time. And so they approach they ask the platoon commander in broken English and Arabic: — Sadik (that is, a friend)!, your madam? (your wife?) "Mine," says the platoon commander. And how else to explain to him that I am his subordinate? - Change! (I exchange for two rams! I gave the price as if it were for a dead woman, because she is very old! :)) The guys made a noise! :) And let's mock: "Let's sell them Bullet for two rams at once! And tomorrow they will drive a flock of sheep to us, only for us to take it back! Let's eat kebabs! :)

The second time. We had an Arab translator, his name was Muhammad, he knew Russian. He was such a calm, balanced guy. There was another one - Gafar, so they cut off his head and sent it to the Americans

for being a double agent... That left only Muhammad. He also taught me Arabic language and writing. One day Muhamed came up to me and told me that he wanted to get married and that he had already taken \$2,500. "Okay," I say. And he continued: that he is not afraid if a woman is older than him and intelligent (he was 21 years old). "Well, you're well done, Muhammad, for having broad views!" That's what they said... The combatant calls me to him:

— Nadia, are you going to marry Muhammed? -
What?! - He said he talked to you. "But I didn't think he was talking about me!" - Now go and destroy everything yourself! I went to explain to Muhammad that I am a soldier!!! But, the truth is, he managed without insults... The third time. I stood at the checkpoint. A delegation of Prince Es Suveira came to the kombat with a visit. They came for the first time, so they had to search. It was explained to us during the training that a woman should not search an Arab man under any circumstances, because it is an insult and humiliation... But there were not enough people in uniform at that time, because the whole battalion had not assembled yet, and I thought that if I remained silent, then I will completely pass for a boy... And I set out to search for the prince. I remained silent... And as soon as he guessed that I was a girl (here they also confuse their own), the horseradish knows him... But Eastern men probably have a certain flair for our girls :) The prince only looked at me, but did not say anything ...

He calls the kombat and explains that I have a serious flight!!! But since the prince liked me, then to behave politely and politely in advance! "I'm listening!" I stretched out... Well, what are you saying? She stomped... And there could be a scandal and a quarrel, and then the end of peace and tranquility. Kombat settled everything... He had been to Afghanistan twice and knew the customs and manners of the East. He always said: "The East must be understood..." The commander was wise. While he was alive, everything was relatively calm and order was...

Then the delegation began to travel regularly. The next time, the prince's servants brought me gifts on trays - a mountain of gold ornaments, expensive clothes! Here I was already offended! My salary is less

in six months I will earn more than gold on these trays! "Where?" - they will ask at customs! Did you earn in the afternoon?! Enough! There have already been such cases when women from the rotation were sent away for such reasons. And the hell with me gold?! I do not appreciate these rattles. Again, the combatant "disrupts"... He explains to the prince that in our country women are not courted so much, they are given roses, candies... It is very difficult to grow a rose in Iraq. It grows with a lush head, but on a short stem.

Again the delegation. The car door opens, and something flies under my feet! I am a machine gun in combat position! I'm looking - a Trojan yes! May you be alive! I thought it was a grenade! Oops! Not a string! It's just that in the East, women are thrown gifts like dogs, and they pick them up and say thank you... The combatant explained that they don't do that here... And for them, it's humiliation if a man raises a hand to a woman... They agreed on something in between: in the car, the window is lowered,

the prince holds a rose in his hand. I come, I take it, thank you!

That's how the prince started showering me with roses, dates, bananas, pomegranates (this time with fruits). Then, still with clothes, but no more gold, Glory be to Allah! :)

I, in turn, showered my mouth with roses and lakhs (clothes), and the guys with fruits... For the dates, however (from which they had a "stand"), they didn't particularly thank me :) I left only a traditional women's gift for myself a burqa and a man's ara veil with rings. At the end of the rotation, the prince of Essaouira asked the combatant to leave me in Iraq for about

50 thousand dollars. For comparison, at that time, so much was paid for the head of "Alibab" in Iraq. Kombat said that only I can make the decision. The prince, passing by, looked sadly at me, but did not offer his "hand and heart"... Whether it was already below his dignity, or he guessed that I would send him to hell - I don't know! But that's how my "stormy oriental romance" with the prince ended. Well, don't be Cinderella! Don't be! No problem! Maybe I'll become a queen right away :)

Well, here! The jokes are over, and then the bitter and rotten truth...

In general, we gave a 5-year non-disclosure agreement for military and prison information after Iraq. But five years have already passed, so I will write... There is a lot to write about corruption and the weak fighting capacity of our army! But what to write it? Need to change! In Iraq, I was disgusted to look at many things... The "woe of soldiers" who chose "warm towns" for themselves - some in the laundry, some in the command to heat the bathhouse and grill kebabs, some in the headquarters, some in the warehouse. The "mowers" were afraid to stick their noses out beyond the perimeter of the base as much as they could! And everything is only looking for profit from everything... But I despise such men! Why does the earth bear such things at all?!! But the nit will get stuck everywhere and survive!

There was an incident: a firefight began on the bridge, and one "hero" jumped into an armored personnel carrier and closed all the hatches! The guys are knocking and shouting at him, and he: - Stay away from me! I sleep! I have a rest shift! - At least load the cartridges! You hate me!

Then the boys said that they would rather go on trips with a "woman" like me, but not with him! But women are taken to Iraq in order to "protect". I, too, was disgusted by the filth that was happening there! But I didn't even

bother to look in that direction! The soul will be purer! Grandmothers were taken care of! They didn't send me on trips! But if it suited the women, it didn't suit me! I always wanted to go on trips, I didn't like sitting at the base! But I did not "please" my platoon commander, so he always left me at the base. But that's bullshit! There were other commanders who took me with them on trips! Sometimes illegally, throwing such "heroes" like this one out of the page right on the move!: - Nadyuha, will you come with us?! - With pleasure! - Get in!

They took it at their own peril and risk, because the combatant was also afraid to let me out... I often quarreled with him because of this! He said that if not ten soldiers were killed, it would not be so terrible as losing me alone!

His head will be blown off for this! And I said that it is the duty of a private to protect a combatant, not the other way around! And that I am the same soldier as everyone else! But he let me out of the base reluctantly, just so that I wouldn't be fooled, in addition to the permanent inner clothes, he also loaded me with bullshit, all the while scaring me! Sometimes I drew battalion emblems in the barracks, then a couple of jokes on armored personnel carriers, then I translated reports to be sent to the General Staff from Russian to Ukrainian, because none of the staff members really knew the language! But when I was ordered to paint the emblems of the battalion on the containers that Zampotil was loading with bio-toilets, filled with American dry rations, I became impatient! You are a widow only! Bio-fertilizers were written off (their CBD replaced them with new ones every rotation, and the old ones were disposed of), our zampotil prigrob for itself! Zampotil also stole the dry goods that the CBD brought to us to give out on trips! And then he shoved the food in the toilet — and flew to Ukraine! And his wife kept a shop there, where she sold all this! Business man is fucked!!! You can go crazy! It doesn't fit in my head

I immediately told Zampotilu that I don't know how to draw, and I won't be able to! - It will work out! You redo it fifteen times, and it works!

- I can redo a hundred times! And I still won't succeed!
And you need to send the containers!

I drew a crooked curve, just for fun! Zampotil was very angry! Then the boys drew. And I realized that I need to think about something, because I won't gain much from this "Picasso" work (from "Picasso")!

And she went to the sanchastoch to the only normal doctor who was in the mission. At least he took care of the sick, and not only bought and bought fashionable "gadgets", as the rest of the doctors did! And Andriy Boitsuzhenko (that's his name) also liked to run away from the base on trips! I told him that I needed perhydrol to burn my hands because I would never paint again! He said that I'm fucked up! "Well, I can cut my hands on barbed wire!" Andriy launched a bubble of hydrogen peroxide at me. She poured her hands. Are they white? It is necessary to quickly go to the bathroom again, before the tracks disappear,

show the nurses that I'm allergic to paint and get a certificate that I'm no longer an "artist"!!! I'm coming

- Oh, what is it you have?!

My eyes became round. -

Allergy! - Oh, isn't it

contagious?! I'm crazy! Fuck

your mother! Well, let's mix up the gunpowder with the thorns. But so that the nurse does not know how perhydrol burns?! This is already overkill! But what will you fuckers do if, God forbid, something really happens?! Reference was given. came out Spit! I have never applied for medical assistance in Sanchastoch anymore!

Well, I can't draw, but I can sit on the base! And again some inner outfits! And here our department also has an armored personnel carrier! Pistons broke. Everyone blamed the driver! The boy was 19 years old, and what he did not teach himself, he did not consider himself guilty! The armored personnel carrier was put in for repair, and there were no guys willing to help the driver fix it... And I - with joy! I liked working in the park with equipment! So it was practically the two of us that disassembled the GAZON engine, removed it and installed a new one! And how did we do it? Because none of us was an engine mechanic! But somehow, removing one tube at a time, laying out the nuts in order so as not to mix them up later, they managed! :) There, I also learned how to disassemble and mount wheels, tubeless and tubeless, and weld grills on armored personnel carriers using electric welding and fill them with sandbags to increase protection against a grenade launcher shot ("shaitan pipe", the Arabs loved this weapon very much). and tighten the gimbal... In a word, time has not passed

I liked working as a welder, and I began to collect all kinds of iron and shards from the roofs and make "garden park sculptures" from them :) I exhibited my artistic welding compositions in front of the barracks, somewhere else I looked after a flower bed on which a couple of dry bushes grew. The boys made fun of me! :) Somehow she dragged the bottom of a broken 155-mm projectile into her room! Everyone liked her! :)

One of my favorite things to do in Iraq was cleaning weapons! A machine of your own — a must every day! Shot or not shot

from him today, but a sea of dust! That's why I clean (but also shot almost every day)! And also company weapons — AGS, KPVT, PKT, target grenade! Come on! The cleaning process is pure pleasure! The ceber of the diesel engine is standing! Oils - however much you want, rags (rags) - immeasurably! Not a purge, but a fairy tale! It's not that there is never anything in Ukraine! You spit on the machine, rub it with sand - and it's so good! And here - I disassembled the weapon, threw it into the diesel tank, took it out - it was already clean! Wiped with a rag, rubbed thinly with oil - and chic and shiny! And you sit on the doorstep in a vest, the sun warms you, you light a cigarette and clean... And then your hands smell of gunsmith's grease! I love this smell! The best of all perfumes!!! Such are the pleasant moments of army service! And what's more, in order not to be bored, I could rearrange the furniture in the room! That's how I had fun at the base! But finally, the combatant realized that he couldn't keep me at the base any longer... And I started driving! First, for short trips, for "needles", "akkas" to warehouses of "Charlie", the senior water carrier (ARSA), and then - in convoys. But often I went out myself, without asking anyone... I am standing in my outfit at the base, 4 in 8 hours. She stood for four hours, drove off somewhere with the boys for another eight, divided her outfit, came back, and stood up for her four hours again... If the command found out, it would kill

Even so, the platoon leader could hit me on an equal footing with all the boys, and I think that this is absolutely normal! Because like everyone else means like everyone else! But it was always annoying that in order to do my job, for which I was paid, I also had to fight with commandos! Absurdity! I often traveled as a senior water carrier. We brought water with a 40-ton "Mercedes" (tanker). The people of KBR "caught up" because they saw that you don't mess around with our two-ton ARS! I loved learning to drive this truck! At the arik (water channel), we always gave out "chop-chop" (to eat) to the local children. They collected "cola", yogurts, juices in the canteen and distributed them. Children flew in like locusts and snatched everything from each other's hands. There was one boy with no legs (mine was torn off), he rode on a wooden cart, he was always bullied, until one day I explained to those "wolf cubs" that the next time I would shoot them in turns for such behavior

to give away, not a humanitarian! It arrived quickly! And what grief does not teach people friendship? Everyone for himself! Once General Savchenko came to our base with some kind of regular check! Even the last name is the same as mine, damn it! They steamed in the bathhouse with shouts: "Submit the roast to General Lou!" At two o'clock in the morning, the bathhouse caught fire! :) So we chased the ARS to the ark for water, while it was extinguished! :) At the "Igla", the guys mainly taught me how to drive military equipment: "Urals", ZILs, armored personnel carriers. Once we were driving, stopped and went for a walk. Here the ZIL driver calls me, points to the track and says: "Look, Pulya!" And near the track, where I drove, a mine is buried! "How good that you were driving! And she drove like a fasted ox! Because, if I had been there and driven straight, I would have given my life to God!" It turns out, sometimes it's good not to know how to drive a car! :)

I also loved trips to the "Charlie" warehouses. I liked watching the sappers at work, and there was plenty to do anyway. And you could shoot yourself like in a shooting range. We set shells and powder barrels and hit them, and they so beautifully fly up and explode! One night, two American Shark helicopters flew over Charlie. Our boys decided to get out and raised a tomato — like "aiming"! In response, there was a turn from the helicopter to the wheels of the armored personnel carrier! Ours understood that it is better not to joke with "Americos"! :) Another legend: "But she's so fucked up that she walked through a minefield!!!" So! Walked! Not quite, it's true, there were mines, but there were damn enough mines too! In the warehouses of "Charlie" the whole ground was strewn with hares, and I just stepped carefully and learned to distinguish and remove them, collect them. Once, a friend followed me again... Then he sat and remembered: "Well, I know that you're fucked! But me?! What the hell did I do for you? As I recall, it's scary now!" And I was not afraid. I learned to be careful! I had

interesting to learn from life everything that was available!

Once, when I was once again bored at the base, the Kazakhs took me with them to the same "Charlie" warehouses. Illegally, of course. It's just that not everyone was afraid of me the way ours were shaking :)

- Do you want to come with us?

- I want!

- Well, let's go, we'll teach you something!

They put a Kazakh "combe" on me! A bandana on the head, a coffee cup with cut off fingers! Glasses on the face! Well, poured Kazakh! :) None of our people even noticed that I was leaving the base with the Kazakhs... Our scouts didn't recognize me either when they were helping us collect shells and load them for disposal at the warehouses. Shells were handed to me from hand to hand and they didn't understand that it was me! This is how the sense of attentiveness and observation is dulled, even in intelligence, the moon is in the fourth rotation...

The Kazakhs taught me how to detonate using dynamite with a detonating cord. I will never forget my first explosion! :) There were French phosphorous mortar mines in the ammunition stack, and they flew apart with a salute! Very nice! There is even a photo card of my first explosion somewhere. Guys did it :)

Then I went out with the Kazakhs more than once... And I thank them for not shaking their ass and not thinking what would happen to them if something happened to me! And thank you for teaching me a lot...

Later in my life, I worked two more times with intelligent sappers who taught me something. The first lesson I was taught was "what TNT tastes like!" :) Once you try it, you won't be disappointed! But you can't describe it! Anyone who has tried knows! :) That's all my little experience in sabotage work! :) And so the sapper training neither in the Airborne Forces nor in the Airborne Forces does not provide unfortunately...

When the atmosphere at the base began to press on my brains, I liked to walk around all the nooks and crannies of the base, especially at night... When the base became "crowded", I started walking around the territory... Removing and installing stretch marks... I can see during the day from the tower where I will go I will take them off and put them back... This is how I studied and trained... I knew all the moves and exits, how to leave and enter the base unmarked under the "close supervision" of our "soldiers"! She could go for a walk, quietly sneak up to our "needles" or "arches", where the boys were on duty in armored personnel carriers. Or go for a walk to the bridges... I didn't risk being there

shot by your own? Well, a little! :) But when I pretended to be myself, the boys laughed, even though they said that I was crazy! :) In general, it was served differently. And I heard gossip about myself every day, that it was not a day, it was dirtier... And armored personnel carriers were dug out of ditches and you dragged them, when in the rainy season they rolled over on washed-out roads, and you had to shoot back on the "green"... Once they were traveling in a convoy, "alibaba" to some they were driving to the police station (what the hell, he asks?!.. They released him anyway on the second day... All their own!), and then a grenade launcher shot rang out on the road - "alibabas" wanted to fight back. The grenade flew between our armored personnel carrier and the next one. Carried away! We are a volley of fire into the desert from all guns, gas to the floor - and a hole! Wars are bad with the "shaitan

trumpet"!!! Another time she drove in a convoy for eight hours without stopping. I only heard from the boys: "Bullet! On the "owl!" We need to cast!" I climb into the hatch and watch. Here they give a bottle: "On, throw it away!" My conscience always tormented me for ecology when I launched a plastic bottle with a loop into the desert... But where are you going to take it? Don't drive with a fight! Let's go... I already wanted to go to the toilet, so much so that my eyes can't see! Well, don't stop the column on the "explosives", because the grandmother is too sleepy to fast?! I say: - Guys! I don't care what kind of "owl" you are, but I'm crazy! - Well, you give! Bullet! - only I heard.

But everyone turned away, and I also went down into the bottle. We are all people... Nothing is alien... But if someone had told me that I would be able to go to the toilet in an armored personnel carrier, where, in addition to me, nine other guys are going, I wouldn't have believed it myself! :) I had a different attitude towards the Arabs in Iraq... Everything depended on the person... But I did not hear any enmity or hatred towards them. It was we who came to their land, not the other way around... And most of all, these warrior people instilled respect in me. There were, of course, pitiful, petty, dirty Arabs... And there were warriors! And people! I remembered a couple of cases.

Near the warehouses of "Charlie" lived one family, not like the baryga of the ensign who used to visit us, but true Muslim Muslims. When they have the month of Ramadan, they walk in white clothes, and they are not allowed to eat or drink during the day, only at night. And we were too

ordered not to provoke and to respect the traditions of the East, not to eat and drink in the presence of Arabs, to move aside. And the heat was terrible. We delivered bottled water by a humanitarian woman. Some Arabs took and drank immediately. And the head of this family thanked us, took some water and said that they would drink it at night. Although there were small children there, up to three years old, he did not give

anyone a drink. On another occasion, the foreman of the first company, a senior sergeant, left with us. Gandon is rare! I was afraid of trips like fire, I spent everything at the base! And here at the end they dared! Even then, I went to the exit with such a wild bodun... I step on the armor, and under me the armored personnel carriers sway like boats, until the ground leaves from under my feet! And the flag begins to wonder! Sometimes he muffles the fish in the river with grenades, then he starts shooting for nothing! He will imagine something! Damn clown! Here, an old Arab was driving his herd, and the flag was clinging to him like crazy! The Arabs were not supposed to graze cattle on the territory near the base, because they picked up mines and shells, tied them under the bellies of donkeys and sheep and took them out, and planted landmines or IRSs (launched shells through a cut pipe, such homemade mortars). Once at the beginning of the rotation, two of these flew to our base as they stood in line. They flew with such a whistling sound, and so much! Officers, staff members even crawled under the cars on the rubble! There were no more long lines! And we didn't plant marigolds! Fortunately, our combatant was not such a fool as in the previous rotations!) :) That's it, the flag clings to this grandfather,

he pokes him in the face with a machine gun! Something is screaming, it's foaming! And I looked into the eyes of this old man and realized that he had already looked death in the eyes so many times in his life that we had never dreamed. And I felt so ashamed... For myself, for the flag, for our entire "peacekeeping mission"! I thought that I would shoot our flag-handon right now! The boys couldn't stand it either, and we calmed our freak down...

A man and a woman, Arabs, used to come to our base, their nine-year-old son was brought to the medical unit, he was injured in a mine. It was a civilized Arab family. Monogamous, the woman studied at the university in Baghdad and did not wear a burqa, only

hijab The man brought them in his car, but remained behind the wheel when the woman opened the back door and got out. It is not customary to help a woman in them. But I helped. And our boys even helped to carry the boy. The man, however, treated our traditions with understanding.

In a word, people are different everywhere... There are no bad people! There are bad people...

Before Christmas, on January 6, our Iraqi myro-creative contingent flew to Kutya to greet the Minister of Defense of Ukraine! At that time it was Oleksandr Kuzmuk. The day before, the women were molding dumplings and cooking borscht - they were waiting for the "dear" guest! They set the table in the dining room, even with official drinks! 0.5 liters of vodka for five! :) Kuzmuk himself brought!!! And Ukrainian bread and lard!!! Everyone has a "hundred grams" and a piece, so as not to get too fat! :) We, "three shock matryoshkas", were invited to meet the minister with bread and salt! How appropriate! And they pushed me there in the center, because I had to push the speech in Ukrainian, and I was the only one who could speak Ukrainian! Helicopters are whistling at the helipad! Dust is lifted with shovels! APCs are buzzing! Exhaust gases are released! I shout something to him! He nods his head as if he hears! The main thing is to prepare everything for the reporting of the photographer! On armor! sat down Let's go. In the dining room, the minister made a loud speech! He said that he is with us on these holidays! Shaken a glass! Had a snack with bread and salt! And flew home. To Ukraine! To the family to celebrate! And we scattered around the barracks to add a liter of Arab "whisker" to the minister's "combat hundred grams"! :) Because we can't celebrate with our families... January 9, 2005. Chaos and confusion in the battalion! Everyone is leaving for the holidays... And the rotation has already passed the middle, which means that it will be home soon! You have to go to the bazaar in Essaouira, look at the people, show yourself... There is a convoy going out and a bunch of people who have never been to an outing at all: staff members, huis, storekeepers and all kinds of shit! Here the women were screaming to themselves - they too need to buy Arab clothes for home! Although the "arches" of the nose did not protrude further! And this is already in the convoy!!! Did you take one... A "saber" of 8 armored personnel carriers gathered!

Everyone goes to the bazaar if they liked something! I couldn't stand that dirty pigsty! I couldn't even buy anything there! I was disgusted! You could buy everything at the bazaar! From all kinds of junk and food to a Toyota car and whatever weapon you want! "Kalash" cost \$100! With my salary for six months, I could equip an army! Take it - I don't want it! You can only transport horseradish to Ukraine! :) Although the guys, those who ferried equipment on the ferries, managed to buy Arab slash knives and even pistols and somehow transported them. Once they let me shoot with the "TT". Whoah! Old gun! Beats - give it to the horn! When they went to the bridges, they went to the bazaar - they bought fish or chicken cooked in Arabic and took it with them, because the McDonald's got it! Although it was a little steep to eat fish from the river along which the corpses floated, but they ate it - they did not get poisoned! A small midge was still on the bridges! There was a risk of catching leishmaniasis, but no one got sick. And so, that day, January 9, 2005, after shopping, the "wedding" was returning! At this time, around lunchtime, the Kazakhs put a large pile on the "Charlie" for disposal and came to pick up what else did not explode on our training ground (we had one! What the hell do you need a training ground for in a war, like a real one missing?) Having heard that there will be a "cool salute", the "wedding party" followed the Kazakhs on the "Charlie"! The combatant also sat there! And everyone who shouldn't be there was there! As soon as they arrived, they became friends! Even armored personnel carriers were not dispersed at points! Everyone got out of their armor and ran to take pictures and take pictures near the "little pile"! Test the new purchased "gadgets"! We walked, we walked, we kicked aviation bombs with our feet! We later saw it all on the surviving video, then the 8th department (secret) confiscated all the filming and discs! The Kazakhs sat on the ground, closer to the ground, and asked them to move away from the bookmark... But there was a combatant there! And he is older... Two boxes with GPshkas and RPGkas (grenades for underbarrel grenade launchers and hand grenade launchers) were brought from our training ground for disposal, which were detonated but did not explode. Ago

they were carefully collected and put in a box, because they are very sensitive to blows and can explode. These boxes were placed next to a large pile of supplies laid out for disposal, which contained shells, mines, and various cartridges, and even two training American aviation bombs (training because the explosives were half the density of Nap Khans).

In one of the pictures, it was clearly visible how the platoon commander of the sapper platoon (a sergeant with sapper training, who should have known what he was doing!) pushed a box with GPs (the easiest to detonate) and knocked it against a box with RPGs (the second easiest to detonate detonation)! The consistent force of the detonation was enough to blow up the entire bookmark.

The armored personnel carriers, which were standing there as a "wedding", did not roll to the base, like a horse service banks, only because the aerial bombs were educational!

I stood at the checkpoint that day. The explosion at the warehouses of "Charlie" at the base could be heard well! But we're all used to it, there's always something there was tearing...

I go to the dining room for lunch. I see armored personnel carriers driving up to the medical unit, removing the wounded, dozens of them. Nurses are in a panic, crying, screaming! Doctors are fussing senselessly! Only the infectious disease doctor Andriy Boitsurenko gives meaningful commands, which, in principle, is not his job! The 200s are beginning to be brought in. The nurse faints! The body is taken to another room. Kazakhs bind their own legs... They were sitting on the ground, so they were knocked to the ground by an explosion wave, only their legs were cut. Only one stood, he died... I look further... The commander of the chemical platoon (what else were the chemists doing during the explosion?! It is not clear...) a certain doctor and "one healthy child", a soldier (he always walked with a "pepper") are trying to shake him, hitting him the wave broke the rib cage and drove all the ribs into the lungs, the subcutaneous hematomas from the internal hemorrhage have already disappeared, and the doctor put an oxygen mask on him and he is not breathing! And the "healthy child" shakes the pear and cries... "But what are you doing?! He urgently needs an operation! If you can't do it, at least don't torture yourself!" They tortured him for another 15 minutes... Then they took him to the morgue...

- Andrew! What shall I do? -

Can you do it in the morgue?!

- I can! I went into the room

and they started bringing the bodies in... I don't even know if
describe it to you... If you can't, don't read... - The combatant

had an explosive (detonator) from a mine mine sticking out of his stomach.

The entire head above the lower jaw was ripped off and smeared. This is a man who went through Afghanistan twice! I was in a situation when seven people were riding in the cabin of the Ural, the cabin was pierced by two SVD bullets and no one was hurt! This is a person who knew how to understand and appreciate the East! Relative peace and quiet! He knew how to talk to sheikhs! He had to protect the battalion! He had no right to die so stupidly!!! — The company commander was hit by a shrapnel right in the forehead between the eyes. Maybe they will kill me there,

then the children will at least get insurance and an apartment!" Our government gave apartments to all the families of the victims, of course, with grief in half, but no one received the \$100,000 insurance that the Americans paid! Because you thought this case was a terrorist attack by "Alibab", as we originally wanted, it didn't work out! Americans are not that stupid! They pay only for the death of the disaster "during execution", and not from their own stupidity! - A woman. She never wore plates in her body armor because it was difficult for her! Ammunition began to tear from her chest when the stores flooded from the explosion. If there were plates in the bulletproof vest, it would have saved her! She had a death mask on her face.

Who does not know what it is, will not understand... It is a frozen cry of terror that chills the soul, on the face from the fear of death, if a person is afraid to die. And the smell... The smell of the body is different: the smell of excitement, the smell of lust, the smell of work, the smell of fear... Well, fear stinks the worst! And also women's blood... This is the nurse who couldn't tell the difference between thorns and gunpowder, but always told me that I was behaving wrongly! — The ensign was still alive after the explosion, he passed by and called for help... It was visible from the camera recordings, he fell just like that... He died from multiple shrapnel wounds.

— The commander of the chemical platoon — from a hemorrhage in the lungs. He was all blue when he was brought to me after 15 minutes of unsuccessful CPR. — The commander of the sapper platoon "Nebo" (call sign) was completely burned to the ground. The smell of fried human body and fat is sweetly nauseating, to the point of vomiting. "Osmeryk" (from the secret department) was a healthy fat man. His stomach was completely torn.

We had to collect the intestines and organs from the floor, stuff them back into the stomach and tie them with a sheet so that it could be transported. It was still warm inside...

"The senior sergeant who moved those two ominous boxes was simply twisted. It was difficult to understand where and what. I just used to separate clothes from meat, like from minced meat.

— The Kazakh had a half-skull broken from behind. While I was dealing with these bodies, another 200 was brought in, and another guy came to help me. He was just lying in bed, because our company member broke his jaw in a drunken state, both of them were drunk. That's why he had a tire put on him. He helped me with another body. And then he asked: "How have you been here for two hours? I was able to enter here only when I sucked two cans of vodka through a pipe barrel..." I didn't know what to say to him!

I identified the bodies by various objects, remnants of clothing and visa a I no . I put her on a stretcher. Covered with sheets. And I really wanted to drink. There, in the morgue, I found two packs of grapefruit juice. And your hands are covered in blood up to your elbows, and there is no water to wash them off, because all the water has gone on the wounded. I carefully opened it, inserted the tube with my teeth and drank. Officers came for identification. Four. They chose the healthiest and strongest! They stood in the doorway, you didn't dare to enter. I began to open the sheets and name whose body I recognized and why. I look, one is shaken and left... I show the second body - one more is lost... I said that I will not open it again! I'll just name it, let them take my word for it, if they can't do otherwise... I'll tell and drink juice. Only the intelligence commander made it to the end. And he said: "Well, you have nerves!"

Three hours later, I left the morgue and saw a picture: these guys are vomiting, crying, sitting depressed, and doing something more or less adequately. When we were about to go to Iraq, everyone who was not lazy told me: "You don't know where you are going! This is war!" After this incident, I realized that I was one of the few who knew where I was going! War?! What the hell is a war?! And there was no war as such! We didn't

have anyone injured or killed in the firefights! There were a couple of arrows on their own stupidity, and that was it! And this explosion! For all three companies of the Ukrainian contingent in Iraq, 22 people died, and 9 of them (the 10th Kazakh) — only in our battalion at a time!!! And most of these deaths from the 22nd were not from the hands of "Alibaba", but from their own stupidity! He got drunk and crashed! I took a bath in the bath and my heart stopped! There was only one detonation on a landmine and one battle where there were victims, for all three rotations! Is this a war?! This is stupid!!! Most of the deaths in wars are due to their own stupidity! I was convinced of this in more than one war!

Next, the stretcher had to be washed. CBD helped us, but no one could explain to them that we need a washing powder shock... I showed them two gestures: with my finger "pour" (as if you salt something) and with my hands, as if "hand over". We were given powder. CBD quickly made plywood coffins. We loaded and took the bodies to the helipad. Polish "turntables" and two Mi-24s flew behind the "cargo 200" (there were no Ukrainian aircraft in Iraq). The seriously wounded had already been taken away before that. Someone's eye was knocked out, someone's lungs were burned, someone's leg was broken. They were treated in Germany. The Mi-24 could not hold five coffins - only three and two bodies on stretchers... They began to overload the bodies back... Someone began to lift the body of a private eight. In addition to the fact that he was heavy, the bed sheet was also unwound from his stomach. Putting his hand in and hitting his intestines, the boy screamed and vomited. I picked up a sheet, and together with the flight engineer of the helicopter they carried the ropes... When they began to load the Kazakh, with the same flight engineer, a Pole, one of our "soldiers" mentioned "gentlemanship"! "Nadia! Give it here! It's hard!". As he wrested the stretcher from my hands, it tilted, and blood with parts of the brain from the broken skull

Kazakhs poured into my bertz! "Warrior" threw the stretcher and staggered away! Moron, fuck! Pinwheels flapped their wings and flew away... We said goodbye to the dead, taking off our hats...

And the battalion began to come to their senses... The chewing of snot began: "Oh, I could have been in their place..." I would have been! I would be an idiot, I would be! Then I simply said to all this: "I want to eat! Lunch is a ball!" They looked at me as an "enemy of the people"! And one guy began to smooth things over: - Well, everyone tolerates stress in their own way... Whom it tears, who on

zhor pierces through... It's like seasickness... -

Yes! - I agreed - Think that way, if it's easier for you! How did I survive the loss of my comrades? But it's not worse than the death of one's own father! What did I feel? Nothing but anger at them for their stupidity and senseless death! I felt sorry only for the combatant. After him, the chief of staff was left to "steer" the battalion, a Moldavian, loud and squealing like a puppy! He was also a "roller"! Idiot! But after Iraq, he was promoted, rose to great ranks. On the second day, the battalion looked at me in a completely different way... It was flying in the air... And as before, no one else ever looked at me... The men could not forgive me for their weakness! A woman must always pay for a man's weakness with her strength!

The Kazakhs got a lot from the mission leadership for violating security measures when carrying out subversive works. They left, and no more sappers were sent to us and no demolition work was carried out.

And finally, one more legend about Iraq. Holidays of saints! The mystery under the seven castles. I heard the most about this case of nonsense... But only I know the truth! Therefore, if I don't tell, no one will know!

That's why I'm telling you! In fables, it sounds something like this: "She got drunk on the Eighth of March and went hostage to the Alibab brothers!", "She swelled up and went to the American base with two grenades

capture!", "She went to Iraq to prove that she was a soldier, not a woman, and ran away to the American soldiers... There weren't many of her own, what if they were bastards?!", - some journalist on this topic
the article was rolled...

And it was so. After the detonation of ours in the battalion, it became generally disgusting... Everyone started to roar even more. It's time! The sixth month! The commanders were only long-shots! I was transferred from the company to the hospital - at first I was very afraid of "whoredom"! I would rather be afraid for my own! Nurses managed to perform abortions directly in Iraq! That's why life became very boring for me! And to hitchhike through Iraq — such an idea crept up on me :) Even before March 8, I gathered my things and prepared them, in case of anything, to send to Ukraine Vera... And here, March 8, as usual, our military cuntism begins! All women should be freed from their dresses - they have a holiday! Zampolito gives the command. I'm standing there in my outfit, the platoon commander calls me to him with the following order: "Where is this cunt?! Pull her here by the clit!" I came and sent him to hell with his naka zama! I have nothing to blame for the fact that I have to change my outfit in honor of Mother's Day! I'm not the one giving out the moronic commands. It was necessary to plow on Zampolita, not on me!

But they gave a day off! And I went for a walk... I walked around the base during the day. Got an Arab dress, given by the prince. She "sex-sawed" it, making holes and cutting embroidered flowers to the holes. Upstairs, she put on a burqa and a chador, and in this form went to check the vigilance of the boys on duty... :) Muslim women on the base were allowed to go only to the medrota, and preferably not in a burqa, because suddenly she was a terrorist with a martyr's belt! But I, walking like that, reached the car park and warehouses of RAO (weapons and ammunition). Everyone just stared at me... When they tried to talk, I pretended that I didn't understand "our". When Muhammed (the translator) spoke in Arabic, I had to raise my veil and show that it was me who felt so hot! :) And what is good, they would shoot their own! At first, the boys took offense as a joke... Fuck, they say! Then everyone laughed amiably and took pictures with me!

In the evening - a "holiday for women" in the club with a smooth transition to the bathhouse... I'm also invited... I came! All women are like women, in semi-camouflage, and I am in a dress and burqa! The "pretend" was appreciated, gifts were presented... Flowers, a feast, after the first smoke break I left, and the platoon commander yelled at me again! It's as if I went there of my own free will, and not by order of the Chief of Staff and zampolit! I came to the room, some guys came to congratulate me, although they know how much I don't like this "women's day" and all the "honors" associated with it! They drank another bottle. They left... And I was so screwed! And I also decided to go... I put on an "Afghan" (a sand-colored, Soviet-style uniform, issued to soldiers back in Afghanistan, the Kazakhs made it for me. I couldn't find a more comfortable uniform). I took a backpack, put two "smokes" and one light-emitting phosphorus grenade (looks like an F-1) in there. I did not take the machine gun, because I knew that I would be walking for a long time, and carrying a weapon is a crime! And I went to the "self-driving

car" :) As usual, I quietly went around all the posts, "arches", "needles", left the base simply through the gate, right under the nose of the "you shk"! All our men celebrate International Women's Day! They are not up to vigilance! The way I left, any "ali baba" could come in! Kombat always said: "You will be killed like blind kittens! You won't even notice!" I went further on the road. Two vanta zhivikas were driving. Arabs drive. "Stopped", they stopped. I got into the first car. She explained that I was right! No one hitchhikes in Iraq, so the Arabs had "surprised" eyes! :) But as I was in uniform, even though I am a woman, and there is a war going on in their country, they quietly obeyed, and we left. On the way, a dirty Arab still got into his head to ask if I would give a "fiki-fiki" (fuck)! I took out a grenade, tore off the ring and, holding the check, clearly explained to him that he was going to kick his ass! Fuck you! Then we drove without any problems at all. Because the driver didn't know what else I had in my backpack... :)

And I threw that phosphorus lighting grenade into the window between our posts - the "arch" and the "Hilla" bridge. It burned like a firework that even a blind person would see!!! But our "soldiers" were already so full of eyes in honor of women that no one reacted. And we

calmly passed our checkpoint on the bridge. In general, the task of the checkpoints was to ensure that Arab cars did not travel from the zone to the control zone at night - only during the day and only with documents! But Ukrainians have a holiday. Poles also know what International Women's Day is, that's why we also "pros kozili" the province of Polish control! But "stupid" holidays are unknown to Americans! Above all, they have duty and vigilance! That is why we were quickly stopped in the territory controlled by the Americans... First, in a line with M-16s on the floor above the cars! And the second - on wheels! The cars stopped... Everyone was ordered to get out. Knocked to the knees. Handcuffs (plastic harness) were put on all three. Then they started to understand. Arabs separately. Checked the documents. They said to stand in the sump until morning. Those poor people started shouting that I took them by the handcuffs and forced them to go, but they didn't believe them! :) Americans never believed the Arabs! They asked me who I was. I said: "Ukraine soldier!" (ukrainian sol jer — a Ukrainian soldier). They asked what was in the backpack. I said - "fi re!" (fayer - fire)! :) They were scared, and one dared to take my backpack and look. Others shouted to him: "Crazy!" Seeing that there were only two "smokes", the boys calmed down... They called one Russian Jew, a bespectacled man, who knew a little Russian... He didn't ask many questions. They were not interested in what happened and how I ended up in the car of the Arabs. They simply asked how to contact our base. I explained that because of the "field wire"! :) They were surprised and said that they don't have one... I asked: which one do they have? They said that through the Pentagon! I said: "Then get in touch!" I wanted to go to the toilet, but they were afraid to cut my plastic handcuffs, so I went to the toilet and stretched out the ball with my hands in handcuffs behind my back... Surprisingly, it somehow worked out! She went down, she even put on pants. But she couldn't sew the skirt anymore. I go out and ask the Americans to help. The boys grumbled, but one still knelt down and buckled. Then they cut the plastic handcuff. They asked if there was a boat. They fed, no wonder! Buckwheat porridge! It's also quite tasty! It turns out, they don't eat at their McDonald's! :)

Then they walked around the base. She communicated in all known languages and gestures. They said that they had to serve a year in the "hot spots" in order to have benefits for education, medicine or housing. That their base is shelled very often, so they even sleep in body armor and helmets, not to mention weapons. Our base was shelled several times so that we had to hide in the passage of the barracks, as if in a bomb shelter, and we walked around the base without protection, only with weapons. I asked about food, they said that McDonald's is also there, but they also prepare normal food. I explained to them that we want more than anything borscht and bread with herring, because there is still bacon - at least some substitute for lard - but we want salted fish. They didn't even know what it was! :) So we walked until the morning and had a good time. They showed me the base. Identical with ours. In the morning, they brought

me to the headquarters and said that soon "my people" would come for me. There I also observed the work of their officers... Maps, computers, electronic scoreboards... Their information passes much more clearly and quickly than ours... While I was enjoying the "international exchange of experience", a signal passed from the American base to the "Pentagon", from there to Ukraine, to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, that's why the president of Ukraine, at that time,

Yushchenko (when there was "Maidan-2004", I was in Iraq, we all cheered very much and said that we should deploy the armored personnel carriers and go home! What we here we are doing, in this Iraq?!) knew that a soldier had disappeared from the Ukrainian base and ended up at the American one, before the command of the base itself knew about it :) Then - from Ukraine to manage the mission in Baghdad! Then to the brigade in El Kut, and from there to the base in Essaouira!

And what started here! Morning from Bodun after March 8! No one got upset! The commanders do not know the calculation of their personnel and where "their people" are in general! And it is not clear which soldier is missing! And when they realized that it was me! The convoy that was going to pick me up — two platoons! Plus management! 9 armored personnel carriers!!! Armed to the teeth!

Everything was published. Even grenades in boxes. As never before! The presentation of the "escort" was such that the Americans were frightened! :) Really

I'm such a big "cat", what kind of security?! But they arrived calmly without excesses. Everyone was silent. Only zampolit sat next to him, so that nothing happened. I was bursting with laughter, but I tried to be serious! We arrived at the base - and that's when it started... Wild people came running to ask me if I should inject a sedative? I sent the fuck! My machine gun was quietly taken away, so that, perhaps, it would not overshoot the half-base and shoot itself! :) The "eights" - "sevens" (SBUshniks, to put it simply) came and started asking you questions, sniffing... And how? To what? How did it turn out? How did you end up there? I did not invent such nonsense for them! And that I received a

letter in my e-mail with threats from terrorists that they would take my sister hostage if I didn't leave, and that I was kidnapped right from the Taliban base, and that I hadn't made it up yet... They were walking, looking for my tracks, where I went out. Searched for bulls! I smoke, so I should just line the road with bulls! Idiots! She worked like this for three days. Then I got fed up and said, "Either I'm charged, or if I'm a soldier, give me back my weapon!" They could not bring charges against me, because what I did (and it was running "to the battlefield", not "from the battlefield") was desertion. Yes, self-propelled is simple. And even without a weapon, that's why the punishment is disciplinary and reprimanded for up to three days, and I was only absent from the base for 9 hours! Well, taking into account the wartime, you could still "remove the interest". They thought for a while and decided not to contact me. The end of the rotation is coming soon, and I can be sent to Ukraine on the first flight (all recruits were always sent on the first flight) away from sin. Not to explain how this soldier could disappear from such a "well-maintained" base! It will be better for everyone, and they will deal with me later. And they quietly gave me a machine gun.

When the machine gave me a "seven", looking into his eyes, I already understood that my machine does not shoot... When you know the same people for six months and constantly see the same people, you already begin to understand their thoughts... It was raining, on the way I pressed the trigger of a

loaded machine was cocked, and no shot was fired... When I entered the room, I disassembled the machine gun and saw: roughly, with sandpaper, sawed off the firing pin of the combat

mechanism ("hammer", "percussion")! Ah, you bitches! Did you think I don't know my weapon with my eyes closed?! Or what, I haven't cleaned the machine once in six months?! But what did you think I was doing here?! I'm going to the mouth of the boys, to ask what kind of bitch?! Guys can't get away from me... Well, it's clear! Even friends turned away! Because I put them under! Tai hai! It was necessary to carry out the service more carefully! One still told that when they ordered to cut down the fight (NSh ordered!), none of the boys agreed to do it, and the foreman cut it down himself. AND?! Of course! He can! Okay, I'm not telling anyone! Serving as always! True, they don't let me go on trips anymore, but I still go to the dresses with a "stick" in my hands!!!

Rotation day. A convoy was assembled. They loaded their things. Of course, they send me on the first board. I sit in the armored personnel carrier and stand on the "falin", an observer. Nachshtaba sees all this and knows that my automatic machine is not firing, because he himself ordered to cut down the gun! And nobody tells me anything. No one from "Filina" is filming... It's hard to get in touch! But what are you bitches doing?! I'm going to defend myself with a stick in my hands!!! The first corpse is me, the second is my armored personnel carrier! Because I won't be able to shoot back! But give me at least one jerk order to get off! At least one sensible order! For all six months! They are silent...

Fine. So, let's go like this. Of course, I wasn't going to risk the crew of the armored personnel carrier, so when I left the gate, I replaced my car's checkmate stick with the SVDshka of the one who was sitting inside. They reached the departure base calmly, without shelling.

At the dispatch base, they sat in hangars, cleaned and prepared weapons for delivery. I cleaned my machine gun, fastened the magazine and, having reached the delivery point, pointed the barrel at Major RAvist (the one in charge of the weapon):

- Give it here! - he grabbed the muzzle of my machine gun and pulled. I kept it. - Do you think I didn't change the fight?! Is my store empty? Oops!

"Nadya, Nadya...", he raised his hands. When I clicked on the rock, it fell flat! (I didn't change the cartridges and there were no cartridges, that's why

there was no shot, but a "click" was enough! :) I threw the machine gun at him and said: "Change the fight! Sharpeners are a dick!!!" Everyone understood that I knew... I nervously went outside to smoke, and the brigade commander himself came to see me! General Popko! Came by car. He stood from afar. They only pointed at me with their fingers - they say, he is she! This splinter is in a hurry!!! :) Looked, went...

What I did was just a disciplinary violation! And what they did was a crime! Firstly, the intentional damage to the weapon, secondly, they sent a soldier into battle with a stick in his hands!!! And everyone understood that... And they also understood that I should not close my mouth. Unless to kill! Because we didn't know what to do... We flew to Ukraine on IL-76, just as we flew to Iraq. In the same Mykolaiv. March, cold. Parade, orchestra! Meeting hli bom-salt! Order-medals for everyone! Well, what if it is the first board from the mission from Iraq! "Heroes" have returned from "war"! It's bullshit that alcoholics and amateurs are always the first to return! And those who interfere with the command! Who knows about this?! That's why "fools" are always lucky to receive orders and medals! Therefore, I have an appropriate attitude towards such awards! Cans!

Then customs. And a sump for quarantine. Three days of the medical commission — and in parts!

Of course, the intoxicants are overwhelming! Everyone is bursting with joy! They can't look at girls in miniskirts without burqas! Girls have already started to like me! :) After looking only at boys for six months!!! :) They tried to return me to Ukraine under the article "for whoredom", but when the gynecologist wrote "virgo" in the medical book, everyone screamed! How is it possible to serve six months with men and stay "whole"?! And yes! Then the neurologist asked me: — Why did they tell me to pay attention to you? You are quite

normal person!

— Doctor, if they told you to pay attention, they also told you what to write! You write so that you do not have problems. And I'll deal with mine myself!

Wrote: "post-traumatic syndrome after the loss of combat comrades." And let's keep it up! Well, let it be so! Next - back to the Air Force! To his native 13th air mobile battalion! No one asked me anything there! There were only rumors and gossip! The Plague Combatant just said: "Yes, Bullet! Well, you betrayed me!" And the brigade commander, Colonel Shvets, having encountered me on

on the stairs, asked:

- How are you, fighter? All is well? -

Sure! - I answered! :) I remember my

first meeting with the brigade commander. At that time, I was still serving in the military and was just trying to "order" there and establish a work schedule. Here the door to the training room opens and the brigade commander enters. He was such a youthful colonel, and the green stars on his camouflage epaulettes were invisible. I'm used to the fact that the "big" chiefs wear casual clothes, but in the Air Force, everyone wears camouflage! So I confused him with a contractor (soldier)! And he stands in the doorway and is silent. I looked at him and said: "Well, maybe, hello?!" He smiled, turned to the combatant and said: "Well, teach your fellow private how to greet the command...". And left. It was my first "flight"! :)

For my "prank" in Iraq, the brigade commander and the combatant got a good deal. But they didn't show me their resentment :) Or maybe they weren't offended at all? :) But in any case, I am grateful to them once again, for science and school

Airborne Survival!

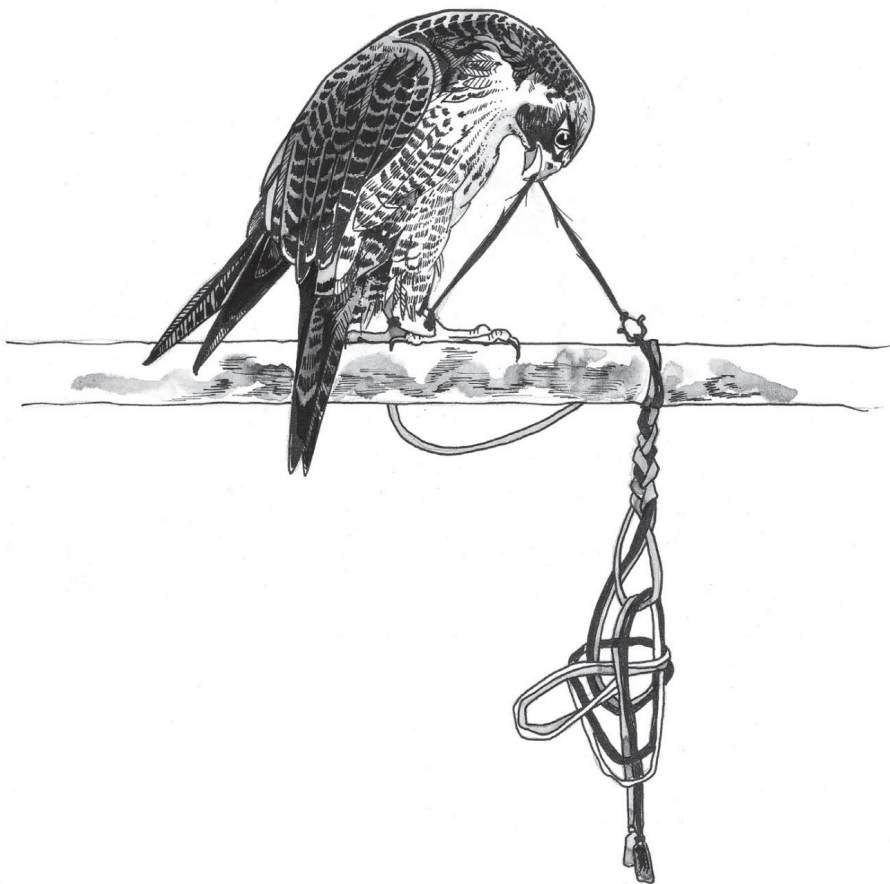
Glory to the Air Force! Glory

forever! Then everyone just quietly asked God that I would become a fighter pilot, as I was going to do, and go to serve in the "big air force", because, they said, if in the "army" (helicopter that is), the paratroopers would refuse to jump! :) It's scary to jump behind such a "fucking"! :) I entered! And the ground troops were breathless. And the intersection was hidden! But not for long! Because send me to serve after KhUPS

is it still on helicopters...

To a stupid question: "Why?!... Why did you go for a walk in Iraq?"
I answer: "Because they got it!". To tell that the army is not a woman's business! Got it! They called me "unmanageable" (uncontrolled), "nepredzazuemoy" (unpredictable), "ebanutoy" (untranslatable). Got it! Fear me! A good rider is not afraid of a mare! He controls it! And the mare carries a bad groom wherever he wants! So, maybe you just shouldn't have been so afraid of me and shy away from me?! I am a completely normal and conscientious soldier! No worse than others! And the fact that I am a woman, you serve me and do my job equally with everyone else does not prevent me! And the fact that men have problems with the fact that I am a woman... then jerk off quietly! And don't beat my brains out!

That's why I went to prove to men how incapable they are of performing their "normal male work" - army service! I wrote about Iraq and the war in Iraq as I saw it with my own eyes. I will never say like some: "I fucked in the mouth! I was in love! Medals were given in handfuls! I didn't take it!" If someone disagrees with me, they can write their story. I am happy to take a break to look at Iraq through "foreign" eyes!



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There is a lot to say about the broken and run-down military education in Ukraine. But don't talk here, you need to correct it! Jobs in this field are an unplowed field! Military training courses should not only train a specialist — they should also train a patriot, a conscious defender of the Motherland. And the military higher education institutions have not been able to cope with either those or other tasks for a long time. The educational base is ruined and looted. Experienced teachers who could teach something are mostly either retired or dead. There are only those who have bought themselves scientific degrees, but cannot teach anything, because they themselves are "babies". It is rare to learn from any teacher... There is nothing to say about patriotism. Already at the first lecture, the English teacher spoke to the cadets, moreover, in Russian: "Why do you need this military and Ukraine!? Learn English, go on English exchange courses in the USA, get married there and stay in the States! Our pilots are appreciated there! And their salaries are good! One of our cadets, who knew English well, did so..." I couldn't stand it, got up and blurted out to her: "For such "propaganda" in Soviet times, you would have been shot, right at the board, without a trial or investigation! And they would do it right! You are not teaching your subject at the "Institute of Noble Maidens"! And to the cadets — future officers of the Armed Forces of Ukraine! They have to protect the Motherland, and you teach them all kinds of crap! I will not come to any of your lectures again! I came here to study for a reason!" I did not attend the English course at all! At the end of the exam, they just quietly gave me a three... That's fucking

science! Where you can "solve" everything, or buy drinks for money, or "work out" at the departments by repairing them for credits, like in a construction site. Fucking science, but it should have been military! That's why we don't produce officers, but "thugs"! That is why we have such a pitiful army! Because everything is sold, and corrup

But, as they say, whoever wants to learn, will learn. I didn't like studying at school, but at universities I liked science, and I studied well, in the first two courses out of four, I could even go for a red diploma, but I could...

I submitted the documents to HUPS, and finally they were accepted. They just said that she is already old, 24 years old at the time of admission, and although I passed the medical examination due to my health condition, and passed the professional selection, I still need the permission of the Minister of Defense of Ukraine! And let's keep it up! Danylo did not die - he was suffocated with a dumpling! No matter how little you have a servant, it is so outdated!... But you got it! You will either let me fly at 24 or at 44! But I will fly!!!

I went to storm the Ministry of Defense. There are two ways to get to the Ministry of Defense of Ukraine: to write a report, which must be certified by all higher corps and units, and that report will be walking around offices for six months. Whether to occupy a "live queue" under the Cabinet, three or five (which is more reliable) days before the reception of the minister. I did both! To get there for sure! They did not hinder me in the ground forces, on the contrary, they gave me the "green light" everywhere to send me to aviation as soon as possible. That's why my report there quickly passed all the authorities, and I also got an appointment with the Minister of Defense. Anatolii Hrytsenko was then him. I came in a military, paratrooper uniform, like a real soldier, in a beret, a vest and a "knot" (camouflage — Vera's note). The Airborne Forces did not give us a daily pass (it is not needed there at all). At a large long table, Hrytsenko listened to all the pros and cons, adjusted his glasses and said: "Do you want to fly? Fly." All the papers were quickly signed, seals and stamps were set, and I was sent on a "wide voyage"!

She entered the KhUPS without any problems. She passed the exams. Although exams for pilots are conditional, because they are recruited more "on the basis of health"!... And you can teach a bear to fly, as they joke. And they also say: "They recruit for health, but they ask for intelligence!" And how some entrants "failed" the exam, when they drew dances on the answer sheet in English! Or before the math exam they said: "I already know my math exam score!" And how during the break in the smoking room they discussed: - And my "tractor" pulled the ointment for me... - And my "tractor"...

— And my mother arranged a protégé
for me! — And my uncle "harnessed"... I

had the impression that I was not listening about people, but
about some park of agricultural machinery!... "Tractors", "plows",
"tractors", "bulldozers"!... Yes these puppies spoke about their
guardians... "Respectfully" and with "gratitude"... Nothing to say!
Dads and moms brought the boys to join by the hand... They rented
apartments for them, prepared food... I came alone, walked around
the city at night or spent the night at train stations, I didn't see the
point in spending money on a hotel or an apartment. Then, during
the exams, we were accommodated. The boys went to the barracks,
I went to the dormitory, and it was normal! After admission, I gave

an interview to some regular mass media and said that I have
never seen a more corrupt Higher Education Institution. What the
university authorities were very offended by... And what else could I
say after everything I saw and heard?!? Children of soldiers or

residents of those small towns where military units are located
and the army is considered a prestigious job are usually enrolled in
military universities, because it is more or less stable and pays well.
They join for a bribe or a bribe. The father is a pilot - and he puts his
son first in a military lyceum, then - in a military university, because
the father is a pilot! So, there will be a son! And it doesn't matter
whether the child wants it, whether his "offspring" is capable, or, as
they say, "nature rests" on the children of pilots, genes are produced
from overloads, and the "son" is a bit of a moron, but they promote
him! So it turns out that we have such a problem with officer cadres
in our army!... It is rare for boys at this age to consciously choose a
profession immediately after school, and even then they enter from

the second or third time, like me. It is easiest to write the pilot off
at the medical board: "Oh! And you have a valve in your heart that is
loose... Probably an athlete? I played sports, and then I broke my
heart..." So you walk around: if you smoked and smoked, you were
healthy, but when you played sports, you broke it! The guys are
offended, but the doctors said, therefore, unfit

fly. It is rare that someone is persistent and goes to the end! Check the heart in a civil hospital and next year we will come with a medical report that he has not broken anything and is completely healthy. Then they already take it, because they see that it will not come off! Fortunately, I passed the medical examination every time before joining at the flight medical center. Then he was still in Irpin, near Kyiv, now in Vinnytsia. There they twisted me from side to side! Therefore, in Kharkiv they could no longer say that she was unhealthy, but even then there was an incident... An elderly grandfather in epaulettes and wearing large glasses, almost four glasses, called me to him, he was a member of the medical commission there, and asks: "Why did you lean against the Americans in Iraq? What, there aren't enough of your ebars?" And on his desk is just that lousy newspaper where that rotten journalist Ilchenko wrote his rotten article about me after Iraq. Well, I was still a paratrooper then, not a pilot, and no one taught me to be afraid... That's why I ran away, and in order not to hit my grandfather in the spade (a gray head, after all), I swept everything from the table onto the floor with my hand and said: "And you were there?! What right do you have to ask me such questions?!" His glasses fell off: "Psycho! You will not pass the commission!" I went outside, I smoke, and my nerves are pounding... And now I'm having an oculist's appointment! She went to the oculist. Eyes on the nerves as I wanted to jump! It is good that the oculist was an older woman, a good person. She looked at me and said: "Go. Calm down and come again." And I could have written it off right away... Thank you, Maria Dmitrivna, for the gift of a ticket to heaven!... In general, the doctors at KhUPS were good, older, sincere, true doctors of the old school. I passed the medical commission. She passed the exams and entered the KhUPS as a specialty in the "fighter" class, although everyone was very happy for me to write a report on a helicopter pilot, because it was easier for "babies" there. I sent everyone to my uncle! I didn't knock on your door for four years!!! I want to be a fighter! Four years of life and study-service cannot be recounted. There was everything! Cars, fly-ins, fights in parks, "garbage dumps"...

Concerts, amateur performances!... Mostly guys flew in, but I also happened to be there. In short, it was fun. As they say, there is something to remember - there is nothing to tell children! The boys are young. On average, the age difference between me and them was 6–10 years. They got used to me quickly. About six months later, everyone got used to it. Because their brains were not yet clogged with such a stupid thing as "a woman does not belong in the army!", that's why I made friends with all the cadets of different specializations. And it was easy for me with them! At the beginning, as usual, I had to go through a couple of classic incidents of the type: a certain "bolt" ("PPOshnik" - someone who studied at the air defense faculty) in the smoking room could easily explain with a "virtue" in his head that a blue beret is for a paratrooper - it is holy, and there is nothing to remove it! Then you go to the parade ground, and pass by - a line of cadets goes to the dining room, and all you hear is: "Kiss-kiss-kiss!..." She didn't even react! I'm not a "pigtail" for them! So it's not for me! And then you walk down the corridor, and you hear: "You have a big ass!" I turn around, approach the upstart, stand opposite, look straight at her and say: "And you have a small penis." He told me:

- And you, what did you suck, what do you know, that he is small?! - What, you fucked me in the ass, do you know that she is big? - It is visually obvious that it is big! - Well, it's visually obvious that you have a small penis! And more it looks like you don't have eggs!

The course of boys bursts with laughter, everyone understands that I broke it, they start to boo! And he is a fifth-year student! And here is a first-year student, and also a woman. They just didn't take into account that this freshman is older than them and has served in the army for a while! And where else!? In the Air Force! And people like them, I have long learned to snack on the back! "Ostryak" then came up, apologized, said that I was well done, "I didn't fail" (well, I didn't fit in front of such people). I didn't approach before the course, like when I was pretending, alone, but that's good too. Here are a couple of such cases, and everyone begins to understand "where is whose place." And further down the track!.. For officers, too, in the early days

I had to explain that I will not exchange my tank top for a Mabutov green T-shirt! And I wanted to sneeze on my clothes! There are unwritten traditions in the army, and everyone knows it well! Reconciled... I changed my blue beret to a pilot's cap - after all, I am now an aviator, not an aviator paratrooper...

I will not be silent about stupidity and debilitation, as well as corruption and bravery in the army, the command also understood very quickly, and everyone thought it best not to contact me...

After the Airborne Forces, I took the officers of the KhUPS, especially the course unit, to be clowns! Once, in the first year, the head of the course, who always sneered so much that he turned purple to the color of beets, said to me: "Oh! It's good that I have women's hands on my course, someone will iron my shirts and pants!" To which I explained to him that he still has a cadet's hands, not a woman's, and his wife will iron his shirts and pants at home. No longer clinging. There were two types of officers. Or those who, immediately after the same university, remained at the departments as "semi-luxury" heads (that is, laboratory assistants) or course assistants. They did not serve anywhere in the army, they did not see anything - and already the command was fired at the age of 21-22! Goofs, yes! Are the old "drunk" barrigs, who earned money from the cadets for "uvalkas" and progams, also sometimes engaged in hazing: if a cadet wants to go to the "uvalka" - pay, if he wants to work in construction, to earn a little extra money - he "offers" to the head of the course, and he "decides" all the tests and absenteeism for him... That's how the authorities of the dacha line up... And it's beneficial for everyone. All this turned me away. But I didn't climb. If it suits both of them, then it is their business! And mine is to study! Although there was enough corruption in the departments and in the dean's office, there were still a few intelligent teachers, so there was someone to learn from.

In the first year, I didn't sleep in pairs and at all I couldn't understand how it is possible to fall asleep in pairs!? After all, for some reason, children never sleep during lessons at school, even if they went to bed late and did not get enough sleep. Do children have more energy than adults? But I didn't want to sleep, and I was writing lectures, while many cadets were frowning

flopped on the desks. But mostly it was interesting to learn! And there was a certain spirit of rivalry and excitement among the cadets in the first courses. Then everyone "scored" and studied to be... We did not have excellent students on the course. As a city, I also liked Kharkiv, although only the center is beautiful, Sumska Street, the main one, where everything is located, and Pushkinska Street, where there are many theaters. Night clubs would not attract me. HUPS is right in the center, so my cultural program was regular and wide. I loved "Memorial" - there is an amazing aura, especially in the evening, when the classics are playing and the mother's heart is beating (who was there, knows). Park named after Gorky with its cable car, park named after Chain stitch with a cascade. Favorite theaters are "Berezil" and "Actor's House", the best restaurant is "Paris" in Petrovsky Lane: a pleasant atmosphere, exquisite service, delicious cuisine and affordable prices. An unforgettable panorama opens from the Vernissage to the Annunciation Cathedral opposite the Church, where I listened to the organ. She liked to go to the Church of the Holy Mother of God, built by the Cossacks in the 14th-15th centuries. She loved the "Knyzhnaya Balka" bazaar, the book market. There, for the first time, the sellers began to recognize me (probably after that video report from Iraq...), and they even gave me a CD with good music. And somehow the cops were recognized. Once, the girls and I had a small picnic in Gorky Park, in the bushes. There was another cadet with us then, according to the uniform. Well, of course, wine was drunk, and the park is a public place! And here are two cops like hell from a snuffbox. "We're violating!... You girls, rest, but the cadet will go with us!..." - well, we have to "beat the loot"!... "We admit our guilt. Therefore, we either get together and leave the park, or if the cadet goes with you, then we all go with you." And before that, I already had an incident with cadets in the district department for Romain Roland... One cop looks at me and asks:

- Isn't your name Nadya-Pula?
- So.

And then he says to the second: - Get out of here. It does not abandon its own. They left, we laughed at the situation and also got together and left. The picnic was "covered". I didn't like the Barabashovo bazaar, especially the trash rows, but I often had to go to Barabashovka and the Central Market for building materials when the barracks were being renovated. My favorite department in the Rost supermarket was the stationery department. I could walk there for hours, there was a wide selection.

There are many beautiful places in Kharkiv, you can't describe them all... I attended the largest number of rock concerts in my life during my cadet years at the Kharkiv House of Culture "Ukraine". The times were good... But it was not easy... That year, when I entered, they took two more girls, twins, to the terrestrial faculty. Immediately after school, they were orphans. And a couple of years before us, four more contract girls studied. They already lived in a hostel on Kholodnaya Gora, and the three of us were settled there, so I didn't have to look for a house. I was the only one from the flight faculty. The first in eight years for the previous release of female aviators. We had a good life, but in Kholodnaya Gora, the number of units was reduced, and in the dormitory there were interruptions with electricity, heating, and water supply. In the end, in the winter at -32°ÿ, the boiler burned in our room, the batteries broke, and the water in a cup froze on the windowsill, it was -2°ÿ in the room. The electric kettle boiled intermittently for 40 minutes. It was enough to steam three "Mivins", pour three cups of tea - it was a dinner with a loaf of bread and mayonnaise for 0.5 liters of vodka. And quickly, while they were a little warm, they went to sleep on one, pushed from two, bed, covered with all the clothes they had. All three are dressed and shod in berekas! So we warmed ourselves... The residents' patience broke in, and we called the general. I asked him a question: how much longer can I endure this state of affairs?! To which he answered me: - Well, you took an oath to endure steadfastly and courageously

all the hardships and deprivations of military service!

- I gave it! But these children, whom you took right after school, have not sworn to you yet! Therefore, you will find where to settle them! And I will put up a tent at the checkpoint in the winter and live there!

The general lost his temper because of how I lashed out at him, and they found a room for all three of us in a dormitory on Oleksiivska Street the very next day! We lived there until the end of the school year. Then, right after school, the women were taken to work again. Will all the "tractors" decide to take advantage of the new wave that girls no longer need a year of service to enter a military college, but can start immediately after school, like boys (the previous order dissolved in the air, or did it only work for me at all?..) , and they began to send their fools into the army!..And for this, we were finally allocated ka zarma. I did most of the repairs there with my own hands, and we moved in! We had a kitchen, and it was possible to start eating more or less normally, but I didn't come to the gala for breakfast, I didn't stay for dinner after sampo (independent preparation — Vera's note), and when I went to the cadet dining room for lunch, but when I went to the "Sum" bazaar for cheburek and a cup of Maggi, and I realized that it doesn't take long to get an ulcer! In the cadet dining room, they also cooked a lot.

I was the oldest in the women's barracks. Of course, among those girls who were recruited and every year more and more were recruited, no soldiers turned out... Those who still studied more or less, at least became specialists in their field, and the rest were stupid fools!.. But we lived happily. . Sometimes the whole barracks would go to the discotheque at night in self-propelled vehicles through the fences, then some costume parties were held right in the barracks, then we would go to a dilapidated, abandoned house across the street to drink wine at night... But a grandmother's kingdom is a grandmother's kingdom! Gadyushnik is the same... It's much easier for me to get along with men... Our commander was captain Yuzova Iryna Yuriivna. She looked like Barbie and was basically the same, but she did everything for the girls' life. And we had everything! And washing machines, and boilers, and the best furniture, and simulators, and electric stoves, and refrigerators - simply

conditions for the army! After working with the women's unit, she received the rank of major and was not afraid to take the boys-in-genre course. When I saw her for the last time, she surprised me a lot... She has become something like me - the same "husband" and she practices perfectly with the boys and her course officers. And let them not tell me later that a woman cannot command men in the army. And how can! In the first or second year, I fell ill with all children's infectious

diseases in one go. As a child, I was not sick with anything, except flu or bronchitis. And here, at the age of 25, everything is in a row: rubella, scarlet fever, and chicken pox! A month in the isolation ward, she failed in the hospital! It was somehow similar to prison: they also played on the windows and food was served through the "feeder" (a window in the door - Vera's note), and she was also alone! But you can't swim either. The whole body itched so much that I thought I was going to die! And you can't scratch! To distract myself with something, she rewrote lectures and sculpted clay. And she got infected from the cadets, when the force brought them to the isolation cell and passed cigarettes and chocolates through the windows. That's how the virus started. It is true that it is better to get sick with children's diseases in childhood - it is easier to tolerate and is sooner forgotten. Once upon a time, when I was going home to Kyiv for the Ivan Kupala holiday,

during the night festivities on the Dnipro with the "Svarga" theater troupe (I sometimes played in the theater when I had the opportunity), during some stunts, a burning oak log fell on my leg. nailed the leg well and left a burn. Returning to the hospital, I covered the wound with streptocide and put on a cap so as not to record the injury, because the doctors can write it off... And so I went, stupid! Until the leg started to rot! It would be better for her to heal right away, otherwise her streptoderma has almost reached the point of eczema. And for another month in the infirmary, she failed and walked in slippers under her uniform until it healed. I know how to mutilate myself! As they say, sorrow comes through a stupid head and feet. While I was lying in the infirmary, the guys from my course were just given sergeants (the rank of sergeant was assigned), and they were "discharged" (drunken, epaulettes were washed)

in the cadet canteen, when the course in the canteen uniform took over. I was also invited, but they wouldn't let me out of the infirmary... Then at night the guys propped up a ladder from the dining room to take me down from the upper window, because I couldn't jump on my sick leg. So I escaped from the infirmary. They went out with the boys at night, had a drink, and in the morning they pushed me through the same window! It wasn't as much fun to drink as it was to

run away from the infirmary through the windows! The following year after me, two contractors for ground specialties entered the KhUPS — Tsvilovska Marina and Anya Stoyanova. We lived in one room in the barracks (the barracks were of the room type, not the cubicle type), and it was a full sim bios, a trio of souls! Marina was just as fucked up as me, only a little more feminine. She also came from the Air Force. I served in the 95th brigade, in Zhytomyr, and she served in the 25th, in the Dnipropetrovsk region, and our positions were the same with an "asterisk" - senior ATGM operator. She already had more than a hundred parachute jumps, she started in DOSAF. And Anya was just a red-haired (red) little girl! The three of us lived very comfortably. These were smart girls who knew what service was and why they joined the army! Marina enrolled as a signalman, she wanted to join the Odesa Air Force, but women were not accepted for command faculties of the Air Force, just like pilots, in principle! After suffering for a year and realizing that if the soul is not in heaven, then it is not in place, Tsvilovska, like me, screwed up the Ministry of Defense and was transferred to the "land route", which had already been transferred to Lviv at that time. Anya and I really didn't want to let go of Marina, without her life was not the same, something was missing. But it was her way. Now Tsvilovska is serving at the same Land University that she graduated from, at the Air Force Faculty, which was transferred from Lviv to Odesa again! Military dolboyism is immeasurable! And Anya Stoyanova is in Vinnytsia in the Air Force, in ensuring communications and management. I, too, "got crazy" in KhUPS. I made myself a daily flight uniform with two blue mini skirts and in the style of Coco Chanel, let my hair grow a little longer and dyed it

every two days in a new color. I didn't even recognize myself in the mirror in the morning!... Once the head of the flight faculty met me on the parking lot and said: "The boots are great (my sister gave them to me just then, they were very stylish) and I like the skirt (just like Coco Chanel). I just don't like redheads..." (at that time I was just dyed in a color called "Fiery Tango" - you can imagine what color it was). I moaned! Got a haircut under 0.3 and went to flight practice!.. After all, Babska barracks spoils a soldier!

Back in Kharkiv, I met two guys who were not from the military sphere, very extraordinary people - Kaliaka Sergiy and Dets Andrii, who became my good friends!... When they sneaked for the first time to the women's barracks (which is a terrible taboo!) through the fence, they must have been in a store where there was an opening or a presentation, at night they plucked a whole garland of balloons from the door and put it all in our barracks. In the morning, when everyone woke up, they saw that the entire CP (central passage) of the barracks was filled with balls. The girls were delighted! These guys generally know how to surprise! Kalyak, for example, could come to visit while we are in pairs, to cook borscht for the entire girls' unit. Or take a bunch of girls to watch a sailing regatta! I am generally silent about simply giving flowers to girls. And this despite the fact that he himself is a serious person! Candidate of economic sciences and European bronze medalist in heavyweight kickboxing! At the competition, he offered me to be his second, and it was a great honor for me! And Dec is the "head of the trash" in the most direct sense. Kharkiv landfill. When he tells what contingent he has working as garbage sorters (from professors to ex-convicts), and HOW he tells it, you can burst out laughing. In general, these guys helped us often and in many ways. We share a lot of laughter and adventures, for which I am very grateful to them! The year after my admission, another girl, Vika Mikotova, entered the flight faculty. A year later they took another

one for a helicopter pilot, and again the business with women in aviation came to a standstill... Vika was immediately transferred to the third year, one year ahead of me, because she already had one completed higher education in aviation. She just passed the academic distinction. She is an extremely intelligent girl, self-organized, polyglot and very capable of science. She graduated from the fighter class with a red diploma, flew on the MiG-29. And no matter what anyone says, she is a good pilot. Everyone maliciously expected that she and I would become competitors, but we became good friends. We went through flying practice together, knew how to "break away" at leisure, and we always had fun together, there was something to talk about. Vika served in Belbek and Saki, and when Crimea was "wrested" by Russia, she and her husband, also a fighter pilot, did not betray Ukraine and join the Russian army, but moved to Mykolaiv. For which I respect their family very much!



**<<It's good,
it's good>>**

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I was sent to serve in Brody on helicopters. Brody is a small town in the Lviv region. It was founded back in the days of Kievan Rus at the intersection of trade routes, where the swampy area could be crossed, and it got the same name. At that time, mainly Jews traded there and settled there, so the population is very assimilated Jewish-Ukrainian.

They say people are very nice in Western Ukraine... But don't believe it! There are all kinds of people everywhere. Brodiv residents are polite and pious people. But this is only in the face. Out of sight, they are gossipers, and they go to church to demonstrate the "parade of fur coats" to the envy of the neighbors. Brody is at the same distance from Lviv, Rivne, Ternopil and Lutsk, 100 km from each regional center. That's why the prices are more expensive than in big cities, traders say that you drove far... Well, caravans from China have been driving right along the "Silk Road" for months. If you come to the bazaar in military uniform, the prices will double for you. Directly, brazenly, without being ashamed, they say: "Well, you are military, you earn a lot! You can pay! What am I going to stupidly give you!?" Locals do not like the military very much (there are two military units in the city, a helicopter unit and a radio reconnaissance unit), especially pilots. They call them Muscovites and are jealous that they get a lot. The average salary in Brody is 600 hryvnias. As a pilot, I received 6,000 hryvnias. Even in Brody, it is prestigious to work at the Druzhba gas pipeline - they pay well there, too, so you can only work for a living. And in the army - for a bribe to the commander.

At first, the people of Brodov in the city and in the bazaars pointed at me with their fingers and gossiped, gossiped. I'm walking, and behind me "the forest is making noise." And their hair was strange! And I'm not like that! It was almost as if from the devil, they counted on me, they even hid children when I was walking! Over time, they calmed down a bit. The town itself is small. It can be crossed in an hour and a half. It's useless to look. There was a bookstore in the center, there was sometimes an exhibition of children's art in the window before the holiday, I went there to look, like in the Hermitage. There is also a museum, in which I was the only visitor for a long time... From entertainment - nothing! Even rock concerts of some local young music groups were banned! Because the church considers rock to be "satanic" mu

But there are as many as eleven churches in such a small town! Different confessions, which constantly quarrel and fight with each other. There is one more private cinema where old movies are shown, one night club (owned by the mayor of Brody) and a dozen lousy taverns with poor cuisine and "burnt" booze. It is a habit of the people of Brodov to go to taverns with small children, because they have nowhere to go. Parents drink, children learn. There were also shops in Brody where I liked to go: stationery shops, flower shops, you could always find something artistic there. There is also a shop near the part, "Delicates". You can always hear fresh stories about dukts, polite sellers, and always fresh gossip... In order not to go crazy from boredom, I often traveled to big cities, most often to Lviv. To go to theaters, to drink delicious coffee in cafes, and just to be among people who don't bother you... I have many friends in Lviv, so there was always something to do. I once went to the Pochaiv Lavra (it is nearby) of the Moscow Patriarchate. They say the place is haunted... But when I saw the "price list" on the door, it was disgusting to enter!... I didn't see anything spiritual or holy there...

The bazaar and second-hand shops were the real and only entertainment for the residents of Brodov! They go to the bazaar, like going to church on a holiday! There you will show yourself and look at people. And then they gossip for another week on the topics they have heard until the next Saturday (the bazaar every Saturday). Second-hand goods always arrive in the West of Ukraine in high quality and with a larger selection than in the East. Therefore, everything was there: clothes, household appliances (used), and quality European products.

Once I was walking around the city, climbing the Brodivska fortress. There was little left of it, only the shafts. But once it was a small, but beautiful fortress with six towers (it is also depicted on the coat of arms of the Brodys). Behind the fortifications is just second-hand, in the wasteland. There, some grandmother was grazing a cow, on the lawn. I get off the shaft, say hello, and she asks me: - What is there? "Your Brodiv fortress," I tell her. - Oh! This is necessary! And I have been living here for thirty years, as a married man

I came out here, I graze a cow here, and I didn't even know that there was a fortress there...

I had a shock! People, what are you living for?!? What is your life!?

Why live like this!!? But everyone knows where the bazaar and second-hand shops are.

This is what all the people of Brody are... The goal of all local girls is to marry their young lieutenants as soon as possible, before they are all slaughtered, to give birth to children and to wallow all their lives in their rotten swamp - Brody, proudly believing that their main feminine she fulfilled her purpose and is now a respected household!.. God forbid to live like this!!! And from one Brodov "businessman", when the annexation of Crimea began, I heard: "I don't care if it's Europe or Russia! I'll live everywhere!..." The rest of the men just drink. That's why the people of Brodov are still in this...

There is still a synagogue in Brody, big and beautiful, but it has been in ruins ever since the Brody Cauldron was there during World War II. Some regular mayor of Brody (nowadays), a Jew by nationality, even received money from the diaspora from Israel for the reconstruction of the synagogue. But he stole the money and fled to Poland, built a house there. And a Jew. Jews are also different. And this is another characteristic feature of the

people of Brodov. Of the best there is only nature! It is a pity that there is no reservoir in Brody. No, there are enough swamps! But there is no wide, clear water to swim in, like the Teteriv River in Zhytomyr. I really missed swimming. I loved to walk in the woods both in winter and in summer. Especially walking where part of the Strategic Missile Forces (SRMS) is abandoned. And she also liked to sit at the station, on the footbridge, smoke and watch the freight trains go by. There was such a desire to jump straight from the bridge onto the wagon and go away from those Brody, so as not to rot in them like all the locals!.. I also love to travel by tovarnyak, a kind of hitchhiking... But service is service, you can't get anywhere. .. After arriving in Brody, I was sent for retraining from airplanes to helicopters. Because I

only knew about the helicopter how to approach it for amphibious landing. Relearned. And I began to fly Mi-24 helicopters. I like the plane better. He is more nimble in the sky, flies faster and higher and, as one pilot said, he was also retrained as a helicopter pilot, somehow you feel more secure when you see a wing under your wing! But I also liked helicopters. when you fly

above the reservoir, two meters from the water mirror, circles diverge from the flapping of the blades on it - an impressive sight! You can't do that on a plane. The helicopter flies mainly at low and extremely low altitudes, and it has its own charm... I will never forget one incident. During the training, we fired from a helicopter, and when we were already in a combat turn to withdraw, we saw a moose on the training ground (the training took place on the Zhytomyr training ground)! We were walking about 5-7 meters from the ground, and the moose was simply in shock! He began to rake so quickly with his hooves to escape from this flying horror called "pinwheel"! It was so funny. How good that such beauty can be viewed from a helicopter! In general, I like to fly everything that flies! As another pilot said about our work: "It's such a thrill, and you get paid for it!..." But, apart from the thrill, which doesn't

happen so often, because, as always in the Ukrainian army, there is no fuel, this also work. Service is service, only more boring than in the landing. You live from flight to flight, then it's fun, but then you get bored. As they say, the most difficult thing in the work of a soldier is to wait for the war... And the work is very "hard"... They left at 8 o'clock in

the morning for training, then went to the classrooms, as if for training, slaps were poured, seeds were spat, then, at 9 o'clock, they start with the "molting" service. Majors, followed by captains, starlies, and already at 12 o'clock the last lieutenant leaves. Someone alone, the youngest, is left on the "straight", if anything - to challenge everyone to get together. Brody is a small town, it was possible to run quickly from any end, and so everyone went to do their household chores, at work they still had nothing to do, if they didn't burden the zampolit with some stupid thing! From 13:00 to 14:00 is a legitimate lunch! The flight canteen is open, but only an outfit goes there if there are no flights. Next is the muster: at 3 p.m. the lieutenants begin to gather, followed by the starlings and captains, well, for the serving majors and above, they come to line up only at 5 p.m.! Such a "hard, laborious" working day!.. I very quickly began to go crazy from such "overstrain"!.. They did not put me in uniform and on combat duty, because I am a woman! She started to fight first for outfits. These are stupid men. I don't understand you!!!

Wouldn't it be easier for you if you had one more hand in the "wash"?! And so in everything! Loading, unloading ammunition: "You are a woman!" And since learning requires speed, you can sneeze at the fact that you are a woman! If you can, it's a load, dig, dig, pull, carry! But I can, I can! I can do everything no worse than you, and even better! And I will never ask you for help. It's the same with dresses: sometimes they didn't let me in, and sometimes they tried on me, that I was perfect for dresses, then I didn't get out of them "after a day on a belt". And did not complain! Because at least some work! And the outfits are already difficult! To walk is to protect! Metal plates should be counted so that local people do not stretch them for scrap metal. That's hard! Well, the woman definitely won't be able to cope!... But

the regiment got used to me for a long time. This did not happen in six months, in a tor and a half I had already lost all hope. Three years later, finally, they called! This is due to the fact that the contingent is older and already ossified with brains. So I mostly served with my peers or guys younger than me, and here are old people. So they got used to it longer. I was quickly accepted as I am, only by the young pilots, my comrades-in-arms, who, in addition to me, got into Brody, three more from the junior courses that came after us, because they knew me from the KhUPS. With the rest it was difficult... But I was bored with them too. Talks only about fishing, hunting, dogs (they are still "dog handlers" for hunting), cars, and finally - about children and what a bitch a woman is! That's all the interests! There were a couple of bikers, then they mainly talked about "sportyag" motorcycles.

They didn't take me on BCH (combat duty) because two crews (six people) live in one room, and the pilots' wives have holes in their heads: what am I going to do there alone with five of them in that room? !! Fools are not far away! It's okay to judge me by myself!.. But then they realized that I'm a virgin at the BC as well. Especially in the summer, when the days are long (as the helicopters come to BCH only during daylight hours). You leave for the airport at 3-4 in the morning and return at 11 p.m. And in winter, when the day at the BCH is shorter than at work, you won't be able to fit in there! Because all the "deserving" people go there! All majors are "new banas", zampolits, whom you can't drive there in the summer.

Therefore, the summer BCH is for lieutenants! Work at the BCH is also "don't beat lying o

the airport, fell on the beds, turned on porn on the "TV" - and slept all day! Only in case of a training alarm, it is necessary to quickly prepare for the helicopter cabins. Actual departures from warheads are rare. And also — to eat flight rations three times a day, to go to the canteen naked. For me, such work at the World Championship was really hard! I'm not used to sleeping and eating so much! That's why I was walking around the airport the other day. Sometimes I collect strawberries, sometimes I pick mushrooms, sometimes I take a scythe and mow the territory, sometimes I sunbathe, sometimes I take embroidery with me, sometimes I pinch the grass in the parking lot, and sometimes I go to Ani and Marina to drink coffee at the "meteo" (meteorological service). Anya is my compatriot, from Kyiv, and also from Troeshchyna! Also, life and service all the way to Brody abandoned her. Marina is a captain, the head of the weather service. The girls are highly intelligent and developed, so I loved going to them. And there were also girls on the PDS (parachute-parachute service), on objective control and in communications. But everything is on a "short leash", because you can't walk far from the helicopter to be ready to take it in time! I liked interceding at the BCH: away from the superiors, closer to real work! Therefore, I could have 180 days of combat duty in a year, including outfits. And I didn't complain. Then it was possible to charge the ghula for processing, but they gave them

Helicopter pilots fly more often than pilots, because the rotors consume less "kerosene" (kerosene), but still not enough. Therefore, they spend them, first of all, on the training of "promising" ones! Baba in aviation cannot be promising a priori! Therefore, I had few flights "on my own", and more "as part of the crew". I did not like flying with more than six pilots. I don't like to fly with those who are afraid of the sky! In them, the helicopter does not float in the sky, but creaks! It is rare that a pilot likes to "spark" in flight! Then the "live" flight comes out! And you get a kick out of it! But I'm just an operator and I don't have the right to choose. They choose me. And most crew commanders didn't like to fly with me either, because I wasn't the smartest navigator, just because it was me!... But when the flights were more or less frequent and especially at night, and the pilots got tired, some from the operators gave me their flights. In the flight schedule, they were written on them, and I was sitting in the cockpit.

It suited everyone. Because I have no idea what it's like to be tired of flying, and I'm glad for every flight and every breath of the sky!

I especially liked the "general" flights. It started when the order was issued that the salary for flights is doubled if you fly 15 hours in a year, and all the old farts, who had already been written off from flying work for a long time due to health and age, and some of them even had their organs cut off (according to the type of gall bladder or thyroid gland), suddenly "rejuvenated", got better, medical cards and medical histories were lost somewhere, and for double the money they were ready to fly again! They didn't want to climb into the cabin and lift their old behinds into the sky, but only took money! Such as, for example, the Chief of Army Aviation of the Ground Forces, Major General Pistryuga! That's why the generals were written in the planning board, but they didn't even manage to come to the flights from their heated seats in the Kyiv offices! That is why other pilots flew for them. And if there is an incident or an accident, the plan can be changed quickly... All flight safety violations are present! But I was only happy for them! Because at the level of a general, they did not plan a flight in a circle, but a height or complex aerobatics! None of the helicopter pilots likes to "climb" to a height of 4-5 thousand meters. But for my happiness! And I have never worn an oxygen mask at such an altitude. I am insensitive to oxygen starvation because I smoke. But the "general" flights were always performed by my unit commander, Major Leontiev, and he is the best pilot I have ever met, so I was ready to fight for these flights and bite them with my teeth!!!

But all kinds of things happened... I was also suspended from flying when we, as a crew, shot unguided rockets with a flight distance of 2.5 km. I was counting down to the commander, but he didn't hear me, because the radio was jammed... I was praised when I was the only one of the operators to hit the target with a guided missile... Still, I was more "scolded" than "pitied", and thanks, as and all women were given only until March 8. No matter what I did and no matter how hard I tried, I was still a pilot! Therefore, from such a boring life and service in

Brody, I began to get drunk in the second year... Not that I would go away, but quite often. All

the lieutenants go through this, the first two years they bang, play, and then they get married, they take care of their minds. It wasn't part of my plans, but I lacked my favorite work and curiosity in life... Once, in some tavern, I got drunk with "palonka" (not high-quality vodka) and, before I reached the hostel, it killed me in some bushes. Our boss was driving his car, saw me, and instead of helping, he went to call me: "He! She's lying around drunk in the bushes, even in her uniform!" I was going along with BCH, they helped me get to the hostel. It's not that I was the first or the last to sleep in the bushes like that, and it was already after the service, but I just did it wrong, that I went in the uniform to drink, I had to change clothes, and even then I understand that it's somehow not good when "lieutenant stars" are lying around in the bushes!... But I also saw half-ranked stars in the bushes and did not betray anyone, but helped, but that was on everyone's conscience. But I was not forgiven for this. The military wives screamed the most: "How could she!? She's a woman!" As much as she could, she went crazy! But they don't teach me! They themselves, most of them bang and fornicate a lot! While their husbands in Africa earn money on the ground! But each of them squirms a decent "lady"! It's just me who is always "fucked up" by them!

In the regiment, a show trial of "officer's honor" was held over me! AT! It sounds like! Officer honor! And I thought that such juicy words in the army have long been forgotten! They are really long forgotten... They are mentioned only in such cases. And what is "officer honor" - officers have not been taught this for a long time. We don't read the same books as "I have honor!"... At the show trial, I was scolded, teased and fingered: "Ay-yay-yay! How could you?! Pilots don't drink!" And then I just "took my ass" from laughing at such hypocrisy and lies! I said that I have not yet seen a pilot, or any soldier in general, who does not drink or has not drunk! As they say in our country, a person who does not drink is either sick or a scumbag!

Everyone was mostly just silent, because they understood that it was a circus, but one rascal was still found... Because a pilot can't be sick! :) And he said that he doesn't drink! And wasn't he just yesterday telling how all the taverns in Brody were during his lieutenant years?

counted and the crayfish crawled home?... But let everyone be the judge of his conscience! I simply told them that I drank and will drink! I just won't drink WITH THEM anymore... Then, in order not to go crazy from boredom in that rotten swamp, Brody started to occupy herself with something... Then she did repairs in her room in a group of houses twice, because the walls were pressing on her brain. She helped the neighbors to make repairs, if they didn't mind. In the two kitchens in the dormitory, on the first and second floors, repairs were mostly done with the girls, because the men did not need kitchens and stoves, they went to the flight canteen or cooked in their rooms. She cleaned the snow from the roof in winter. Then I cover the wings with roofing material, because it is against feces. Then I took care of the territory of the house, built a fence, sowed a lawn. The people of Brodiv were not very happy about my hospitality. Rather, on the contrary, it hindered them. They are used to living like pigs, building barns in front of the windows, you keep pigs and chickens, and that suited them! There were not even garbage cans in Brody! The car came twice a week, stood for 10 minutes in the yard, collected garbage. If you didn't have time to come home from work and throw it away, then it's still there for a week, or they threw it away wherever they saw it! I have never seen such a thing anywhere, no matter where I live! Even in the village, people are tidier! And here is the city!... Then, at some regular election, some regular mayor finally provided the city with garbage containers! Only the director of the hostel and myself were happy about my hard work, because I couldn't sit idle. I made friends with the women's part of the dormitory, which was not so numerous, as many as five or six girls (each of them either a soldier herself or a soldier's wife). They liked to drink coffee in the morning and smoke, gathered for lunches and dinners. Time passed more cheerfully in the "forests". Therefore, I thank Lena, Lesya, Hala, Mariytsa, Larisa and Oleg Pushkaruk for being a good neighbor! Lena was the wife of an officer and worked as a psychologist in a kindergarten. They had a very creative and friendly team, cheerful teachers who were not lazy to make wonderful mornings with children! I loved to help them in this. Sometimes she painted the walls in the kindergarten, then she made some decorations. Lena always brought some kind of work to the hostel, and we spent all nights with her creating. When her

my husband moved, and then they moved to Volyn altogether, I began to lack creative work and cheerful company.

Even with the children of soldiers and pilots, she made some theatrical productions for the holidays. Everything on one's own initiative, because no one in the army needs it anymore. All amateur concerts are always performed under the supervision of Zampolites, there are rarely any boys willing to go on stage. But in our regiment there were a few, then they did something... Military

children surprised me. They seem to come from wealthy families, and they have everything, and they flocked to the gifts like those starving children from Iraq, to whom I promised to give out cartridges in bulk. I want this too
moose to give away...

That's how I somehow cut short five years of my service in Brody. They say that if you have lived in one place for five years, then you are already a "local"... How good that I did not serve there for more than five years after all. Svitlana Kravchuk was a real outlet in Brody. The woman is a pilot, a major, one of the

best specialists in her field and a very intelligent person. It is true that stupid women rarely get into aviation. Both Svitlana Kravchuk and Vika Mikotova — with gold medals and red diplomas. Only I "didn't come out". Sveta is also a pilot, one of the best! Both of these families - Svitlana and Vika - are an example of the fact that people of the same profession, especially in aviation, are always strong and healthy families. These women did a great job of giving birth to children and doing their job well! And the state spent a lot of money on their education. Although most men would agree with me, gritting their teeth.

Svetlana always stood out from the Brod crowd by her unusualness. Even with her appearance alone (the way she dresses) she tears that rotten city in half! Brody did not accept her for a long time either. Then they calmed down. I appeared! Therefore, it is not surprising that Sveta and I became good friends. And I am very grateful to her for the fact that I was not alone in Brody. She is a friend who will always support you.

I also "fought" for Africa in Brody. Many times I wrote a report on a rotation to perform a peacekeeping mission in the aviation depot of the Ukrainian contingent, because only there it was possible

swoop in Flights there for six months every day, 7 hours a day. Not the same as in Ukraine, "once per decree". But, of course, such happiness is not for a woman! Well, how about it! Such a difficult job! Boom, fly and sleep. And how will the wives of the pilots endure that I will be there alone with them all for six months?! Nafig men also need me to tell their women about all their whoredom with African women bought for five bucks!... I've already gone through all this. But I really need it. I only needed flights, experience, practice. But Africa as a mission in general is its own corruption. If you want to go, earn money - pay. Give two salaries! The ground warehouse, the service personnel (bath attendants, cooks, warehouse workers and all sorts of other unclear nonsense) were paid by everyone, and pilots, engineers and technicians - by the money... That's why you'll slip in a fig. Especially when salaries began to be increased, few people did not "saw each other's legs"... It was disgusting to watch all this! And the commander of the regiment said to them in no other way than "Well, fellow wage-earners!?" (not pilots or officers), and did not name! And he was, in fact, right! Everything reeked of corruption, from the rank and file to the general rank in our "army"! But while it was calm, it was still tolerated. But, WHAT will our "salaried workers" continue to do on rotations, and pilots - in the same Africa, when the war is going on in the country itself?! That's a fucking question! In the country, tractor drivers from collective farms are being mobilized senselessly, because they should plow and sow the fields, while "soldiers" are running away from the war in "warm countries", although they should be fighting and defending their land! Bitches! I'll just get to the General Staff! Fuck, fuck, all that generality that has stuck its snout to the trough and knows no bounds! Fucking bastards, damn it! "Forward" everyone, to the front line fuck! And the barriers behind! To teach the scum how to love their land and protect the Motherland, not sparing life. How to swear! Faces! And then the Maidan began, Crimea, ATO, war and my conscience more they did not allow me to sit in Brody and hide my skin!..



МАЙДАН

The Armed Forces stand in for combat duty to guard the borders of their country. Therefore, each type of army has its own distance from the border depending on the TTX (tactical and technical characteristics) of weapons and equipment. For helicopters, it is 200 km from the border. But one day, Yanukovych removed the BCH (combat duty) from its place of importance and moved it near Kyiv, or rather, under his estate. So, instead of defending the borders of Ukraine, the Armed Forces of Ukraine began to protect and protect our "dearly beloved" guarantor from us, the people of Ukraine. What is not "a mission worthy of a soldier and an officer"?! Ugh! And yes! Yanyk withdrew his troops long before the Maidan - ed

but he knew something.

Our helicopter regiment guarded him from two points: one helicopter was stationed at the airfield in Vasylykiv, the other was at the helipad right in the forest, near the village of Lyutizh, under the ex-president's "cottage" ! The service was "heavenly"! There is nothing special in Vasylykiv , like at the airfield. But in Lutezh: nature, forest, Dnipro river (Kyiv sea, reservoir) - beauty! And it is not far to run to the neighboring village for a bottle or beer. In the summer - fishing, setting nets, poaching, drying rams, swimming. In autumn - white mushrooms, boletus, chanterelles. As many as you want and as many as you want! And stewed, and fried, and dried. In the spring - berries, strawberries. And in winter - waist-deep snow and bitter cold. That is why two helicopters were stationed in Vasylykiv for the winter, because it was useless to warm them up before launching in Lyutizh. Lived in an armored train! This is not a joke. Indeed, there are such trains in the Armed

Forces. Compartment wagons, only armored, and equipped not only for personnel, but also for the transportation of weapons, equipment, and various installations. There is a kitchen and a dining room, a clothes dryer and a shower — all comfort! There were even lights and heating, electric radiators! Thrown electric cable from the nearby ground part. The boys also spent time on the Internet and played "dances". Only everything is wooden and iron and concrete, like in the army. Radio operators and radar operators lived in their working rooms. All military vehicles are designed for both work and living without leaving the workplace. Service is nothing like that, if only it were not for the very awareness of the purpose of such service... Alarms were often raised in the air here! Every time, like something

Yanyk will "see" or imagine that he is in danger. Some hang-glider was blown there by the wind, and he will cross the "holy" five-kilometer zone to the "holy-holy" - the "hut" of the guarantor! Some kind of plane, then paratroopers... That's it, we take off and look for a "threat"!... We never found anyone, but at least we flew in! And every time, a special group was on duty with us and took off. And sometimes, if the "threat" is already very "dangerous" and "real" :), then the presidential guard itself has arrived! The truth is that in the "third circle", every time Yanika's own plane took off and flew somewhere, she kept us ready for an hour, or even two. Until the "guarantor" is guaranteed and safely lands where he needs to! And in addition to aviation, Yanukovych was also protected by air defense! And even we could not fly into the five-kilometer zone, because our own would be shot down! That's how Yanukovych protected his bitch! And all at state expense! Ukrainians paid taxes for it! I would die, bitch!!! Such a warhead was also aggravated by the fact that, violating all established norms and flight safety, we went there for weeks, or even for a month, although it is possible - no more than two days in a row. I still had nothing, I am from Kyiv, so my sister often picked me up by car in the evening, and brought me home in the morning, both from Vasylkovo and from Lyutizh. So I was at home for a little while. And the boys went a little "wild" in a month. And I lived there with them in the compartment of the same armored train, always with one more pilot of some kind (two each, not four in a compartment, the "elite" though)! And no one died or was born from that! I wonder if their wives knew about it? But they didn't find out exactly from me!..

Then the Maidan began. Everyone understood what was being done, and everyone in our regiment supported him, but only in words, because the army, as always, is out of politics! And our "guarantor" is also our "commander-in-chief", so we all understood that we could receive the same orders from him as "Berkut" received: "Extinguish our people!" Of course, no one would shoot at people, but it would be necessary to show strength and fly around. The matter never reached the army, thank God! Yanika and "Berkut" were enough to break firewood. And then get fucked.

But I just couldn't look at everything that was happening from the sidelines. Therefore, after the day of defending the BCH, she went to the Maidan for the night,

and in the morning - again at the BCH. Fortunately, it was possible to fall asleep while on duty. When I changed from BCH and returned to Brody, I took all my days off, additional and regular vacations, broke them up and went to Kyiv to the Maidan. Although the army is "out of politics", the commanders silently let them go.

What was I doing on the Maidan? The same as a million Ukrainians! Everything was beaten! Maidan lived, existed, acted. And how it happened, and how it was experienced, every conscious Ukrainian knows. And they have already written and will write more than one book about it! And the truth will be told! And they will lie! I will not describe everything, I will tell only about two days: January 19 and February 20. On the Maidan, I met a lot of guys with whom I once served, mostly from the air force. I met many brave and courageous people. Many of my friends from Lviv, Kharkiv, and Kyiv also came to the Maidan. When I came to sign up for the lists in the Maidan Self-Defense, the reaction was standard: "We have girls in the kitchen, helping to make canapés." Without arguing with anyone, I put on a men's ski suit and went to do what I know how to do! Well, definitely not canapés, although that was also necessary. But for me it is better to chop firewood. One night, they were talking with the boys by the tub with the fire. Out of a hundred. I did not show that I was a girl, it was impossible to see behind the soot there at night. But in the course of the conversation, one paratrooper guy asked me: "Aren't you Pulya sometimes?" That's when "glory" ran ahead of me! That's how I found myself with the boys.

On January 19, on Vodokhreshcha, we went to the Dnipro, bathed in a mud pit, went to a coffee shop, ordered a bottle and lunch to celebrate. We didn't even get to dancing and table songs when we got a call and were told that "Berkut" had gone on the offensive. Celebrated... Had a blast! By cars! On the Maidan! And it's already hot there! The tires haven't lit yet, but it's "fun" anyway! Clashes have already started for a reason. The people got tired of waiting for good from the government, they turned wild, and "Berkut" "broke off the chain", waiting for an order.

I understood that both we and they would fall in street fights, and the authorities would not even be affected, so I tried to stop the fight as long as possible. If you hit, you're on target! And for that it is cold

reason, strategic plan and action are needed, not rage and chaos! But what am I talking about? War in the crowd is very different from war in the ordinary sense. And it is much scarier. Nevertheless, I did what considered correct.

The cadets of the Higher Education Institute of the Ministry of Internal Affairs were put up against the people as the first ranks of the entourage. These were boys aged 17-20. "Berkut" stood behind them, 50 meters deep. The cobblestone, which was thrown by the people, didn't even reach Berkut, not the authorities, but flew straight into those children... Some grandfather and a couple of other women tried to protect the Ministry of Internal Affairs officers, stood between the crowd and the ranks of the security forces, and asked them to stop. When a cobblestone flew into the grandfather's knee, the Ministry of Internal Affairs officers covered him with their shields. I was pleasantly surprised by this action of the young men, and I could not help but come to their defense. They weren't "demons", they just obeyed the order... In their place, I and anyone who served in the security forces could have followed the order as well. It is usually difficult for people to understand this. "Why do they protect that criminal government? Let them throw down their weapons and go over to the side of the people!" — such appeals were often heard on the Maidan. It is true... Well, don't be afraid of the fact that the "army is out of politics" came to the Maidan... But I always had the courage not to follow orders that I considered stupid or criminal. But not everyone can be like me. Yes, it was difficult for me to make such a decision, because both the people on the Maidan and "Berkut" are all mine, the Ukrainian people, to whom I gave an oath to protect them, and now I had to choose. That's why I always chose the side of the weaker. That day, surprisingly, it was the Ministry of Internal Affairs and Berkut. I tried to shout and explain to the guys from "Ultras" and "Right Sector" that the cobblestones to "Berkut" will not fly and will not harm the authorities... They agreed with me, but said that it was impossible to tolerate it any longer, something had to be done!... Don't dance all the time to Ruslana on the Maidan. And they were right in their own way. Changes will not happen by themselves, they need to be done with your own hands! And, unfortunately, with blood...

Nevertheless, I tried to stop the clashes at least on one side of the line. When a cobblestone flew into my collarbone, the Ministry of Internal Affairs

they covered me with shields and let me out in a row under the wall of the house with shouts: "Get out of here!"

Then they rolled and set fire to the tires and... "lit" the Maidan! It was impossible to stop anything. The "drums" thundered, people began to quickly pull up and build barricades, prepare and throw Molotov cocktails. In response, "Teren-4" grenades with asphyxiating gas and rubber bullets began to fly from "Berkut". I took two cans of distilled water in my hands and ran, washed the boys' eyes and faces when gas got into them and they couldn't breathe or see. But the water helped a little. Then I myself screamed and gasped for gas, lost my voice completely, and then it took a long time to recover. A grenade exploded somewhere under my feet, and shrapnel hit my leg, but I noticed this three days later, when I was changing clothes, and I didn't feel it then - it wasn't to that point. When a grenade exploded and a cloud of gas covered me, I immediately took out a cigarette and smoked. She inhaled through a cigarette, exhaled through her nose. The body is already used to nicotine, and the gas filter stopped it. I also advised the boys to smoke as soon as the gas bursts, but BEFORE, and not after, when they were inspired! One inhaled, and then smoked another, then he began to vomit.

The night was scary and creepy. The sounds of the battle echoed throughout the day. From the blows of the "drums" (letavres) there was a chill, then the blood burned! "Berkut" from time to time rushed into the offensive, but there were 20 thousand people, and this stopped them. They are also people, not robots, and they are also afraid, the instinct of self-preservation is inherent in everyone.

Somehow, the guys from "Ultras" caught the "Berkutov" and began to take off his bulletproof vest and beat him. Then I and another person covered him and told them not to touch him. "He has no right to wear this uniform, since he went against the people!" "Ultras" shouted, and the man answered them: "Guys, don't hit! We are not animals! We are people!" We quickly dragged that "Berkutov" to the ambulance, and he survived. All night I did not leave the front line of Hrushevskyi. Vera was there, and all my acquaintances and friends. None of us stood. The Maidan was active! Mostly boys and men fought, about a hundred walked under fire and threw cocktails

and paving stones in return. Then another thousand built barricades, cooked and brought paving stones, beat drums, burned tires. The next thousand and five knocked out and crushed cobblestones and carried them to the front. Vera carried cobblestones with bags like a bee! Women distributed masks, helmets, protective glasses, water, canapés. Medics quickly organized a medical center in the building and provided assistance to the wounded. The rest — twenty thousand — stood and watched, videotaped what was happening, and replaced those who were tired or injured. Avtomaidan, and simply the whole city of Kyiv, brought tires from all the tire shops where they were given to the Maidan for nothing, they also refueled cars, because it hurt every conscientious Ukrainian! And even just standing and "gazing" was necessary then too! Because only the number and strength of the angry crowd restrained

"Berkut". By morning, people were tired, exhausted, and the tension began to subside... The crowd of "gazers" was the first to disperse. The crowd died, and the boys in the front line could hardly stand on their feet. I called the coordinators and centurions, shouted that now is the most dangerous moment, that the "Berkut" guard has changed, those who rested in the Cabinet have come out, rested and with new forces, and that people must be returned, fighters must be replaced, all the last ones must be mobilized strength, but hold on, because "Berkut" will go on the offensive right now, and the guys from the front line will all be dead! And the forces ran out. There was no replacement. And "Berkut" rushed!..

People began to retreat. Those who panicked, and those who resisted, lay down from the beatings of the "Berkuts" and were dragged into carts (police cars). I realized that I had no right to run away, so I remained standing with those two bottles of distilled water in my hands. I had nothing else - no cobblestones, no sticks. Was it scary? But it was somehow wild! This is the first time that the battle is so close, and such a wave rushed at you! I probably didn't have time to get scared, because if I had time, I would have run.

"Berkut" was flying with shields and swinging batons, but it bypassed me like a wave-breaker with shouts: "Don't touch!" And so I remained in the rear of "Berkut". They began to destroy the self-organized Maidan Hospital and drag out the wounded. Pulled out

some grandfather, whose heels were crushed (probably stepped on a grenade), and let's kill him. Then I and another "Berkutivite", precisely a "Berkutivite", not a VVshnyk (Internal troops of the Ministry of Internal Affairs), rushed to him, covered ourselves and shouted "Don't beat!" And among "Berkut" there are also people, not beasts!.. Then they began to

drag and persecute the medics. There are still such photos somewhere, where the "Berkutivets" is aiming a rifle at a medic who is kneeling with his hands up, and behind me I am running, shouting: "What are you doing?! These are doctors!" "Berkut" never hit me, only looked askance. So I did everything I could. We began to evacuate the hospital, the wounded and the medicine that survived. At the same time, I constantly called, described the situation and asked to gather people as soon as possible. One "Berkutivite" noticed that I was talking on the phone and said: "What, I have already called back?!" "So! Called back!" I snarled at him and pulled out a bag of medicine. When the hospital was moved ("Berkut" gave it "green bark dor"), I still remained on Hrushevskiyi, near the hospital and the barricades, with the same two thermal balloons. The medics, only "garbage" ones (they also had capes with a red cross on them), came to me and told me to give the canisters. I showed them that it was not gas, but just water, and splashed it in my eyes. Did you take it anyway! Two fattrests! How can they only help the wounded, how can they not bend because of the belly?! And the VVshniks were just passing by. The youngest of them, who followed "Berkut" broke down to beat people, because not all of them ran, but even among the "children" there are inhumans! And one of the VVshniks, seeing how I was splashing water on my black, smoky face, uttered the phrase: "Oh, I wish you would get out of here! Look at yourself! Who needs you like that?!" And what were people thinking about at such a time?! I have never heard a stupider remark...

Then the call went out that "Berkut" was on the offensive, and the people quickly began to gather with new strength. Maidan did not have to ask for a long time! "Berkut" once again retreated behind the VVshnik chain. The fighting started to start again, but then some pip with a cross, incense and a retinue rushed right behind the people's barricades, in front of the "Berkut" coupling, to pray. Some women came running. I went there. some kind

the woman shouted that "this is not our father", that he is from the Moscow Patriarchate and is praying for people to stop them, and not "Ber kut" to understand! But I don't care who he prays to, damn it ! So that there would be peace and a truce at least for a while. People need to rest! While there was a lull, people immediately pulled up, built and moved the barricades and that burned-out bus forward. Because "Berkut" set fire to everything during the offensive. I stood in front of the waiting room and turned away people who came to tell Berkut something. Especially the old and loud grandfathers, who were very annoying to the guards, and these guys (the security forces) started hitting the shields with batons, preparing for aggression. And people needed time to build protective barricades, so I was taking time. The soldiers also understood that we were preparing for revenge, but they themselves were tired of doing something. I myself also talked with the boys, but I annoyed them less, as well as the girls who approached. I noticed that upstairs two officers were pointing down and talking about something with a worried look, and they were afraid to go down... I looked around on the ground and shouted to them: "What!? "Will it break"?! " One came down from the hill and said: "Oh, see? The grenade is lying. Get up, because someone else will come, it will be torn." I looked at the grenade, correctly and carefully took it and handed it to him. Good thing I know how to do it! And if he sent an ignorant person!.. And why did he have to?! A person could be left without a hand! But somehow I got the impression that they already knew who I was... They punched through the files... Then I went and collected everything that could be broken on the ground in the square where people were walking, and handed it to him. My mini sapper work made the officers' eyes widen. It was not only me, but also the boys from the crowd, but they did not give these "tsitsiks" to the Berkut, but took them with them to show what they were fighting against us. I did not consider it necessary to do so. Everything that exposes people to danger must be removed far away! And preferably those who know how to eliminate it! Then there were battles and fires again, and I don't even remember what day I left there, because I had to go to work

go back...

As you can see, I was not some kind of leader or hero on the Maidan. To be a leader, you need to know where to lead! And to be a hero, you need to have a clear position and decide whose side you are on! I couldn't decide, because I already said that I swore an oath both to the Ukrainian people.

And as for where to lead, when I was about 19 years old and we went to the "Ukraine without Kuchma" rally, the "leaders" agreed on something with the authorities and dispersed the crowd (the leaders at that time were Tymoshenko and Yushchenko), and the "ideological" remained standing, because they didn't understand why we were parting if nothing had changed for the better... 30 guys from Odessa and I stood there all night. We talked, sang rebel songs, in the morning they said: "Nadia, if you lead us now... We will follow you!" Then I got scared. Will you lead?! Where to lead?! To certain death? 500 men were standing against us! I didn't feel that I had the right to risk someone else's life besides my own. So everything did not end with nothing then...

This time I was already 32, and it was time to make up my mind... In Brody, our pilots often said: "I would like to raise a helicopter, fly and make fun of that Verkhovna Rada with a fucking cannon!!!" But that's just talk... Returning to Brody, I told the regiment commander that I needed to be there!

Because my family is there! My sister and my mother! And if something happens to them... - Nothing will happen to them. — Can you guarantee me that?! - Well, if something happens, then you tell me, and I will make a decision

we will let you go or not.

- Oh no! If, God forbid, something happens, I will accept it decision and I will go! And I will let you know!

That was the

conversation. Then, every weekend, I escaped to Kyiv, until after the beatings in the cauldron near the Verkhovna Rada, in the Mariinsky Park, which hosted the "Berkut" people (and the "leader" Yatsenyuk brought people there!), and where many of my friends were severely beaten and injured friends, e

from Lviv, Vera called me and said that she was hit in the arm by a rubber bullet when she was pulling the boys out of the boiler!... The commander signed the report for the next leave without saying a word!

I hitchhiked to the Maidan somewhere in the middle of the night. I entered from Postova Square through European Street, and it turned out that again through the rear of Berkut. But they were so tired and beaten that they just sat in the middle of the asphalt and didn't pay any attention to me. I got all wet to get to the other side of the barricades, and passed through the line of fire that separated the people from Berkut. The Maidan was surrounded, clamped by the forces of the Ministry of Internal Affairs and set on fire. People gathered annoyingly, closer to the stage. The earth burned. There were so many "Berkuts", especially on the hill from Instytutska Street (now Heroes of the Heavenly Hundred - Vera's note), that it seemed to me - even more than the people! I have not seen so many of them... Well, at least armed. And their protection was definitely better than that of humans. It was even scary to imagine how much blood there would be if they went on the offensive... Vera and the boys had been defending in the front lines for three and a half days. I found them, and when I saw with what ferocity my younger sister was hurling cobblestones into the ranks of Berkut, I felt ashamed: what kind of warrior am I, if I can't even protect my family?! And Vera also said: "Nadya, what are you worth?! You can do something! You can throw cocktails!" And I couldn't stand any longer... I took "Molotov cocktails" and threw them where the fire was needed - sometimes at a water cannon, sometimes at the ceiling, but not at people. It was not necessary until they approached and went on the offensive. A streak of fire held them. Then we started burning all the rags and threw everything that was burning into the fire. Somewhere around then I was hit in the leg by a rubber bullet. I didn't feel this right away, either, until later I saw the trail with a "qui point" and picked up the bullet. In the morning, as usual, the population decreased due to exhaustion, and workers began to be in short supply. Vera replaced some guy and began to hold a shield to protect you people from fire. I stood next to her, taking the shield from the second guy. They had already defended the night with their shields and could barely stay on their feet. Shields constantly

it broke, and a shard flew into my eyes, until the safety glasses cracked (it's good that they were) Not only Kyiv, but also all of Ukraine went to the Maidan! In the morning, we were replaced with shields by the newly arrived guys from Rivne, who "trotted" through the woods at night to make their way to the Maidan, because all the roads were blocked. That night, some idiot from the stage said in a checkered voice, "Hold on, guys! Stay until morning! There will be weapons here in the morning! We will defeat them!" Well, fuck! What the hell is it like to say such things from the stage?! Who was this for?! What was it said for?! So that "Berkut" heard and prepared? Is it to provoke and betray his people?! Well, you can't say otherwise! Me too, "raised the fighting spirit"! Only zay ve frightened those who know what firearms are and what their consequences are... And also a politician! And why are they all such clowns and idiots, and not specialists and diplomats?!

But in the morning, everything seemed to freeze and began to calm down... Vera had to go to work, and I sent her, for which she later shouted at me, how could I send her at such a moment, when help was so badly needed on the Maidan!.. Only there was nothing to help there. Unless you don't hold a weapon in your hands. And Vera does not like weapons! It's a good thing she wasn't there.

February 20, 2014, late morning, around 10 o'clock. I myself was going to go rest. I get closer to the stage and see how the door of the blue bus opens. From there, men and young men fly out with rare weapons, shouting: "Father! Father! Let's shoot from there!" They run up Institute Street. Oh, you're my mother's dear!... Just not that!... Shots began to ring out from the Maidan and from across the street. I realized that I will not take a firearm on the Maidan! I have no right to this! That's why I went, took a medical bag, medical clothes and pushed to the front line of the Institute to do what I am still good at: providing first aid! Two student boys, Valera and Ivan, protecting themselves with metal helmets and light body armor, left with by me I also had a plastic helmet with a red cross on it, but I did not wear a bulletproof vest. There is also a photo somewhere where the three of us are standing behind a guy holding a bloody shield... The guys were carrying the wounded

and killed, and I and the doctors provided help. Of the three people seriously wounded by firearms that I assisted that day, only one survived. Two "went" right in front of my eyes... I was surprised by the holes from the bullets - they were larger than 5.45 and as if smaller than 7.62, and also the angle at which they entered the body, at a right angle, from above. So, they shot somewhere from close...

The hospital where I was was deployed in the "Ukraine" hotel. I went a little up Instytutskaya Street, but the men asked me not to go beyond the hotel, because snipers were working. I heard that they were shooting from the "Ukraine" hotel itself, from the seventh floor (I thought so from the sound of the shots). I heard that there were three of them (there were four of them, as I later found out, the fourth simply "worked" in the other direction, at the "Kozatskyi" hotel, where the nurse was injured at the time). We caught snipers' negotiations and heard that they were still on the roof and upper floors of the Cabinet building, and sniper units were on the ground. There were also "Berkutov" people, but they all had the wrong angle and the wrong sector of view. The most deaths were caused by shots from close range from above, sometimes directly in the back. Most of the Berkut residents were shot the same way. Everyone heard that "mysterious" snipers were shooting in one direction and another on the Maidan to incite a fight. That's how it was... The next day, one guy told me what he saw on the 5.56-caliber Institute sleeve. At that time, we still laughed at him and said that there is no such caliber. When he brought the cartridge case, we realized what fools we were, because we remembered that it is a caliber of the NATO standard, which fits both the American M-16 rifle of certain modifications, and the Kalashnikov assault rifle in modifications from 100 to 104, which were in service not in Russia! So guess where those damn snipers were from!

After the shooting ended and the "Berkut" retreated, I walked up Instytutskaya Street with my bag on my left, went around a circle and went down Hrushevskyi Street. On the way, tying up VVshniks and "Berkuts" who needed help. On the Maidan, there were enough doctors even without me. I was looking for my friend... Once upon a time we studied together at KhUPS, but he was always eager for landing or intelligence and transferred to Kharkiv

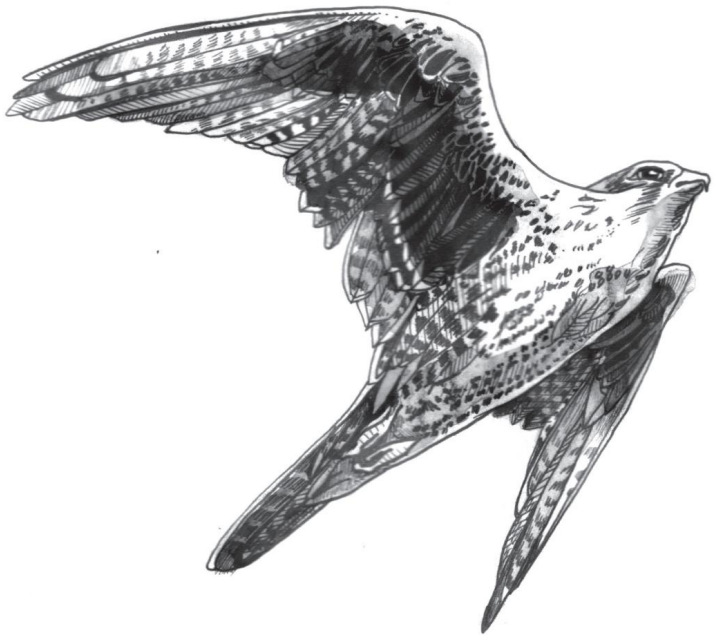
the Academy of Internal Troops, as a scout. After graduation, he served as the commander of a company of internal troops in Donetsk, not far from the airport. Of course, they were driven to the Maidan. Shortly before this terrible day, we met with him. Of course, on different sides of the barricades... We talked, and although our views differed, we still did not become enemies. Then they didn't. After February 20, I tried to call him, but he no longer answered me. I only know that he was alive then and very offended.

"Batya" (that's how he was called) is an amazing person! He has a very broad soul. He has a beautiful wife and a smart five-year-old daughter. Where are they now? What about them? I want to believe that everything is fine! I feel that Batya and I are still on different sides of the barricades. But I really want to hope that I haven't lost a friend yet. At least not completely. And one day, as before, we will look in the same direction again.

Some time before Vodokhreshche, I spoke from the Maidan stage. Then I said that it is difficult to gather strength and patience in the heart and not to be the first to pick up the "club" and not to throw the paving stone first. Because it's easy to start a fire, but it's hard to put it out! Because malice begets malice, aggression is aggression, and every fired bullet leads to two fired in response! Therefore, if it is possible not to start, then it is better not to start, because it will be difficult to stop. I said that I was an officer of the

Armed Forces, and that I swore an oath of loyalty to the Ukrainian people, and the people on the Maidan and "Berkut" are my Ukrainian people! And she asked everyone in the words of "Panphilivites": "Today, they are dying for the Motherland too early! Today we still have to live for the Motherland!"

Then people on the Maidan applauded me, but... They didn't hear...



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Back when there was a Maidan, guys from Crimea often called me. At one time, we served with them in the Air Force, in Iraq, in aviation. They said: "What are you doing there?! All this will come to us!" They saw Russian troops sneaking into Crimea.

Then the annexation of Crimea by Russia began. Our General Staff, as usual, was not ready to make adequate effective decisions. The last two defense ministers, Salamatin and Lebedev, were pro-Russian protégés under Yanukovych. In general, they were citizens of Russia, so they sold and surrendered our army "with telbukhs"! Crimea was captured by Russia very quickly and very skillfully... The guys from the marines, aviation and airborne troops called me 4-5 times a day and shouted: "What are you thinking there?! Do something! Russia caught up with a ship that jams all our communications! ILs (Il-76) land at the airfield in Kirovsky at night and unload equipment! What should we do?! When will they give any order?" But there were no orders. Neither to them nor to us. The maximum that the Ukrainian command managed to do was to pull troops to the Kherson and Mykolaiv regions, but they never dared to defend Crimea! And the Crimean military was not given a clear order to defend itself either. As usual, the generals mumbled something indecipherable, afraid to take responsibility! The calls continued, but I couldn't do anything... All the teams I tried to shout at didn't even want to listen to me! Some lieutenant, and also a woman, who needs it most of all! They have a higher command! So let them think! "Nadia! Where are your fucking "pinwheels"?! Where is the aviation support?! You understand, the machine gun is looking at me! And behind him, on the contrary, a Russian guy is standing! Last year, he and I were on joint exercises! I don't want to shoot him! But I am a marine! And the "black berets" don't give up! I will not give the machine! What should I do?! I haven't changed my outfit for seven days! I can't see my family! Where are you?! Why are you not doing anything? Give us at least some order!!!" My heart was breaking from my own impotence!

And of course, they didn't take me to the ATO (as it was then called) as a "woman"! And I sat, "dumb" in Brody and bit my nails, watching

news on TV. It was not turned off while on duty in the classroom, and we all watched and understood what would happen...

Seizures of Ukrainian military units began, and the commanders of each unit had to act at their own discretion and take responsibility for themselves, because there were no orders "from above"...

Therefore, some went with flags to negotiate with the enemy, some joined the Russian army, and some withdrew equipment and troops from the peninsula deep into Ukrainian territory. But no one dared to open fire and start a war... I was told how the commander of the aviation unit in Saki was driving equipment from the Crimea.

A minimum of people knew about this decision (and on top of that, they didn't know how to do it)... They are always the first to be sold! That's why the task was given at the staging of the flights immediately before

performance

The pilots and engineers warmed up in the morning, prepared the equipment and started playing volleyball. On the command "On the sides!" the entire brigade boarded airplanes and helicopters, everything that flew, simultaneously lifted them into the wind and flew the entire brigade to the Mykolaiv airfield. This is the so-called "removal of equipment from under attack". The best decision and maneuver that a commander can and should make! The pilots flew in what they were in, taking only

their passports with them, as there was a previous order, presumably to check the data in the unit. Prudently. They took a lot of risk! They could have been shot down if the Kremlin dared, they left their families, who then began to "press" and expel them from the military dormitories, they could no longer return to Crimea and went through hell until their families were reunited! But they acted honorably, as officers should do! They saved the equipment for Ukraine! I do not know whether the history of Ukraine will remember the names of these heroes, but I will not forget their brave act! Well done, guys! After Russia completely invaded, took Crimea and started brazenly stationing its army there, other calls from the guys started... They started telling with a malicious sneer how good they are in the Russian army! They gave out everything new: both clothes and accessories; and salaries

increased, and everything in them "fuck"!!! You could just feel how much grief and despair there were in their voices... And in my heart there was boundless pain from this... A week later, everyone began to binge drink...

The guys called and said: "Please, don't consider us traitors. We couldn't do otherwise..." I understood them well. You have no idea what it's like for a paratrooper, a real paratrooper, to surrender and give up your weapon!.. It's like not flying for me... It's such a blow that will never stop hurting!.. If I had known that I would get into the air in Russia to the enemy, and not to her own people, she would have bitten their throats with her teeth, a reptile, but she would not have been captured!

The guys are mostly Crimeans. Crimea is their homeland. Their parents lived there, their children were born. They were not able to protect their land, and all because we were not used to considering our "brother" as an enemy, and we never expected a mean blow in the back from the Russians!.. We are all Slavs!.. But how did it turn out! .. And what were they to do? I cannot give an unequivocal answer to this question. But I

also hide my guilt as a soldier and as an officer for the lost Crimea . For his inability and powerlessness to do something. It's a shame. Very ashamed in front of his people. And the boys in Crimea remained among the best! I loved coming to visit them! To hike in the mountains, to smoke "weed", to swim in the Black Sea, to lie on the beach, and then - for the night in Kirovske to the pier, to grill mullet kebabs, to stew mussels, to remember the service and to steam in the bathhouse in the PDS house... Those were wonderful times . Strong military friendship. But let's not be sad! There will be more! To spite everyone! Crimea will be ours again! Later, Russia failed to "ignite" Odesa, and the Kremlin shifted its fire to Donbas. Russian-trained sabotage groups chose the cities of Slavyansk and Kramatorsk of the Donetsk region as centers for their actions. ATO moved its efforts there.

When the anti-terrorist operation began, the command, instead of coming up with effective solutions, as usual, began to suffer from Dolboeybism. The pilots were ordered to change their pilot's caps to military "caps". This despite the fact that caps are not issued to the flight crew at all, only pilot caps. So, they had to be bought at the bazaar with their own money.

To the question "What is it for?" explained: "So that the enemy, as you will fly over the regiment, does not understand that this is a flying regiment." I have never heard more stupidity, especially considering that even "Google maps" show the location of helicopters at the airfield in Brody! Therefore, I simply ignored this senseless order. At first, the pilots were also "squeamish" about changing their pilot's caps to caps, but when they were threatened with the withdrawal of interest from their

salaries, they all quickly changed their clothes. And the command took it upon me to take off the pilot :) It was ordered to take it off and hand it over to the commander in the safe. To which I said: "I have three pilots. When you all pick it up, I'll ask my friends to lend it to me. When all the pilots run out, others will start giving them to me, just to see what you get out of it. When the whole regiment runs out of caps, I will buy 10 meters of fabric and sew myself a new cap every night, but you still won't take it off me! So you need such a riot on a ship?" To which the deputy commander of the regiment said: "She's the only one who can walk in a pilot's jacket - well, that's SHE!" I could not sit in Brody and constantly

write reports to the commander about sending me to the ATO zone. That surprised me a lot! This despite the fact that other officers willingly continued to write reports on Africa! The commander made all kinds of excuses for me: sometimes there is not enough equipment, sometimes there are not enough people, then I am an insufficiently trained specialist, and all kinds of other crap! I couldn't stand it and wrote a report to transfer me to any ground unit! Just in case, I'm not only a "underflight pilot", but also a paratrooper, and I know how to fight from the ground no worse than from the sky! The commander gladly signed this report for me, scribbling some other bad characteristic on it, so that it would be translated for sure, and he made me gasp! And then he sent me on another vacation a month earlier than planned, so that my eyes wouldn't calluses! But since the transfer of an officer, and also a pilot, who has not been dismissed from flying work, to the ground forces is a long and difficult process, and I also had no connection with any part, so where to transfer - who knows! Who the hell needs such "happiness"?! That's why I was transferred to "Aidar" - the 24th territorial defense battalion - already when I was "sitting" in Russia!

But I didn't care anymore! I LOVE to fly SO MUCH! And I would like to serve only in aviation... But when it comes to protecting one's land and people, it is not about satisfaction from work... There is no satisfaction in war. But a person must do what he knows how to effectively and help protect the Motherland!

At first, I went to Slovyansk and Kramatorsk without weapons, "po citizens", just look. And saw how it all began...

These two cities were already occupied by pro-Russian separatists, so I first went there and got caught just in time
airfield It

looked like this: a wave of noise was going through the city that a rally was coming to the airfield against the fact that military aircraft were stationed there and flying over the city. Well, it is necessary! Ukrainian

aviation, it turns out, does not have the right to base itself on Ukrainian airfields and fly in its Ukrainian airspace! And who just suggested it to those local Kramatorians?! "What are they doing here?! They haven't been here for a hundred years!" (the airfield has been closed for a long time, parts were withdrawn and looted, and the rest were relocated to the West, to protect against a "probable" enemy, which for some reason was always considered to be NATO, not Russia). And the pen flew away! But rejoice, fools! They flew to you, protect you! Eh! Where is there! Only "Russia will save" them. People were screwed! I'm going to the airfield,

because I know that our people are there. I'm walking along the lem, the wasteland. I see a crowd of people gathering at the checkpoint of the military airfield (because there was also a civilian airport, also closed, connected to the airfield), but not very many. Prepared posters with the inscription: "Do not shoot at peaceful Kramatorians!" are unrolled in advance. Shit! But who is shooting at you?! All this is already running and filmed by the Russian mass media. I'm in awe! Here, two cars drive up to the checkpoint, 4-5 youths in masks and uniforms jump out of them with assault rifles, open fire at the checkpoint, jump back into the cars and — the hell out of there! In response, a couple of shots are fired from the airfield. The soldiers shout "Do not approach", and the drunken cattle that have gathered climb the fence. The boys shoot in the air, which calms down the local "robbery". But someone said to the camera that his

Ukrainian soldiers were injured. They said that as many as four were wounded, although I, standing in direct contact, right in the crowd, did not see a single wounded person and did not hear a single cry for help! And then she herself would be the first to help! Russian journalists, of course, did not record how the Russian machine gunners opened fire on the airfield, but they only waited for the return fire from the military! Then they named all kinds of "fakes" and ran to Russia to promote "information wars"... This is how provocations and sabotage are done! I saw it with my own eyes!

I immediately called my pilots, described the environment and the situation, told them where to retreat after takeoff so as not to be shot down, and said that I would stay in place to track and transmit information. Later, at the same airfield, the separatists burned a Mi-8 helicopter from an anti-tank missile during the "gasovka" (launch). Then our squadron leader and crew were injured, the pilot-navigator there was also my co-pilot, and after that the helicopters were transferred to the airfield in Dnipropetrovsk. After the shots were fired at the airfield, people began to gather - who would just "paddle" while walking the dog, while the most ardent activists stayed behind! There were not many of them, 200 men, but that was enough! The authorities began to worship the "Kramatorsk mini-Maidan" or anti-Maidan! They brought tents, canapés, thermoses of tea, began to cover the airfield with bushes and burn bonfires... In a word, to "campaign" with the demand that the military (Ukrainian, of course) leave the city! I stayed to spend the night with the locals at that "maidan". We talked. I wasn't afraid to tell them that I was from Kyiv and that I was on the Maidan, even though they were ready to tear me apart for that! Because they went to Antimaidan! They honestly admitted that it was for money, because there was nowhere to make money in the city, and that they went to the Maidan for food, because there the food was tastier and the girls were better!... We discussed with them and tried to hear each other. The most sober and intelligent of them asked me not to speak loudly, because not all of them are "sane", and I might get hurt... So we "passed" the night by the fire with them. They fed me borscht, gave me tea, and in the morning I went to the nearest store, bought groceries and brought them to their "Kramatorsk Maidan".

During the conversation, I understood why the population of Donbass is called "Hurricanes". Most of them were convicts, mainly "thieves" (thieves), gypsies and youths who do not study or work anywhere, because there are few opportunities for this in the city. The town itself is not cute, spacious, bright, only industrial, and most of the industry has been standing for a long time. That's why people drink and steal. It is unfortunate that this is our Ukrainian reality. In the morning, one former convict and thief told me that his son is serving in the army and that this very airfield is now being guarded, and that he himself is standing here so that nothing happens to his son.

I told him that I am a military pilot, and that my regiment is stationed at this airfield, and that I am also standing here so that nothing happens to them! Even Urkagan turned out to be a former anti-aircraft gunner, he had served in the Soviet army, and he said that now he only had a "Shilka" or an anti-aircraft gun, and he would destroy our helicopters just like that! So we talked...

Later in the morning, people started shouting that tanks are coming to the city! And the crowd broke away from the airfield and ran to find where those tanks were going! I went with them. These were not tanks, but BMD (armored combat vehicle) on tracked tracks. And some "higher" command sent them to defend the airfield, which was attacked. It was the "twenty-fifth" (25th Airborne Brigade stationed near Dnipropetrovsk). What a bitch, an idiot for the glory of BMDekha across town?! Asphalt bends! When tracked machinery can and should go through the fields! No matter who it is, it's definitely a traitor!

They entered through the city to the airfield in three groups: one - somewhere through the railway platforms, the second - on some more or less country roads, and the third platoon rested directly in the bazaar, and on a bazaar day! Well, you can fuck! And everywhere, of course, they were already spotted on the previously "merged" tip-off! I got to the place where the bazaar was. Picture: six BMDs with landing forces stand in a column, silenced, surrounded by a crowd of people and not allowed to go any further. They are chanting, rallying, shouting that Russia will "save" them! What will it save from?! Huy knows him! I see familiar guys, I approach, we start talking:

- Why are you rushing here?! Who sent you here?! -

From above! - Turn the cars around and get out of here!

Russian occupation groups will be here now, and you won't leave!!!

- There is no order! - replies Ltyokha. Well, what are you going to do with this army bullshit?! And the bazaars were chanting, shouting: "Don't shoot at us! We are peaceful people!" But who the hell is touching you?! The guys showed that even their automatic machines are not charged and the stores are empty! Shit! Here they are going to repel the airfield captured by the separatists, and they haven't even been charged! Like a parade, blah, nah!!! And this is not treason?! Shoot the whole General Staff! Some old lady gave out pies to the boys, and I went to the bazaar and bought them water and industrial (the building does not) glasses for the BMDeh drivers (because drivers usually get dusty eyes from dust, and the army does not issue protection). During this time, four old grandfathers in camouflage with St. George's ribbons and with machine guns appeared on the horizon! They said that "Afghans"! Two of them had automatic rifles so old and battered that they had probably been dug up from Afghanistan... And two of them had brand new ones! The Afghans separated from the commander and began to "rub" something. The major steered the entire army herd. And didn't he cry sometimes, because he stood like Moo-Moo, when his grandfather "rubbed" something on him and pulled him by the machine gun! Here, within 15 minutes of all these "showdowns", from wherever you came from, 20 men in Russian-style military uniforms, without chevrons and stripes, in masks and armed to the teeth, flew in. They had machine guns, grenades, and "flies" (tomets) behind their shoulders! They surrounded the column around the perimeter, separated the crowd three meters from the equipment. Locals obeyed them like obedient children! And looked at them with enchanted, hypnotized eyes, as if they were gods! And everyone shouted: "Our heroes! Our saviors!" So that you sigh! Cursed salesman!

The capture group quickly told our military what to do! Better than any of our commanders. Give the weapon! Those who are local, were mobilized and do not want to serve, can go home. Anyone who wants can join the "glorious militia". Those who have served for a long time and understand that losing a weapon is a crime and do not want to give up their car, then line up at the end of the convoy with a weapon! Only drivers-mechanics remain on the cars! The "separats" themselves were ordered to check the PKT (Kalashnikov tank machine gun) and the "cannon" on the armor... Discharged... One short and ragged man in a mask, standing on the first BMDes, shouted: "Guys, give me the antenna!

(there are such prefabricated military radio antennas, they look like people's spines, only thin and steel) No?! Guys, how did you drive?!" (and grins). It was the famous Motorola! I even saw him in a mask, and then the guys confirmed it... And Motorola asked one more important question to our fucking General Staff: how did they drive?! Even without communication! "Soldiers" - who's who: who left the machine guns and went to work, who lined up. The

commanders were silent... Then everyone who remained was forced into armor, the crowd of people was dispersed so that the BMD could turn around. Some BMD still could not start, because the battery died, so a friend "lighted" it. I stood, looking at all this, and the sir was bleeding from despair and impotence. I said I was going with the boys! But the armed Russians with loaded machine guns said that only the military were going! I took out the officer's ID card from my backpack, showed them and told them that I was a soldier! "You will be in shape, then come!" And they didn't let me wear armor! I will, damn it! I will! And I will be armed! Then the "Roszakhvatgrupa" climbed onto the armor and, to the cheerful shouts and applause of the crowd, drove the BMDs in a parade column under Russian flags from Kramatorsk to Slovyansk. And I wanted to fall through the ground! I took a taxi and followed the convoy to Slovyansk. On the way, I saw how the city rejoiced at the powerlessness and inability of our army in front of a handful of invaders! And then they were offended that the cities of Sloviansk and Kramatorsk suffered a lot... And who is to blame for that?!

In Slovyansk, I looked at the situation, fortifications, location of equipment and people, well, what could be seen from the outside. Po returned to Kramatorsk and told her all about it. Out of anger and grief, she got drunk with the local "maidans", called the "horses" wherever she could, exhausted them for their incompetence and incompetence in command. I spent the night in some type of hostel-hotel. And in the morning she left there! Because without weapons, there was nothing to do in Donbas!... This is no longer "Maidan" for you.

At home, Vera yelled at me for leaving without her. And on their way out, we got together and drove there together in our car. Wandered around the same cities. But Vera does not share a common language with the local community

found! They quarreled, then we somehow smoothed it all out, extinguished it, but the sediment remained unpleasant... We also saw how many armed people were at improvised checkpoints. Vira always has a yellow-blue flag hanging in her car, so we were pulled a little because of that, but not too much, because we are chat girls :). We had lunch in Slovyansk in a coffee shop, where we also met a number of tsarist journalists. Returned through Dnipropetrovsk. I called the commander of my flying regiment at that time and said that I wanted to pass on the information to him. "No need. ỹ ỹỹỹ ỹỹỹ," was his story! Pee-pee! Cryptogram in Morzian, because there are not enough words! And we went home! The people of Donbas complained that

Yulka said that Donbas should be surrounded with barbed wire! And Vera suggested that instead of a wire, we should set up a student tent camp of Ukrainian youth from the West and the East and communicate in order to better understand each other and prevent wars. It was a good idea! But it was too late! The war "secretly" had already begun, and in such a camp it would be easy to make a vocation, and innocent people would die... On the way, we stopped at the 25th. I talked with the guys from "from the reapers" in Kramatorsk

BMDeh at that time... They returned to the unit, and there they were considered traitors and were going to be tried, and the part was to be disbanded. And the fact that the guys, who were smarter, took out the bullets from their automatic machines, and also from the automatic machines of the separatists, and buried them, damaged their weapons before they were released, then no one took this into account! And what else could they do?! Do not judge them, gentlemen - the government and where to be confused! Judge yourself! And the soldier is a "captive bird." He does what he is told. The guys are so good that they did the sabotage work themselves without any team! Of the two other groups that were going to liberate the airfield at that time, only one passed...

The group whose excitement I saw at the Kramatorsk bazaar was "led" by a major, and the other group that was on the railway platforms was Colonel Shvets, the one who was the brigade commander of the 95th Zhytomyr, back when I served in it in the years 8-9 therefore, and now he was already a combrig of the 25th. He was also accused of treason and wanted to disperse the brigade. I still don't know how it ended...

But, I hope, they will come to their senses there, "above", and not do it! But the SBUshniks pulled them well... Combrig also tried to solve everything "peacefully", because there was no order to open fire "from above". And even though he took out the equipment and people, our "shouters from the stands" and the ignorant people still branded him... But only the third group, led by the captain, arrived! About junior officers (this is up to major, from major is already senior officers) in the army they say this: "Lieutenant is not a title, but a nickname, he, like a hare, is afraid of everything, wherever he is sent, he goes there; the senior lieutenant is a fox, he still knows something, knows something, but he thinks how to screw up and cut back; and the captain is a wolf, he doesn't remember anything anymore, he knows everything and snaps." Well, that captain, in order to disperse the crowd of excited locals, tore the check from the grenade and went ahead of the column. And another sergeant was walking with him, also with a grenade in his hand!

It was an independent decision, at your own risk! Unfortunately, few of our military personnel are capable of this... Next, our first two Mi-24 helicopters were shot down near Kramatorsk. This is when the air force has not yet fired a single shot! Just flew! They, the "militia" Russian separatists and terrorists, were the first to beat us down!

Then five crew members died, one operator only managed to jump out with a parachute and was wounded. And then our pilots received the order from the commander-in-chief of the ground forces, Colonel-General Vorobyov: "Fly around your blockposts!" Only the block-posts turned out not to be their own! Who should be tried for treason?! In roskhod, fuck, the whole land (command of land forces)! I still came to Brody then. We spent the night near the graves with the relatives of the dead. "Zinks" were brewed so badly that worms crawled out of them. How did the relatives endure it? You can't fix anything here! I didn't go to the farewell and the funeral - I don't like these ceremonies. And so the whole city mourned.

One flight technician died, who wrote all the reports and rushed to Africa! I asked him:

- Kolya, and not in good faith? We must protect our land!

- Quiet! Quietly! Shut up!

So he fell silent... forever...

My soul yearned for only one cheerful, humorous, jolly fellow and prankster - the chief of staff of our squadron, pilot Sanya Sabada. How I lost a loved one. How I will miss his laughter...

He once made a dummy violin for his son for a performance at school, entered the class and said: "Nadyuha!" You draw well, draw me a violin on this plywood! I drew and said: - Let me cut it out! - Why?! I don't have any hands?! Then our aviation began to fall from the sky like flies...

The ATO was dumbfounded... There was no longer any need for women in the ATO! But Kravchuk still took Svitlana away from the commander! Because she is already a smart specialist, even though she is a woman! Without her, the regiment rarely did any training! Back in 2006, during the floods in Chernivtsi, she proved herself to be the best navigator, when she brought the Mi-8 helicopter to a five-meter patch of land for landing . And even though she has two young children, she did not "mow down" from ATO, but also rushed there! And I realized that I can no longer sit and "wait for war" and must go my own way and do what I think is right!.. I already knew that I would not return to Brody, or I would only return to collect documents... But I considered it a crime to when an officer is sent on vacation when there is a war and the people are mobilized to defend the land! That's why she went to where she was supposed to be - to the front! I didn't think where I was going. But I knew that I could fight, and my experience would be needed somewhere! At that time, many military units were formed in the ATO zone. In "Aidar" there were familiar guys from the Maidan, and this is the first military unit that met on my way. The boys said: "Come with us!", and I stayed. The combatant did not mind, although I said that I still serve in aviation...

What did I do in "Aidar"? What she was able to do! They trained and trained the personnel, built and organized the security and defense of the base, went into battle, more than once...

Somehow information spread that the base was going to be attacked by a section of Chechens from the Luhansk separatists (with whom I met later in captivity). It was necessary to quickly strengthen the defense of the base. At that time, I stayed at the base "for the senior" and for the chief of intelligence. The command went to the headquarters for a meeting. There weren't enough weapons for everyone! The part was still understaffed, and the task had to be performed. Strengthened by what happened! Mainly by mining and engineering barriers. It's good that the battalion had sensible specialists in sapper work and sabotage-reconnaissance, because I wouldn't have been able to do it myself... No, I could, but it would have taken me much more time! Not as that sergeant drew a defense scheme with all calculations and sectors of fire! Fast, accurate and competent! I would draw for a long time... And then I once again understood what the Ukrainian "officers' school" is worth! And why did they once teach the "Soviet sergeant"... I noticed Shest (Shest, that's what he was called) back on the Maidan... He had a special herringbone - not in the middle of his head, but on the right side, and he himself was as cunning as a fox, and quiet, as a cat - a real Cossack "character". He didn't say much about himself, but I understood clearly that he served in a sabotage and intelligence group. He taught many things to the guys from the "Aidar" intelligence, but he never aspired to be a commander. Then we basically built the defense of the base "on him"... My job was only to give clear commands and live by their execution. But thank God, the Chechens did not attack then.

Already in prison, when Vera came to visit me, she said that Shest had died and that the boys had given me his rosaries (he always twisted them in his hands) so that I could have them... I know he has a son. A high school student somewhere in Lutsk... I will survive! I will break out! And I will definitely go and give his son the paternal rosary! His father was and is a hero! Because heroes don't die! Although we have already lost many heroes in this three-cursed war! Well, you already know what happened next...



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"Ricochet" failed! With various "bargains", lawsuits and "crying letters" from people where you wrote: "Just LIVE!" And the words of our sisters: "What are you thinking?! Do you have a contract with death?" I had to eat little by little so as not to die. I ate only dairy and mostly in the morning. The body tolerated milk and cheese (curd) the easiest. And also bread. For every meal, I had to write down what and how much I ate. It's so disgusting to write them - even if you don't eat at all. Then the jailers themselves began to write and report "on the mountain" what kind of food and how much I eat per day. Everything is still recorded all the time. It's as if Russia, in addition to what you stole, can't feed me without a "paper"... Everything is recorded. Then in Ukraine, what's good, they will also bill for the fact that Ukrainian people's deputies were kept in expensive and luxurious hotels "a la prison". Their deputies of the State Duma are also "sitting in the hospital" (sitting), but those who were imprisoned for corruption. The prison guards told me that they were kept in worse conditions than I was. What an honor I have here, that you, whores, a hundred devils will seize with your "hospitality"!

My body gained weight and returned to its normal state in spurts: in 47 days of nutrition, I gained 7 kilograms. The weight in a day soared by 3 kg, then by 1 kg, and then fell back. My skin was reddened and cracking, my muscles hardened and itched from the inside out. Breasts began to grow again from size 0 to 4 and scratched like in adolescence. When she recovered, she applied Johnson's Baby oil to make the skin easier to stretch, and allergy cream for dry skin, or the skin was rubbed with clothing to the point of micro-ulcers. My hair started to fall out terribly just as I was coming out of fasting. Vitamin deficiency has started - there are no natural vitamins in the prison. As soon as I started drinking artificial ones, it stopped crawling. My legs also began to swell, the blood vessels became inflamed, because I was "stagnant" like a mare in a stall. She began to lift her legs up, walk more, squat down, spreading the

blood. So little by little it diverged. I got out of hunger relatively easily. The internal organs grew to normal sizes. The menstrual cycle resumed after two or three months, I could wait a little longer, I don't like this one

annoying "female nature". The kidney stones remained, but the doctor promised to drive these "demons" out of me. Well, well, I'm waiting, let them treat... They knew how to kidnap and mutilate, now let them restore order and return to Ukraine as they were taken - a healthy pilot! The allergy has remained, it has not passed for six months. I say that I already have an allergy to Russia, and the jailers take offense and say that it is just about prison. But the WILL will cure everything! Here, one woman regularly writes letters to me, tells me how she starved when she practiced yoga... She starved for a short time, forty days, and then came out of her hunger strike for as long as 2 years! And this is very difficult for her. I starved for three months and recovered in three months as well.

She was able to gain the maximum weight of 72 kg, and she started her hunger with 75. But then she lost weight again and today she

weighs 69 kg. The doctors here calculated for me that the "ideal" weight for my height of 1.70 is 61.5 kg (and where do they get such stupid numbers from?). And the lawyer, when I weighed 63 kg, said: "That's right - very good. You don't need any more!" But did they fool?! Only after 65 kilo grams did I feel that my gait had returned to me! And as it went, the bones in the pelvis "broke"... And where does this unhealthy desire for thinness come from in women? Height - 1.70, then normal weight - 70 kg, and not less! And then you feel half-human.

I have been in SIZO-1 for six months and in Russian prisons for a year. All the same, the maintenance was extended to a year, bastards. And they continue to drag out the time of captivity... I didn't have New

Year's, Christmas and Shrovetide (for which I had SO many pancakes, but I never tasted them because I was starving). But I have already celebrated Easter (!), because I started eating. Easter cakes and krashanka were delivered from the church, but, it is true, on Sunday, and even on Wednesday, but it was still a holiday. It was very delicious. I also once "smuggled" a couple of twigs of a young birch tree, which had grown on the roof, into my cell from the picnic yard on the roof. The jailers cleaned the roof and all kinds of vegetation that "illegally" took root there and destroyed the building, you tore up and threw it away, but I put a couple of twigs on the shelf in my shower. And they smelled so good!:) Spring has come to the prison!

And finally, I must tell you about one more difficult moment in my prison life.

Once, one doctor, an incomplete "wit" (I already wrote about him), barked at me: "It's time to get used to the new big family - Russia!" I sent the doctor to hell with his "family", and for me, Russia, an enemy country! And for herself, she decided that this was already the end. And she cut off ten days of severe hunger with a "ricochet" (again). She weighed 49 kilograms, sugar - 2.8, blood pressure - 80 to 40, temperature - 35.4. I gained 4 units of acetone again (human maximum), I was a "living dead man". Hunger "rebounded" for me, which turned out to be more difficult because it is not the body that wants to eat, but the brain. Doctors told me to listen to my body when it starts sending brain signals, if it can't take it anymore. And the brain is such a scoundrel that can "negotiate" with the conscience... But the mind (brain) is only consciousness, and my subconscious is stronger (and I already wrote about that to you on these pages...). That's why the brain with the use of will began to slow down! And I "knocked" myself for a long time and stubbornly! "Doctor Lisa" and Fedotov came to see me again. They said that my life is now in danger. Disturbances in the blood were found to be terrible. The blood is too thick, so a blood clot can form and break off at any moment. Therefore, I was transferred to the city hospital No. 20. I imagined the hospital as a normal medical facility, not a prison, so I gave my consent and said that I would start eating and being treated there. Those three days that I was in the hospital were for me days of stress and terrible shocks. My 34th birthday was a few days away.

They took me out (I was still standing and walking on my own) to the "reception". In the yard above my head, I saw the sky without bars, the clear sun, and I felt fine gravel and sand under my feet, just imagine! Earth — for the first time in a year! Not asphalt or concrete, but EARTH! I had already forgotten what it was like, because I only walked in prisons on an artificial surface... A light breeze enveloped me, and tears welled up in my eyes. The nerves must have already given out... Then they searched and put them in the "autobag" in handcuffs, which were already down to the last tooth

I was blown away. Another doctor was put in the car with me (a doctor must always travel with those prisoners who are starving, but they didn't always travel with me, only once was a nurse to the court, and then they always wrote a certificate that I was "feeling well"). The doctor was very unhappy that she had to drive with me in a smelly car park and kept repeating: "Why should I look at her?" Jailors have a habit of talking about a prisoner in the third person in the presence of a prisoner, for example: "I need to get her", or: "I've already looked at her"... Like about an animal or something... It's always a bit much for me shocked They brought me to the hospital under close guard from SIZO-6 (because I am still "fixed" by them, although I have been "loitering" in SIZO-1 for six months). In the 20th, the doctor and special forces met me, so that, in case, someone did not kidnap me. In the hospital, I saw a yard without bars, people in civilian clothes walking freely in the park, and all this struck me like an electric current on my bare nerves... As for me, weakened to the limit and still in handcuffs, the "special forces" simply dragged me to the hospital and began to pull on the bark of the dora for examination. But - with increased security and with such an "escort" and at such a speed that people in the hospital were counting to the walls! They probably haven't seen anything like this before. And I have never seen a person who was brought to the intensive care unit being dragged in handcuffs like that! They didn't remove the handcuffs even when they were doing a CT (computed tomography) scan! They took me to a general resuscitation ward, not separated by gender (people lie there after operations with tubes from their stomachs, so they, of course, are not shy). They assigned me a bed there and handcuffed me. They placed two security guards with batons near me and set up a real television studio under the window to record everything. Of course! And then I will vaporize into the air, because it is already so thin that my eyes light up! There were two more unconscious grandmothers and one man in the ward - probably also a prisoner, because he was handcuffed to the bed, and a cop was also sitting next to him. And in the ward - the stinking smell of death and bedsores! They took me under guard for tests to the toilet, and there I saw myself in the mirror full-length for the first time in all this time! I was scared

because I didn't think I'd become so thin... 49 kilograms is still not that little, girls weigh 45 and look better. Obviously, this is not for my body composition, because I have a heavy bone, so I imagined how I would look at 40 kg - like those sick anorexics who sat on diets, and that for me it would definitely be the point of "no return" ... I understood that in order to get out of "diet" and starvation, a person must be taken to the intensive care unit and shown to him how others die and how he himself looks in the mirror. I have seen both...

A council of doctors from the main departments of the 20th hospital gathered, and the conclusion was: "to lie under hard drips", because they have no right to force-feed me while I am conscious.

I told them to let go of me and better save their lives to those who need it more, and I am struggling myself.

And I shouldn't even occupy a bed in the intensive care unit, because people lie in the corridors after surgery! I'm not such a big guy to be treated like that fool with the written tor battle. But, if they want, let them allocate me a VIP room with a simulator, a shower, wide light windows and air conditioning and treat me, a deputy of Ukraine, the way they treat their Russian deputies! To which the doctors only smiled and transferred me to the special prison block of hospital #20. It was a horror! In such conditions - only to die. "Single", but planned for three beds! A video camera was also installed here... The walls are orange, there are no windows in the chamber-chamber, only a narrow slit made of frosted white glass high up, like a "window". The door is black (even gray in prisons), with a large mirrored window, but behind a darkened one, so that I could be seen, but so that I could not see anything. And I didn't even see a toilet, and there was no shower in the ward! You knock and beg, and you are escorted to a toilet with a window in the door, just like in a "psychiatric institution"! You can't smoke, because this is a hospital, so bear with me! At night, they turned on the light, and the glare from the window made a big white cross on that black door, like on a coffin. At least lie down and breathe! I almost went crazy there in two days!

Well, how can a living person sit and look at four blank walls day after day? You can survive there only in an unconscious state. I went to bed, and at night I dreamed not a dream, but a horror. It seems that Vera came to me and said that she bought a meter of land in Moscow with all our money in order to hide me there from prison... She and I escaped from the prison-hospital and hid on the little balcony that she bought... hugged and cried. And then Vera says to me: "Well, they showed their strength, they escaped from prison, but how can we prove justice? You must go back to prison and fight to the end!" I woke up and saw that the whole pillow was wet - I cried in my sleep... My nerves just gave out. The security guards must have already noticed that everything is bad with me, and when you took me to the toilet, they let me smoke. Although magpies are rude and loud (they all work like that in SIZO-6, the "grandmother's" prison), they are humane,

only here humanity must be "awakened" in them. So, seeing the tears in my eyes, the jailer began to comfort me. I told my dream and had an answer that this is a sign for me, and if I continue to starve, I will die soon... And not to cry, but to smile, because "when you smile, you are a fighter! Fight!" They also complained that they had a quarrel with their relatives in Ukraine because of this situation, and they treated me to chocolaty candies - the best "antidepressant", and I relaxed a little. I had breakfast, lunch and dinner in the hospital and told them to take me back. It's too early for me to catch my breath! Now I already believe in my strength! And I have no more doubts! Forward and higher, without fear, doubt and hesitation! I WILL NOT LEAVE THE STRENGTH FOR THE RETURN WAY!!! I need them to act to the end!!! To the WINNING end! Ukraine is above all! Glory to Ukraine! Glory to heroes! They returned me to SIZO-1. Now I'm sitting, waiting for the "mad" trials. On my birthday, my sister gave me a cake. I "braided" it and was glad that I still had my 34th birthday!..

You people started writing me no longer "crying letters", but letters with congratulations and the words: "Thank you for being alive! That saved our HOPE!" In one of the prisons, one of the prison guards dropped me a note, where she wrote that she would always worry about me, and that she would continue to follow my fate... And I realized that even in Russian prisons there are good people who they watch me with kind eyes. Well, that's it. I came "full circle" to the end of my book. I would like my sister Vera to write it with me. She would make her own inserts about what and when she did. Because we always acted together, in the same direction and with a common goal. But it is impossible for me to perfectly understand the memory, life and thoughts of another person. And I wrote only the truth that I know, saw it through the prism of my own eyes and based on the remnants of my own memory. And what I didn't remember - it wasn't even worth paying attention to! TO BE CONTINUED! LIFE GOES ON!!!

July 8, 2015, Moscow

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1. "For the seventh week already, I am in a complete information vacuum from Ukraine. I cannot hear Ukrainians, and Ukrainians hear me only through the distorted prism of information provided by Russian journalists, who quote me in a way that is beneficial to Russian propaganda. The investigator handling my case at the Investigative

Committee of the Russian Federation, Major of Justice Manshin D.S. he gave permission to Russian journalists, while he refused the consul of Ukraine to see me, just as he does not give me permission to make a phone call to my family. Most likely, with this he wants to force my sister to come to the Russian Federation to meet me, so that she can be detained and accused here, as well as me. I actually wrote a statement that I did not mind giving an interview to Russian

journalists, since Ukrainian journalists are not allowed to see me, I thought that this would be the only opportunity for Ukraine to hear me. But when I wrote the statement, the employees of FKU SIZO-3, who suggested writing this statement, did not warn me that Russian journalists were "stealing" the day of meeting with the consul of Ukraine, and he was given only one meeting per month, instead of two (as is according to the laws of the Russian Federation).

Russian journalists worked with me for an hour and a half. In the news on Russian channels, I saw thirty-second excerpts from my interview, and on the Internet they posted, as the employees of FKU SIZO-3 told me, a thirty-minute clip, the essence of which is that I do not believe that the Boeing 777 over militias shot down the territory of Ukraine. That is, exactly what they wanted to hear. In fact, I said that the militias could not shoot down the Boeing from the Buk complex by

themselves, unless they were guided by Russia, just as the Russian specialists themselves could launch from the territory of Ukraine controlled by the militias.

But I do not draw any conclusions about the crash of the Boeing 777, since I am not a specialist and in general I cannot draw any permanent conclusions until the investigation by the ICAO commission. I want this addition to be made to those comments

a video posted on the Internet by Russian journalists.

I really spoke about the need to create a buffer zone in the East of Ukraine and start negotiations, and I think so. Judging only by the latest news on Russian television, I conclude that the authorities of the Russian Federation are doing everything possible to

there was no truce in Ukraine, although it claims otherwise. In fact, it is waging an information war and preparing for the Third World War, in which it is no less interested than America, which Russia constantly accuses of this. They cannot hear and see me in Ukraine

without distorting information. That's why I constantly write letters to Ukrainians and send them "postal pigeons" (lawyers - Vera's note), since this is the only possibility so far to convey real information, without "Hollywood cinema". I really hope that my letters will be read, and I am printing something that cannot remain without

coverage. I really want Ukrainians to hear me, but believe me, from prison, especially Russian, it is not easy. Despite the fact that I am imprisoned, I want and can serve my Motherland and the Ukrainian people. Just live a life, how? The support of my people is very important to me. I answer all the letters you send me, but I am not sure that the answer will reach you...

I remain with my people and will never betray Ukraine! I understand that it is much more difficult for many Ukrainians than it is for me here in a Russian prison... I will always believe in our indomitable strength of spirit, in our wisdom and in the victory of Ukraine!

01.08.2014

senior lieutenant
Savchenko Nadiya Viktorivna

2. "For God's sake! Forbid the Russian mass media to deliberately mutilate the place of Russians! Being in a complete information vacuum from the events in Ukraine and constantly watching only Russian television, in a month I already understood that it works! Because of the way Russian propaganda falsely portrays Ukrainians as bloodthirsty sadists, militiamen as great martyrs, and Russians simply as holy and pious patrons, America as a cunning, vile and unprincipled power that rules the whole world, except for Russia, and Russia is the strongest in the world a state that all sanctions are "like poultices for the dead", even I, being a reasonable person, concluded that if I were Russian, I would have already gone to defend the militias and fight against the rest of the Ukrainians. And since I am a conscious Ukrainian, I am already starting to dislike Russians, although I used to be absolutely friendly towards them, and mostly met quite adequate people from Russia. In order not to fall under the influence of the mass psychosis of Russian propaganda, which absolutely accurately prepares Russians ideologically for the outbreak of the Third World War, it is necessary to distinguish such

concept:

1) militiamen are citizens of Ukraine living on the territory of Luhansk and Donetsk regions. Most of them are Ukrainians by nationality, who oppose the actions of the previous official authorities in Ukraine. This is a kind of "Maidan", only armed to the teeth. But these are mostly people without enough military experience. 2) volunteers are citizens of Russia, mostly young people who succumbed to the mass psychosis of Russian propaganda, imagined themselves as heroes and rushed to save the "militias". That is, they "did not go to war", "childhood is still playing", and some "philosophers from office plankton" went there in search of "truth", not understanding that war is not a toy. You can pay dearly for it, even with your life.

3) mercenaries are people of different nationalities from different countries. Specialists in their field. They have more than one war behind them, and for them, war is a way of life and a method of making money. Without particular attachments to any ideology, so that more money would be paid. They are especially valued in war, they know how to cause great damage to the opposing side and bring the greatest benefits and advantages to employers. 4) looters are mainly citizens of Ukraine, although there are also some from other countries. Different nationalities. Greedy, unprincipled, those who are used to comfort, so live in the fields and eat porridge

they will not come from the boiler. Like those vultures, they are not proud of anything: they snatch everything they can from the killed. But best of all, they get to "squeeze": expensive cars, expensive housing for local businessmen, property that ended up in the zone of military clashes. They even develop whole operations, knowing about the fortunes of businessmen-oligarchs, they pretend that they are fighting the enemy, but in reality they do not rush into battle, but rob, "squeeze" and make money.

5) punishers are citizens of Ukraine and other states, of various nationalities, who also choose comfort, so their methods are very similar to the methods of looters, but with all this, they are also mentally ill people. Having taken up weapons and felt impunity, they imagined themselves as "all-powerful gods" - brutally killing, raping, robbing with pleasure. They are also in no hurry to engage in battle with the enemy and risk their lives. They prefer to use force on the defenseless. 6) weapons and ammunition are matter and inanimate,

but they require special attention, because as long as they exist, the war will continue. It must be understood that such a number and such types of weapons have never existed in the East of Ukraine. Ukraine's strategy was defensive, and the West was always considered a probable enemy. Especially during the reign of ex-president Yanukovych, the entire defense policy and strategy of Ukraine were turned against the West. Therefore, weapons and ammunition were stored, and military units were based mostly in the Central and Western parts of the country. Therefore, the militias could not seize weapons in the territory of Luhansk and Donetsk regions, as they claim. And the small amount of weapons that were on the territory of these regions and that they really captured would not have helped them, since the ammunition had long since run out. Therefore, weapons and ammunition, as well as equipment, are constantly and regularly brought to the East of Ukraine from Russia as "humanitarian aid", which the Russian mass media shout about. I can judge this with confidence from the markings of ammunition boxes, which I saw personally while in captivity in Luhansk. The fact that the border between Ukraine and the Russian Federation is completely closed with impunity, I can judge from the way I was kidnapped from Ukraine and transported to Russia without any customs control or obstacles... 7) servicemen of the armed forces

of the Russian Federation - there are also such. Not officially. Officially, Russia cannot enter its troops into the territory of Ukraine, because it will unleash the Third World War, in which it will receive "in the fa

Ukraine and its strengthening need more powerful weapons, and we need specialists who know how to work with them. You can't trust the stupid BUK kit. Therefore, the Russian Federation also provides such "humanitarian aid". Special equipment and heavy weapons arrive from Russia to the East of Ukraine complete with the crew. After completing the assigned tasks, they return back to Russia. The territories of Ukraine are not delayed for long. And why, if you can constantly shuttle back and forth...

8) organizers are a separate category of people. These are citizens of Russia. Russians by nationality, officially residing in the Russian Federation. They have special education and work experience in KGB bodies and the like (as well as the President of Russia himself). Such people as Strilok (Strilkov), Chamoshka, Poroshchik, Motorola (they were snipers back there, on the Maidan, those who shot from the "Ukraine" hotel in one direction and the other), Boroday and many other leaders of the self-proclaimed DPR and LPR. They are in power there now. They were assigned a separate task according to the scenario developed by the authorities of the Russian Federation to undermine and split the integrity of Ukraine. Russia constantly accuses the USA of developing similar scenarios for Russia itself, but it does not lag behind in this regard for Ukraine. Organizers are the most dangerous category. They know and know how to create chaos and disorder. They successfully carry out the tasks assigned to them, and as soon as they "smell of roasting", they begin to flee Ukraine like rats from a ship. Borodai is a vivid example of that. Soon others will run after him. Specialists of this class and such skills will serve Russia more than once, so they are valuable enough material to let them "go to waste". So, I

divided all the categories that take part in hostilities in the East of Ukraine on the side of the "militia", as they call themselves. Let's be honest — there are roughly the same categories of people from Ukraine. Unfortunately, this is essentially the nature of war and the human factor: "To whom is war, and to whom is the mother!". There is a saying: "Not all scoundrels were killed by the war." Well, war usually kills the best, bravest, honest people. The scoundrels know how to save their skins. If it were possible to eliminate such categories as the 4th, 5th and 8th (marauders, punishers, organizers), then it would be a fairer war between Russia and Ukraine. If only the 1st category (militia) were left, it would be a civil war in Ukraine. But war has the ability to mix all kinds of shit, so it is difficult to separate the "fly from the meatballs".

Let's return to "our sheep" - who shot down "Boeing"?

Now it is obvious that the 1st category (militia) could not do this. But the 3rd and 7th categories (mercenaries, conscripts of the armed forces of the Russian Federation) could definitely do it! Only the Russian journalists did not show what I meant by the word "militia". And also, although I am not a specialist of the ICAO commission, which must understand the Boeing crash disaster and give its assessments and conclusions, as a person related to aviation, I understand: the Boeing began to fall over the territory of Ukraine 50 km to the border with Russia (and, therefore, it is less than 10 minutes of flight to the zone of controlled airspace of the Russian Federation, but at least 10 minutes of flight to the entrance to the area of responsibility for airspace control by another control center), the pilots should not have contacted the controller and come under his control (according to ICAO requirements). What did the Boeing pilots do when they contacted the Russian dispatcher of the zonal control center — Strela air traffic in Rostov-on-Don at 5 p.m. 10 min., warned that they are included in the area of his responsibility under his management. It was even written about in the Russian press the next day (namely, on 18.07 in the Kommersant newspaper), however, then all statements about it in the Russian media were removed, instead there was a statement that Malaysian Boeing remained under the control of Ukrainian dispatchers. Also, Russian officials have repeatedly stated in the Russian and world media that the Russian air defense system and Russian satellites clearly recorded the trajectory of the Malaysian Boeing, at the same time constantly accusing the United States of recording the American satellite over the territory of Ukraine, as they say, "what was he doing there?" Well, probably the same as the Russian satellite... So, theoretically, it turns out that the Russian air defense system could have guided the BUK, Kolchuga-type air defense system or some other air defense system that worked with this guidance system. in the zone of its range of action, when he could be on the territory of Russia, or on the territory of Ukraine, controlled by "militias", or not controlled by anyone (I am sure, such territories also exist, at least in the zone of visual visibility).

But I don't draw any conclusions. Conclusions are the commission's business ICAO. I am writing my vision."

Live letters to a sister from prison:

3. "When I was put here, I immediately started to clean the camera, and when I saw a spider, I chased after it to kill it, and then I thought: what am I doing?! This is now my only friend, a living creature. Since then, the spider has lived with me and sometimes climbs on the table and walks while I am having dinner. It is interesting to watch him. He is very small. I thought that you wouldn't be happy with such a neighborhood, but it's also a joy for me :o)* Well, I had time and inspiration, so I signed. I hope you will have time to read it, because I usually had very little time to read your letters, unfortunately, and I can't take them with

me. 4. "A week has already passed. Your lawyer should come soon. It's raining all day today. Finally! The heat has already arrived. In the morning, a bird flew to my yard, the walls of which are made of concrete, the floor is made of asphalt, and the ceiling is made of iron wire and mesh. Small, similar to a sparrow, but with a thin beak. It's true, I didn't stay long, but maybe I'll come again. This is the first time she flew. Now I have another friend here besides the spider, and I'm going to be left here for another two months

5. "I have time here - even though I'm rowing! But there is not enough time to be with you. The lawyer guys don't come for long, and there are always so many cases to consider, so many correspondences to read, that I don't have time to tell you normally. I write drafts in advance, like this one, but time passes and they are no longer relevant, and I also have to speak in a certain confusion so that no one but us understands... The thing that worries me the most right now is that you have no money. I

am very sorry that you had to leave architecture. Well, the time is such that everything is falling apart, but then it will be necessary to build. I believe that your bridges are still ahead: in Luhansk - the bridge of the "Ukrainian National Guard", in Donetsk - the bridge of the "Right Sector"! :) I'm even a little jealous of you now.

You are now gaining a lot of life experience, while I, the "imaginary hero", spend six months of my life in prison, all in solitary confinement.

*

A smiley between Nadia and Vera, which means: "I kiss you on the nose."

Even if I was in a general school, maybe I would learn prison wisdom, but yes... But everything that doesn't kill us will make us stronger! Each of us in turn will learn something, and then together we will be invincible!" 6. "When I wrote an appeal to my people and told them not to send money, but to support me in spirit, I didn't think about you at that time - I thought that you were still working, and I wanted you to understand that it was unnecessary for me to be so zealous liberate. The devil won't take me! But you're right, I would worry about you too and crawl out of my skin."

7. "I moved to a new house. I was staged from SIZO-3 in Voronezh to SIZO-6 in Moscow. When I moved, I offered my spider friend to go with me. He refused, saying that he did not like Muscovites. How I understand him!"

8. "Hom, I also wanted to tell you something funny about my hunger strike. During my 37 days of hunger today, I ate twice. The first is "Duchess" candy. In the walking yard, where I am taken out for a walk, in various nooks and crannies between the brickwork, the prisoners, who have them, usually stuff cigarettes, matches, candies for those sitting in the cell, because everything is taken away there and smoking is not allowed, so the yard is like point of transfer of contraband. I also always put something when I have it. But now I'm left without cigarettes, so I take them myself. There were six tsuke rock, but I didn't want one, and I didn't want any more. Let it be for someone else. The cops know about most of the nooks and crannies, but there are normal people and they don't clean them up. And there is such a bastard that before you take such a camera for a walk, they will dig out everything that was left by the previous camera.

Garbage is garbage! The second time I ate today. I did the general cleaning before the Epiphany. And I have one deep shelf in my cell, I used to put food there. But since I haven't had any food for a long time, I didn't look there. And I looked in, and it smells like smoked fish. Previously, I always ordered 200 g of smoked salmon or trout at the store for a week. And before the New Year, I ordered 150 g

red caviar, hoped for a holiday. But since my sister-in-law was put in a room at that time, she and I managed to eat one canapé each, and I started a hunger strike. The caviar was given to her. Well, on the shelf, where the smell of fish came from, I certainly didn't find any fish, but I found a handful of bread crumbs, which I had also crumbled for sparrows, and one dry red egg! :o) I scooped up the crumbs. I remembered how my mother talked about the hunger in the 33rd and 46th, and ate them with pleasure. And then she threw the egg on her tongue, dissolved it and got high. It's not that I wanted to eat, I haven't been bothered by hunger for a long time, but I just didn't raise my hand to throw away the food... Just don't read this to my mother, because she'll cry. Why should she finish her already shaken nerves. And do not print anywhere, because you will reveal prison secrets. Fine? :at)

Tomorrow, January 19, 2015, in the morning they will deliver and you pour holy water into bottles in the cells, I will collect. There is a 1.5 liter bottle. And I will go to the church, I will put candles, when there is no priest and no service. Another medical commission and my menagerie will come (attorneys M. Feigin, I. Novikov, M. Polozov — Vera's note). The day is on Monday. As the news comes, I will add it. By the way, my beast is so tight! Men generally think narrowly, you can't cook porridge with them. About war. Well, another cunt. This is already clear. I have a question: in Russia

they are lying that the so-called DNR and LNR killed more Ukrainian soldiers, but the army of Ukraine extinguishes only civilians, but does not hit the separatists. And what's more, the militias exchange more prisoners than the Ukrainians, because, they say, there are no prisoners in Ukraine, that's why they seize the peaceful population in the Donetsk and Luhansk regions, but the "heroes-militias" captured many soldiers! You are talking to deer there, write the truth (Vira's note "deer" — SBU)."

Letters to the front line:

9. "To the boys on the front line. To the defenders of the airport in

Donetsk. Many people here from Ukraine and the whole world often write to me that I am a hero, but I feel that I am far short of these heroes who are now on the front line defending Ukraine.

Sitting in prison is very hard and sickening from powerlessness, the pain tears apart the heart, mind and soul. In my opinion, it is better to die in Ukraine than to live in Russia, because for me the whole of Russia is a prison.

And there are such fools who think that I am fine here. And I would give my life just to be on the front line next to you in the groin and divide one can of stew into seven, and smoke my native Pryluky Red cigarettes into three... And no matter how hard it is, for me, next to everything would be easy for you :) And it will be an honor for me to take the battle against the enemy side by side with you, even if it is the last one in my life!

Well done, guys! Hold on All the good guys, who are not out of spite to go to the front, and about the cyborg Cossacks who protect the Donetsk airport, that's how the legends go! I'm taking off my pants, guys, your balls are strong, and you don't have to be brave. I heard what tactics you have developed, I understand that you also have smart commanders, and that is more expensive than gold in the army now. I admire your feat. But I would really like to ask you one thing: guys, don't

believe it. In any of your actions and thoughts, remain human. Because this three-cursed war will end sooner or later, and if you survive, you will have to live with yourself for the rest of your life. Personally, this war is difficult for me because it is half civil. As a soldier and officer of the Armed Forces, I swore an oath of loyalty to the Ukrainian people. And now some part of my people got confused and decided to consider themselves Russian people. Well, I'm sorry. And don't let Putin say that Ukraine is very important for Russia, and build invasion plans for "Novorossiya" or "Malorossiya" - we will no longer be an appendage of Russia. Thank you! It has already been done historically many times! Ukrainians are a unique and self-sufficient nation. And Ukrainians are not "lesser brothers..." to Russians, but brown bears! Therefore, damn them, not Ukraine! It is better for us and the Russians to be good neighbors than bad relatives. I don't want to write you such banal words as: hold on, return home and to family, love, peace... And it is so clear that I wish you all this. I will write in the words of "Mr. Filovtsi": "Today they die for the Motherland too early, today it is necessary to live for the Motherland!" I wish to survive and win! No one but us, together until the end! Glory to Ukraine! Glory to heroes!

If I survive here and return to Ukraine, it seems that I will already have to sit in the Verkhovna Rada, but this will not prevent me from accepting at least one more battle side by side with you... "We will live"!..

11.12.2014

Savchenko N.V."

10. "An appeal to the soldiers of the Donetsk and Luhansk regions of Ukraine. I will not call you separatists or terrorists, because I have encountered you in battle and in conversation, and I can admit that most of you are indeed soldiers. In excerpts from my interviews, Russian journalists constantly try to show that I am calling on the official authorities of Ukraine for a truce. But they don't hear me. When you sold me to the Russian special services (by the way, I still can't understand this concession of yours, it would have been better if they had just killed me in battle or when I was a prisoner in the Luhansk Zarya battalion (interestingly, did they plead a lot?), in extreme words "parting words" of the Minister of Defense of the LPR were: "Your life is worth nothing here, but I want you to live and see. Maybe I was right, maybe you were. But we will reach the Romanian border!" Don't you understand, "Comrade" Minister of Defense of the LPR, what if there is a Third World War on the border with Romania, neither you nor I will see it?! Yes, you knew what you were going for, but did you not understand that you were putting your own people at risk? families, your homes? Did you really want to build the DPR and LPR on the blood and bones of your wives, children, parents?!

Did you know what you were getting into?! I doubt it... I cannot declare that I want to live in Australia, according to Australian laws, but at the same time continue to live in Kyiv in a house and say that this is my land, thereby breaking the territorial integrity of the state.

So what were you thinking when you started all this?! Were you counting on Russia's support? You cannot be so short-sighted as not to understand that only Russians are afraid of Putin in the whole world, and Russia as an empire pursues only its own interests. And so that it doesn't turn out like in that sad anecdote that "Russia and America will fight to the last Ukrainian", maybe it's time to stop being new? And do not tell me that you are not Ukrainians, but Little Russians or Russians, you perfectly understand what I want to say! On a global scale, you and we are just statistics.

When people went to the Maidan, they also knew what they were going for. And not a hundred died, but a thousand. But they were heard. I will not

lying neither to you nor to ourselves, the job is to ensure that the people are fully heard by the government, there is still a lot. But these are jobs, not wars! If you were against it, if you were not satisfied with

the government, then why didn't you go to the Maidan and tell about it? One Maidan was heard, and the second one would have been heard as well. But you would not put your families at risk by unleashing a bloody massacre, as you say, on your land.

Money interests always fight at the cost of human lives. You also chose the oligarchs with your power. So send them now to Kyiv. Let money agree with money, and don't deceive you with empty promises and hopes.

Do not be naive, Russia does not protect you, it covers itself with you, like a shield, from America. Only the shield is not eternal, it may not last. War does not give good, war takes life. Therefore, let's listen to each other, forgive each other and start talking until we reach the

"point of no-go." It is necessary to do this for the sake of those whom we want to protect, for the sake of our relatives, and not for the authorities and politicians. A warrior is not only stupid courage, stubbornness and self-sacrifice, it is also wisdom. You and I are one people! And I believe in our wisdom!

31.07.2014

senior lieutenant

Savchenko Nadezhda Viktorovna"

Nadia Savchenko

A strong name Nadiya



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